

# THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

*A Journal of Interpretation*



VOLUME EIGHT

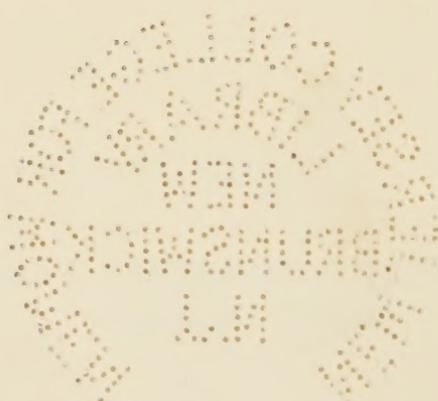
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**T**ITLES characterizing periods of time are plentiful just now—"The Angry Decade," "The Age of Confidence," many others. So far as this editor has seen, however, no writer has yet chosen to name his opus for the emotional attitude most frequent in the minds of ordinary citizens—the Decade of Puzzlement.

The year 1954 opens with puzzlements unnumbered. A few zealots, fortunate perhaps but unhelpful, may see one all-useful panacea and give to that their full allegiance. Most of us stand uncertain among more necessities for action, more demands for understanding, than our minds can compass. And yet choose we must. Otherwise we "ride off hastily in all directions," accomplishing nothing, not even the quiet mind.

A publication here is in the same dilemma as a person. Facing that dilemma, The Pacific Spectator made as one of its choices a year or two ago the attempt to increase, by however little, understanding between American minds and Asian ones. One section of the quarterly, a small one, devotes itself with each issue to Asian writing; all of each issue (unless an author objects, and none has) is open on request to translation and publication in Asian countries.

Thus far, this opportunity to reproduce has been widely taken. Especially from Japan and from India—focal points—requests have covered a considerable part of The Pacific Spectator's contents. And these requests do not concern themselves with the Asian section. Instead they are for articles dealing with the United States, its literature, its political action, its interpretations of world happenings. They are, of course, no more than straws in the wind. Even as straws, however, they are cheering in the midst of the world's tempest. At the opening of a new year, The Pacific Spectator so offers them to its readers.

*Editor R. M. Steele*  
**96664**

# THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

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WINTER

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East Bengal, has lived most of his mature life in Calcutta. He is the author of more than eighty titles in Bengali, these including verse, fiction, travel, and criticism, and of several written in English. He is also the founder-editor of *Kavita*, the magazine whose history his article presents. According to the latest communication from Mr. Bose, *Kavita* has not "folded" as threatened but continues to be published.

**PHILIP W. BUCK** ("Lifemanship, Salesmanship, and Livelihood") has spent much time in England, beginning with three years of residence as a Rhodes Scholar. The present essay, he says, is the product largely of a

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# ARGENTINA AND URUGUAY:

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by Russell H. Fitzgibbon

A FOREIGN correspondent in Buenos Aires was discussing not long ago the problem of sending out news stories from the Argentine capital. He explained, appropriately accompanied by sighs as sound effects, how the cable companies had primary responsibility for rejecting anything that might conceivably be objectionable to the government. How the government could intervene, quite capriciously, with its own censorship. How the fantastic law of *desacato* (disrespect) could be and arbitrarily was applied to penalize a writer, legislator, or anyone else whom the government chose to persecute.

His visitor had just come from Uruguay. "It certainly isn't like that in Montevideo," he exclaimed. "Correspondents can send out any sort of story they darned please."

"You're telling me!" the B.A. man answered. "On the map Montevideo and Buenos Aires are 125 miles from each other. Actually, they are as far apart as the North and South poles."

In reality, too, he could have added, Argentina and Uruguay, the countries that provide the hinterlands for those two great cities, might almost as well be on opposite sides of the earth.

It is two rivers, the Rio de la Plata and the Rio Uruguay, that separate the two countries. The Plata, a great bay, inlet, or estuary (geographers can't agree on their terminology), is from eight to 150 or more miles wide. The Uruguay River, where it is a national boundary, varies from a maximum of about eight miles to a minimum width of less than a mile. Yet either river might be as wide as the Atlantic Ocean which receives their waters. They are in combination a gulf, a wide gulf that separates the two countries.

To a degree, the attitudes of the two nations are reflected, typified, pointed up in those of their respective capital cities. In some measure Argentina and Uruguay are just two cities: Buenos Aires and Montevideo. Hence, the title of this article might well have borrowed flatly that of Dickens' novel of revolutionary France.

# A TALE OF TWO ATTITUDES

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If you transplant a *norteamericano* to the region of the Plata for a few months, or perhaps just a few weeks, and give him a little experience on each side of the river one of the first questions he starts asking is, "How do they get that way?"

By which he means, when he amplifies his question, how do two adjoining nations which have so much in common—ethnically, economically, and culturally—vary as much as these two do? How do two near-by cities, one the parent of the other, and only 125 miles apart if you are naïve enough to believe the map, become poles apart in attitude? Why do a common use of the Spanish language, a common adherence to the Catholic religion, and a common concern with stock raising mean so little in welding a common denominator for the two countries?

On the answer to such questions hangs a real comprehension of one of the most important political and social situations in all Latin America. It is probably not too much to conclude that a proper assessment and interpretation of this picture will definitely affect the course of inter-American relations, which will become of vast and insistent importance if, as some people think may be, a new Pearl Harbor finds its locale in Latin America.

What makes them tick? Why is Argentina, in that figure, a strident and somewhat tinny alarm clock and Uruguay a sturdy, honestly built Swiss watch?

## I

First of all, what is the picture? What are Exhibits A and B and C and so on?

In a word, Uruguay presents a reasonable facsimile of being the most democratic state in the hemisphere. (And the hemisphere, be it noted, includes both the United States and Canada.) Just short months ago the Uruguayans amended their constitution to substitute a nine-man executive council for the president, the theory being that the multipersonal executive was a surer guaranty against

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dictatorship or even presidential dominance. It was the incumbent president, incidentally, who took the lead in trying to abolish his own job.

Argentina? At the same time these extraordinary things were going on across the river, Argentina was consolidating what is perhaps the harshest, certainly the most grandiose, dictatorship the hemisphere has ever known.

Montevideans make a play on words. "Argentina has the good airs (Buenos Aires)," they will tell you, "but here we have the free airs."

That free air—and how the Uruguayans prize it!—is one of the great, solid assets, impalpable though it literally is, of this little country.

Item: The Argentines, qua Argentines, often generate the reaction among other Latin Americans, including the Uruguayans, of a knowing smile, a shrug of the shoulders, or open resentment. They are frequently referred to—and it is *not* meant as a compliment—as the Yankees of Latin America. Many of them used to go to Montevideo for the summer season to enjoy Uruguay's incomparable beaches. Uruguayans welcomed their pesos but not the Argentines themselves: too many of them were regarded simply as the *nouveaux riches* throwing their financial weight around—and Uruguayans don't like parvenus. The Uruguayans, on the other hand, have friends all over Latin America. They almost invariably have an open and democratic demeanor, a lively but not a prying interest in their neighbors' concerns, and a genuine simplicity and modesty. All this has won friends and influenced people from one end of the continent to the other.

Item: Uruguayans like the United States. Collectively and individually they react in a friendly and sympathetic way to what most *latinos* regard simply as the Colossus of the North—and who wants a colossus in the family? many of the other Latins seem to ask. A North American family rented an apartment in Pocitos, a Montevideo suburb, for several months' stay and one day their next-door neighbor, a retired police officer, volunteered to do anything possible for them—allow the use of his telephone (a much-

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in-demand device in Montevideo), guide them over the city, ward off vendors when they had to be away. The reason, he explained a little shyly, was that years before, when he was an active police officer, the American embassy had done him a favor. He had always felt the obligation to repay it in some way and the chance acquaintance with a temporary, even though strictly nongovernmental, next-door neighbor offered the opportunity.

Across the river? The average Argentine does not like the United States—period and exclamation point. Ask any of the various North American businessmen who have moved from Buenos Aires to Montevideo to find a more congenial if less convenient location from which to carry on operations in the Plata region. Ask the newspaper correspondent quoted at the beginning of this discussion. Ask a lot of tourists who have seen both sides of the river.

A young Buenos Aires professional man, who had degrees both from his own University of Buenos Aires and also an Eastern university in the United States, was talking about this point. "Most Argentines think pretty logically about most matters," he said, "but once the conversation gets around to the United States they begin to see red. We can't seem to take an objective view of that country."

Many more exhibits and items could be brought into court to make a case. The evidence is there aplenty for him who runs to read, or to be bowled over by.

Now, let a necessary and very important qualification be entered on the record. When one is discussing almost twenty million people—the combined population of Argentina and Uruguay—and a highly complex social and governmental situation, the broadest sorts of generalizations have to be employed, with the consequent likelihood of oversimplification and the omission of exceptions which would somewhat tip the scales the other way. There are two young lawyers employed by a shipping firm in Buenos Aires, for example, than whom the United States has no better friends the world over. The young professional man who says his compatriots see red is a profound admirer of the northern republic. There are many individual others. But they are scores or a few hundreds or even thousands, and the population of Argentina is 17,000,000.

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### II

How do they get that way? The first answer is historical. Buenos Aires was neither the earliest nor the most important center of Spanish authority in South America. Lima, "the City of Kings," held that distinction. But Buenos Aires became the most important business and commercial center for southern South America. Culture, progress, and the creature comforts were late in coming to Buenos Aires but the foundations of fortunes were being built by the *estancieros* in the hinterland. The businessmen of the metropolis were sufficiently aggressive and ambitious that by a subtle alchemy such attitudes became those of the colony itself, especially after Buenos Aires became the capital of a new viceroyalty in 1776. When the Old Families were established (and to a certain extent self-designated), the attitude of being born to the purple in successive generations began. It was a social purple that was of far greater meaning than the floral color which gave a name to the Purple Land of Uruguay across the river.

What happened across that river? Uruguay was for long generations simply the Banda Oriental, the East Bank, the range of wild cattle and equally wild gauchos or cowboys. The gauchos had as little interest in social pretensions as they did in quantum mechanics. One Montevidean claims that Uruguay during those early generations got "the garbage" as settlers. That is stating it unnecessarily harshly (and probably facetiously), but those who settled the Banda were certainly not the ones out of whom an aristocratic and class-conscious society is made.

Montevideo was founded only in 1726—it is hence one of the youngest capitals in the hemisphere—and was designed primarily as a defense post against Portuguese encroachments from Brazil. The Banda was for many generations a pawn in the game of high politics between Spain and Portugal. Hence, where the gaucho did not leave his stamp on colonial Uruguay the soldier often did. "Society" was equally disadvantaged by both.

Colonial authority and prestige in all their many forms—civil, military, ecclesiastical, social, cultural—radiated from Buenos Aires. Montevideo was a "poor relation," a frontier settlement.

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Then came the wars for independence. Once the Spanish were ousted the *porteños*—the people of the port (of Buenos Aires)—tried to assert their leadership over the whole area and centralize it all under the control of Buenos Aires. Uruguay finally became independent but only after a last chapter involving three years of warfare between Argentina and Brazil for the prize of the Banda; it was a revival of the colonial Spanish-Portuguese tug of war. The wild gaucho spirit of freedom, almost of anarchy, pervaded all of Uruguay even though the gaucho was on his way out as a type. In Buenos Aires the settled and aristocratic society, although based on a cattle economy in the hinterland, was strong enough to resist a gaucho coloring and democratizing influence.

Thus, the two states were born with important, even if subtle, distinctions. In the one case a frontier or individualistic, almost an anarchic, psychology prevailed. To the extent that the Uruguayans reasoned about such matters an egalitarian philosophy dominated their thinking. In the older, larger, and richer country the domestic and external imperialism of the capital city was already manifesting itself.

### III

Economic and social explanations reinforce the purely historical. A feudal economic and social organization has been characteristic, of course, of many countries of Latin America and especially in their rural areas. Its features included the enormous landholding units, an effective vassal-lord relationship, a large degree of private usurpation of normally governmental processes and functions. A feudal economy is almost necessarily parallel to a static and a colonial economy, i.e., to one which shows little or no change for long periods and one in which the *raison d'être* is to provide large surpluses of raw materials, usually agricultural, for the foreign or metropolitan market. A feudal society involves a large degree of patriarchal relationship, benevolent or not, between the *patrón* and the *peón*, embellished with the proper sort of humility or subservience on the part of the latter, and an effective attachment of the man to the master's land. With open serfdom legally abolished

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in Latin America practical substitutes were often found in the form of debt servitude and social pressures.

Uruguay has been no stranger to some of these manifestations of feudalism. But the country where they have been exhibited perhaps more extensively and clearly than in any other in all Latin America is Argentina. This seems anomalous in view of the general reputation Argentina enjoys for progress and modernity. That reputation is largely built, however, upon the sophistication of Buenos Aires, the swank shops on its Avenida Florida, the billiard-table smoothness of much of its street paving, the loveliness of its parks. The contrasts between urban Buenos Aires and rural Argentina are almost incredibly great.

One hears the allegation from reliable persons in Argentina that within the lifetime of people now living the practice still prevailed on some Argentine *estancias* of allowing the owner to deflower the bride of the *peón* on her wedding night. Whether the rack, the chastity belt, and other relics of a thousand years ago still prevail is to be doubted; but, at any rate, the general atmosphere in many parts of Argentina has been, even until recently, unbelievably medieval.

That medievalism has even been carried over into Buenos Aires. The *oligarquía*—that tightly knit, class-conscious group of great *estanciero* families with a social consciousness and prestige based on landowning fully as much as was true in nineteenth-century England—found its counterpart and its representatives in Buenos Aires. For one thing, the *estancieros*, even with their great manor houses, the hosts of retainers, and their blooded horses, often found life in the country rather dull. They themselves, then, moved to Buenos Aires, if not to Paris or the French Riviera, for at least a part of the year. (The absentee landlordism that resulted simply intensified, of course, the social and economic problems of the country.) In Buenos Aires the *estancieros* found natural social allies: they made common cause with those whom Hamilton called the rich and the well-born.

Until the advent of the revolutionary Perón—and “revolutionary” in a far profounder and subtler sense than we usually assume—

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these transplanted members of the oligarchy wielded a remarkable social and cultural influence in Buenos Aires.

A Latin-American artist from another country tells how, as a young man, he went to Buenos Aires to exhibit his work and become professionally established. He was advised that he would get nowhere unless he could obtain the patronage of a certain great lady from one of the Old Families. He called on the dowager in her many-roomed mansion facing the Plaza San Martín. Since he lacked an appointment, the white-silk-stockinged butler very doubtfully accepted his letter of introduction as a credential. He was ushered into the Presence. The *grande dame* was almost literally holding court: a servile and sycophantic adulation was expected and usually received. No, the *dama* would not sit for her portrait but she would have the young artist as a guest of honor at a luncheon. She did. He was then "made." Invitations—to teas, receptions, cocktail parties, dances—from Those Who Counted became so numerous that the artist had very little time left for art.

Much of the domestic bitterness in recent Argentina comes simply from the challenge that Perón has given the established social order, a tight and tenacious social structure that neither the decade and a half of Radical-party control nor the increasing industrialization had broken down. To counteract that internal schism Perón has recurrently sounded a trumpet blast against "foreign aggression." Tweaking Uncle Sam's beard has been the favorite specific expression of it. It is an old, old technique. Gain internal unity (if possible) by being externally chauvinistic.

What is the corresponding picture in Uruguay and in Montevideo? Uruguay, too, has had its sheep barons and its cattle kings. Uruguay has estates—a few—of more than a hundred thousand acres. Do these elements produce a similar situation? They do not.

The chief difference lies in the absence of social tradition in Uruguay. The big *estancias* were neither as numerous, as physically large, nor as socially or economically weighty as their counterparts in Argentina. (A legal prohibition on entailed estates and primogeniture makes for smaller average landholdings in Uruguay.) The sheep barons were less baronial, the cattle kings less regal.

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*Estancieros* were as likely to be former gauchos who, by dint of shrewdness, perseverance, and individual ruthlessness, had lifted themselves by their bootstraps to positions of stockowning affluence as to be the scions and heirs of an old feudal lineage. The latter did not really exist in Uruguay. Montevideo—a small town, really, until the twentieth century—had not the glamour of Buenos Aires to attract those *estancieros* who felt an urbanward urge. There was very little city-bred aristocracy with which they might affiliate if they did move to Montevideo.

Hence, the picture in Uruguay was largely negative. Cattle and sheep were as important to the economy of Uruguay as to that of Argentina, perhaps more so, but the resultant social products of that environment differed greatly. An aristocratic tradition was enthroned in the one country, a democratic and equalitarian spirit in the other.

### IV

The ecclesiastical situation also offers a clue to national differences. The Church was early and firmly established in Buenos Aires. The organization in the Banda Oriental was but an appendage, an offshoot, a poor country cousin of that in the metropolis across the river. The hierarchy in Buenos Aires quickly gained a prestige that the religious in Montevideo never enjoyed. The early constitutions of both independent countries established the Catholic Church as official, but there the legal similarity ended. The Church in Argentina occupied, until the conservative-military revolution of 1930, an unspectacular position but one of security and prestige. After 1930, with new forces calling the political turns, the Argentine Church gained greatly in influence.

When Perón came to power in the middle 1940's he found it expedient to cultivate the Church assiduously and almost blatantly. Despite the skepticism of some of its members the general reaction of the hierarchy was favorable and positive. Perón's cultivation was erratic: he, and particularly Evita, at times did things seemingly deliberately calculated to antagonize the Catholic Church. It still remains, however, a powerful social force in Argentina.

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In Uruguay? The advent on the political stage of José Batlle y Ordóñez, than whom probably no single individual in modern times has ever left a greater relative impress on his own country, greatly changed the ecclesiastical pattern of the country. The Church there had never been really powerful. The drive and magnetism of Batlle, twice president of his country, succeeded in getting incorporated in a new constitution in 1917 a formal disestablishment of the Church. More than that, the anticlericalism of the times, while it never even began to approach the persecution carried out in Mexico, succeeded over a period of years in weaning away large numbers of Uruguayans from the Catholic Church, not to Protestantism but rather to a religious indifference or absence of church affiliation.

Hence, in contrast to the general and relatively high degree of Catholic loyalty in Argentina, Uruguay presents the picture of a country in which even devout Catholics estimate that less than 50 percent of the people are adherents of that Church.

### V

The catalogue of differences also has a military entry. Uruguay has had its military dictators—the late nineteenth century had a dreary succession of several of them. During the twentieth century, however, the coloration of the government has been almost belligerently civilian (if the figure does not sound paradoxical). It is true that a dictator was in power from 1933 to 1938 and that his regime was harsh, though moderate compared to many other Latin-American dictatorships. It is true that he was followed in the presidency by a general—the only one in more than half a century—but it was that general who returned the country to a democratic government. Uruguay is fiercely and tenaciously democratic and that almost automatically presupposes devotion to civilian rule. Its military establishment is so small as to be almost negligible.

Argentina? That country had a long and impressive record of democratic civilian government. But in 1930 the combination of forces that overthrew the government in power was spearheaded by the military, and two generals followed in the presidency, the first as provisional and the second as elected president. A civilian (but

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an archconservative) was in the presidency from 1940 to 1943 and in the latter year the military again took over. This time it was an imperialistic and roughshod military clique of which the then Colonel Perón was the spark plug.

This neonationalistic army group had circulated a secret manifesto among army officers three months before the coup in which it said, in part: "The first step to be taken . . . is to get the reins of government into our hands. A civilian will never understand the greatness of our ideal; we shall therefore have to eliminate them from the Government, and give them the only mission which belongs to them: Work and Obedience. . . . We shall have to arm, and continue to arm, fighting and overcoming difficulties, both internal and external. . . . Our guardianship will be . . . realized by the political genius and the heroism of the ARGENTINE ARMY."

There was more, much more, to this appallingly frank document but the quoted parts indicate the tone. It became the Argentine governmental road map for the next several years. In later years Perón felt it politically expedient to place a large reliance on labor groups, but the tank, the military plane, and the machine gun became in large measure the symbols of the new Argentina. Large numbers of Argentines did not like this—but, significantly, they did not effectively oppose it. The military of Argentina has thrived and fattened in the years of Perón.

## VI

A further key to the picture is found in the diplomatic and international aspects. Economic growth late in the nineteenth century, thanks chiefly to that wonderful beef, made Argentina relatively a powerful state in the continent. In terms of both area and population it is the largest Spanish-speaking country in South America. Argentina's intellectual and cultural progress, its economic growth, its political achievements all persuaded it, quite understandably, that it was intended as a natural leader of the continent.

Then, in the 1930's, the energetic, even if perhaps partially misguided, efforts of Vargas in Brazil began lifting that country by its bootstraps, as it were, to a position of greater continental promi-

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nence and prestige. Argentines were vaguely disturbed. Then the disturbance became less vague: it crystallized in the form of a gnawing fear that Argentine leadership was seriously threatened. And so the colonels wrote in their manifesto of March 1943: ". . . in the south there is no nation sufficiently strong to accept this guardianship [of the continent] without discussion. There are only two nations that could do so: Argentina and Brazil. OUR AIM IS TO MAKE POSSIBLE AND UNQUESTIONABLE OUR POSITION AS GUARDIANS."

During World War II many millions of dollars in United States lend-lease aid poured into Brazil. Not one cent or centavo went to Argentina. The leaders in the Casa Rosada smarted under such discrimination. Diplomatic relations between Argentina and the United States, often reflecting a considerable rivalry, became strained to an abnormal extent during the war. The Argentine government nominally maintained a pro-Allied nonbelligerency but actually leaned Naziward so largely that the United States government in its "Blue Book" of February 1946 engaged in calling spades by just that name to a greater degree than ever before toward sister states in the hemisphere. Argentina's diplomatic relations with most of the other states of the New World had been on a distorted basis from 1944 to 1945 and the country (both government and people) did not relish being what was referred to as "the Argentine problem."

Montevideo during those same years was a secondary unofficial capital of the hemisphere. The Uruguayan vice-president served as chairman of a hemispheric Advisory Committee on Political Defense and did yeoman work in combating wartime subversive activities.

## VII

Intellectual differences also characterize the two countries. The academic and, in general, the intellectual atmosphere of Montevideo is friendly and democratic. With regard to that in Buenos Aires one could not do better than quote briefly from an unpublished report made two or three years ago by a highly reputable United States professor to a national professional organization of country-

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wide acceptance and prestige. The report was based on an extensive field survey of almost all countries of South America. Regarding Argentine intellectual attitudes the author said in part:

"The atmosphere tended to be uncooperative and gave an impression of considerable jealousy and even fear. . . . [A] great obstacle to a frank appraisal of the Argentine situation lies in the general distrust of the United States on the part of many Argentinians, both in and out of the Universities, and in the view of many Argentinians that the United States and particularly its intellectual and university life is very inferior to their own. To a great many Argentinians North Americans are proud, arrogant, self-confident, [and] bad-mannered. . . . (It is perhaps of interest here to note that in virtually every country of South America, but particularly in those with most contacts with Argentina, university people describe the Argentinians in identical terms). . . . Not uncommon is indifference to outside ideas and a conviction that anything Argentinian is the best. . . ."

In terms of literary eminence José Enrique Rodó, the Uruguayan essayist, is perhaps as distinguished as anyone the larger population of Argentina has produced. In the matter of social and economic reform and influence José Batlle y Ordóñez is probably more outstanding than any single Argentine.

## VIII

Here, then, are several elements which help to explain national differences that, superficially in terms of ethnic and economic likenesses, appear inexplicable. The net result of this complex of factors has been to foster a high degree of nationalism in Argentina. Even the language responds and yields up the word *argentinidad*—“argentinity” or “argentineness,” if you will. A few other countries offer corresponding coinages: Franco has talked much about *hispanidad* and Batista about *cubanidad*. There seems to be no disposition to manufacture an analogous term for Uruguay. Not only would the word be a barbarism, even the thought of it would be an incongruity.

One of the reflections of Argentine nationalism which seems

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almost pathological is the megalomania which is so characteristic of reactions in Buenos Aires. The cult of bigness has many devotees in Argentina's capital. (Even Californians and Texans would be somewhat overwhelmed by it.) This street is "the widest in the world." That building is "the tallest in South America." The Buenos Aires airport is "the world's largest." The Jockey Club race-track grounds are "the biggest in the hemisphere." That some of these claims are no longer literally true is beside the point. The significant thing is that an almost desperate sense of inferiority finds a typically compensative expression in boasting.

Uruguayans are much more content to let the foreigner tell them of the good points of their country. They beam when complimented on their beaches, their recreation facilities, their world's championship soccer teams, and also on their social consciousness, their working democracy, and their national and individual friendliness. It works out much more pleasantly for the compliments to pass in that direction rather than in the reverse.

If a man or a nation feels inferior it must, of course, be on a relative basis. He or it must be inferior to some other person or nation. In Argentina's case it is largely a matter of longing to play in the Big Leagues but not making the grade. Uruguay is content with a role in the minors—and the national blood pressure is correspondingly lower. In terms of a sense of mission, or lack of it, and an ability or inability to live the good life easily Uruguay is to Argentina much as the Austria of many years ago was to Prussia.

Nor is this distinction one of just the last few years. J. A. Hammerton in his book *The Real Argentine*, published in 1915, wrote that "The whole atmosphere of the town [Montevideo] in its social life was to me infinitely more pleasing than that of Buenos Ayres" (p. 392). And more than forty years ago the Englishman W. H. Koebel wrote that "Life in Uruguay is perhaps best described by the German word *gemütlich*, an untranslatable adjective that savours in its birthplace just a little of light beer, easy-chairs, cigar smoke, steaming coffee, and an atmosphere of camaraderie," and that "The absence of sycophancy . . . is especially marked in Uruguay" (W. H. Koebel, *Uruguay*, 1911, pp. 128, 130).

## IX

Are these pervasive differences more significant than simply as interesting social and psychological phenomena? It seems reasonable to conclude that they are and that we would do well in the United States to try to read between the lines. Juan Domingo Perón made much political capital a few years ago out of a synthesized feud between himself and the former United States ambassador, Spruille Braden. The differences are more profound than mere personality conflicts, however. They approach the proportions of a deep-seated rivalry, at least on Argentina's part, between the two countries; Perón and Braden were but the personification of it.

In the event of World War III the strongly organized Communist movements in many Latin-American countries will immediately step up their anti-United States activity, attempt to influence the attitudes of the several governments, and try to stop or retard the flow of strategic materials to the United States.

It will, in that case, more than ever behoove the United States to look to its Latin-American fences. The time to repair them is not after they have been blown down when the storm is upon us but rather when they show signs of sagging even before the storm arrives. Argentina will almost inevitably be a center of still greater doubts, apathy, and even hostility than it has ever been before. Whether or not the Perón regime survives, and it seems increasingly doubtful that it will, the skillfully led Argentine Communists will take full and quick advantage of that country's long-standing rivalry with the United States.

And so, if the United States realizes that in the Latin-American family it already has a friend in court in the form of one of the most highly respected countries of the whole score of them, if it realizes that Uruguay is not simply a minor part of a uniformly reacting Platine region, that it is not at all a satellite of Argentina, this country will—or should—do more than ever to see that it keeps the good will of the sturdy little state on the east bank of the Uruguay River.

*by Bernard Taper*

FRÄULEIN Inge Grünow was as pretty as a doll. She was about twenty-four years old when we met her but looked as if she had been freshly created that age rather than having developed to it through the disorderly processes of time. She had golden ringlets of hair which were always in place; bright blue eyes which sparkled when she laughed like cut glass or gems which have been turned to catch the light; and a spot of color on each cheek, so red that people accused her of using too much make-up, though actually she used none. Though buxom, she was graceful in all her movements, bearing herself in a stately manner which made an impression on everyone. I used to wonder how she had achieved this serene demeanor. Was it an expression of inner repose, the soul at peace with itself, or was it perhaps the result of the fiercest self-discipline?

We met her a few months after the end of the war, shortly after we—my wife and I—had arrived in Germany to join the Military Government. We had brought her family a small package from relatives of theirs in the United States, and one evening Inge called on us at our apartment in Stuttgart to thank us.

We were charmed by her. We found it hard to take our eyes off her as she sat there, her hands clasped in her lap, her head high, her straight back defying the easiness of the easy chair. In America the only people I had ever seen sitting like that were job applicants, but for Inge it seemed a perfectly suitable, as well as most attractive, posture.

We had some tea and chatted, in German. We told her a little about ourselves and in return, like the formal exchange of calling cards, were proffered a little information about her and her family. She was a secretary, employed by a construction firm. All of her life had been spent in Stuttgart, except for a couple of years during the war when, drafted by the government, she had worked

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in Munich. She lived with her mother and sister in an apartment which, thanks to good fortune, had come through the war undamaged. She was engaged to be married to a man named Herr Wegscheider, a Rhinelander living in Düsseldorf.

"When will the wedding be?" I asked.

"Just as soon as Papa comes back."

"Oh—" I stopped. Inge's relatives had told me her father had been killed on the Eastern Front.

"Papa was in the war, you know," she explained, interpreting my confusion her own way. "The Russians have him prisoner."

"You've heard from him, then?"

"No, not from him directly but we've had reports from others. We expect to hear from him any day."

Her manner was so confident that we felt completely reassured. "I'm so glad he's all right," I said.

A few minutes later she stood up and took her leave, saying she did not want to miss the last streetcar, which in those days ran at nine o'clock.

"We hope you'll come again soon."

"I shall," she answered warmly. She started across the room. As she did, her foot caught the edge of the rug, rumpling it slightly. Inge did not lift her foot and continue on. Nor was she content to push the rug back to approximately its former condition. She knelt down and proceeded to work on it, despite my wife's protests.

"It was my fault," Inge asserted. "I shall do it." She made a few passes with her hands, and the rug seemed to stiffen as if magnetized and press itself flat against the floor. The tassels of fringe stuck straight out, exactly even; like a column of soldiers at attention. Inge smiled, gratified. "*Ordnung muss herrschen*," she commented, in her sweet, delicate voice, "Order must reign." We were so fascinated and amazed by the sight of the rug that for the rest of that evening, after she had left, we walked carefully around it as if it might explode or curl up in a ball if we touched it. Inge's words seemed emblazoned on it like a motto.

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We saw her fairly frequently after that. Sometimes we took a hike through the Württemberg countryside with her, sometimes we went to a movie or a concert. She liked to plan these pleasures several weeks in advance. At a concert she devoted herself to the music, listening attentively and with understanding. On a hike she walked energetically, laughed, sang folk songs, radiated good health, and would rather have died than be the first to suggest stopping for a rest.

She talked freely about the way life had been under the Nazis—the rations, schooling, the things people had been required to do, and so on—but seldom directly mentioning the Nazi party or commenting on the rightness or wrongness of anything it had done. When I asked her opinion on such matters, she replied, with a toss of her curls, “Oh, I’m no political expert. Papa always described politics as just another form of war, and he never permitted such discussion in our home.”

Her most precious hours, it was plain, were those she had spent with her father. She used to meet him at the streetcar stop after work every day, take his brief case as he stepped off the streetcar, and walk home with him. Carrying his brief case gave her the sense of being able, for those few moments, to relieve him of his cares and worries. Once every three months he traveled to Berlin on business. It was his practice to take the earliest morning train; on those days Inge got up long before dawn to cook his breakfast. Her mother was contented to be able to stay in bed; Inge was scornful of her mother for feeling that way but grateful for the opportunity it gave her. Because it was too early for streetcar service, her father would walk the four miles to the station and she, of course, walked with him.

“It was always an adventure,” she told us, her face flushed with enthusiasm. “Nobody else on the streets but us, the morning mist all around, and Papa telling me all about his business plans just as if I understood.”

In the evenings, shortly before bedtime, Inge’s father would retire to his study to bring his accounts up to date. He did not object to Inge’s presence during this occupation. She was not to

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talk but she might read or, better yet, plait her golden braids. These innocent adornments he admired immensely. After he had finished reckoning his accounts, it amused him to watch her pirouette in the middle of the room, with her braids swinging straight out behind her in a wide circle. "Watch out," he would laugh. "Don't knock the lamps over."

She wore her hair in braids until she was sixteen, several years after her friends had ceased to do so. They were remarkably long, reaching down to her hips, and were very heavy, she said.

"Then I fell ill and was a long time recovering. The doctor told me what the matter was. My braids were sapping my strength. He said I would never get well until I cut them off. So there was really nothing else for me to do. Papa was away in Berlin then. I was out of bed and already back to school by the time he returned. He threw his arms about my mother and sister, but when I came forward to embrace him, he gave me a look I'll never forget—as if he had never seen me before in his life. When I was sitting down to dinner, he leaned forward and said, 'I'm sorry, Miss, but that place belongs to Inge, my daughter, the one with the golden braids.'

"There was nothing for me to do but go to my room. I stayed in it for two days, looking at myself in the mirror and crying."

"Why, how awful!" I said.

"Yes," agreed Inge. "It *was* awful that I had let Papa down." Then she smiled. "But he relented at last and suggested we make the best of it. Papa's never been able to stay angry with me very long."

I was distressed by this story and baffled by the way she had told it. A few days later I related it to another German friend, a man named Wolfgang Troost, a gray-faced, elderly looking, young man who had once planned a career as a historian but was now a librarian in Stuttgart's Amerika Haus, and asked him if it did not perhaps reveal traces of a Nazi mentality. "Worse than that," he answered dryly. "It reveals traces of a German mentality." I could not tell whether his irony was aimed at Inge, at me, or at himself.

More puzzled than ever, I decided to go to the denazification

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ministry and examine the dossier on Inge which I would certainly find there, for the democracies in just a few months had accomplished something the Nazis had never quite been able to achieve—set up a filing system covering every adult in the country, based upon his attitude toward National Socialism. My Military Government assignment permitted me access to these files. I had the job of writing a weekly intelligence report intended to keep our governing officials posted on the amount of unrest, the progress of our denazification programs, and other matters of importance to those who were in charge.

I took the job very seriously. At that time I was, like many Americans in the Military Government, hopeful for the future of the world and filled with a sense of high purpose in regard to what might be accomplished in Germany.

The denazification ministry was a large stone building on the edge of the Altstadt, a part of the city which had once been a noteworthy example of seventeenth-century architecture but was now a prime example of what an acquaintance of mine called the typical architecture of the twentieth century—devastation and ruins. I was rather ashamed of what I was about to do, for it seemed unfair and underhanded; and I found myself lingering as I walked through the Altstadt, stopping to peer into the windows of shops which had sprouted, mosslike, in clefts of the ruins, and standing before mounds of rubble to read the names on the wooden crosses and the handwritten signs that announced where former occupants could now be found. At last I went into the building, saying to myself, “After all, isn’t it essential that Military Government officials make no mistakes in their choice of friends?”

What I saw, after I had called for Inge’s record, amazed me. It was the last thing I would have expected. With the exception of the Bund Deutscher Mädel, in which all girls were automatically enrolled, she had never belonged to any Nazi party organization. More than that, the record revealed that in 1942 she had suffered imprisonment for “disobedience and willful disrespect to the Nazi Party.” I was elated at my discovery; but I felt humble, too. If Inge were indeed one of the few Germans courageous enough to

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stand up to the party, then she was worthy of greater respect than we had shown her.

On the way back to my office, I could not resist stopping at the Amerika Haus to tell Herr Troost what I had found.

"You mean it's down in black and white that she was an anti-Nazi, a victim of fascism? It's official, is it?"

"Yes," I said.

His pale eyebrows went up and his gray face exploded with laughter. "That's wonderful! Wonderful! Absolutely marvellous!" he roared.

I stamped out, leaving him at his desk under the "Quiet, Please" sign, choking with laughter.

The next time Inge called on us I asked her if it were true she had been imprisoned by the Nazis.

"Who told you that?" she demanded.

"Is it true?"

She answered evasively, "It doesn't matter."

"Did they put you in prison?" I pursued.

As if cornered, she replied weakly, "Yes."

"Why? What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"You're very modest, Inge."

She looked at me as if I were mad, then said, "Oh, I'll tell you about it, if you want me to, but it won't mean anything to you."

It had happened, she said, during the year's compulsory service required of all youth. The barracks to which Inge had been assigned were in the country about fifty miles from Stuttgart. The girls worked in the fields by day. In their spare time they marched and drilled and were given instruction in the history and principles of National Socialism.

One frosty day, during morning drill, Inge was ordered to step out front by the older woman who was group commander. The commander told the group she had an announcement to make. At the start of the year, when the girls first arrived, she had informed them that the party was watching them, weighing them, assessing them. They had been told that from the ranks of each company

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one girl would be selected for a signal honor, the honor of enrollment in the NS Führer Schule, the school for future leaders of National Socialism. In this company, she went on, there was no doubt who deserved that honor—a girl who had cheerfully and intelligently carried out every order she had been given, who had never been heard to grumble or complain, who had worked arduously in the fields helping to produce the food the Fatherland needed, who had taken the drill seriously unlike some other girls the commander might name, a girl, it may be added, of handsome and wholesome appearance—Fräulein Inge Grünow.

A cheer went up from the company.

As a demonstration of her leadership abilities, Fräulein Grünow would now take over the company and put it through a session of drill. "Company, attention!" She stepped back and nodded to Inge.

At the commander's order, Inge also snapped to attention, hands pressed to her sides, eyes fixed over the heads of the company before her. No command issued from her lips.

The commander whispered to Inge to go ahead, not to be frightened. But Inge could not. All she could do was stand rigidly at attention, ready to obey any other order than the one she had been given.

The commander importuned her, shouted at her, commanded her to command. It was a strange, vivid picture I got—Inge at attention, the girls in rows, everything frozen and still, except for the angry commander, isolated and impotent, like someone shouting into a telephone when the line was down. Commanding Inge to lead was useless. For all the success the commander had, she might just as well have been ordering a "ma-ma" doll to say "Humperdink."

This was the incident which sent Inge to prison. The party termed her behavior a willful insult and accused her of insubordination, despite her defense that all she had wanted to do was remain subordinate. She was informed that she would stay in jail until her stubborn spirit broke and she consented to become a leader. Wretched weeks followed. Her friends abandoned her. Her mother,

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overcome by shame, charged her with bringing the whole family into danger. But there was one consolation: Papa did not let her down. He visited her as often as he could, told her she had done the right thing, and openly called the commander a "blockhead." She seemed destined to spend the rest of her life in prison, but after a couple of months she contracted pneumonia and when she got out of the hospital the authorities decided to drop the matter and permit her to go home.

Inge's main expression, as she related this experience, was one of aggrieved perplexity. One thing she made apparent: she had certainly intended no insult to National Socialism or the party.

A year had gone by since we had first met her. There was still no news of her father. Every few weeks a trainload of freed prisoners arrived at the Stuttgart station. Inge met every one of those trains. At her request I checked the official list of prisoners furnished to the Military Government by the Soviet Union but could not find her father's name on it.

Inge was undaunted. "Everybody knows those lists are incomplete. It's a fact that the Russians are holding four million of our men, yet they announce they have only 700,000. The Americans should not let them get away with that."

"It happens often that men come back who have been given up for dead. Only last week Herr Breitenbach down the block from us, whose wife was so sure he was dead she had sold his clothes and his desk, came back. All the way from the Urals he walked. Yet a comrade in his platoon had told his wife he had seen him burned up in a tank. Somehow he got out. He was taken prisoner but one of the Russian guards let him escape. The guard even gave him the names of people who would help. They have a regular underground all the way across Russia."

The radiant confidence of her manner no longer persuaded me. For some time now I had been convinced that her father must be dead. I tried not to reveal this conviction to her, but at the same time I could not help wondering whether Inge would ever face that fact or whether she would go on all her life waiting for his return.

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A few weeks elapsed before I saw her again. I was hurrying down the street to the Military Government headquarters one wet, dismal day when I spotted her in a line of people before a large, brick building across the street. She wore a coat but had only a kerchief over her hair. She looked drawn and hollow-eyed. "What brings you out in the rain?" I asked.

"Love," she replied, letting the word hop like a toad from her mouth. "We've decided to go ahead with the wedding."

I was so conditioned to her way of thinking that I responded excitedly, "Inge! You mean your father has come home?"

"No," she said mournfully. "We talked it over last week—Herr Wegscheider and I—and decided we simply did not have the right to wait any longer. He persuaded me that Papa would wish us to go ahead."

"What do *you* wish?"

"What do I wish?—that's not of much importance." Her voice, as she said this, could not be called cheerful, but it seemed to me there was discernible in it, nevertheless, a note of satisfaction, the tone of someone making a substantial payment toward redeeming her debt to society.

"Are all these people waiting for wedding licenses?" I asked.

She laughed at my naïveté. "Not so quick, please! This is just the housing bureau. First, I must get permission to move to Düsseldorf, and Herr Wegscheider must put in an application for a two-room apartment. It will take a while yet—I know these bureaucrats!"

A chill trickle ran off my hathrim down the back of my neck. I wondered why the people did not wait inside the building, but then I perceived that it was not a building but little more than a three-story façade. Through one window frame automobiles and trucks were to be seen, passing along a distant street. Through another I saw the side of a small shack, of new, unfinished wood. It was into this shack, I deduced, that housing applicants passed when they stepped through the imposing brick portals. Across the street, in front of the Military Government building a tall M.P. stood, splendid in yellow scarf, white leggings, and red-striped, white

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helmet liner. He gazed with a distant, detached air at the ruins and at the Germans hurrying, eyes down, along the sidewalk past him, like a deep-sea diver surveying the ocean floor through the thick glass of his facepiece, untroubled by the fish that swarm across his vision. He struck me, unpleasantly, as the perfect personification of the occupation forces, myself included.

Eyes had been fixed on me while mine roamed. "I seem to be an object of curiosity," I commented to Inge.

"They think you are applying for something and they wonder why you don't go to the head of the line."

I flushed. "Look," I said, feeling myself put to some test or expiation. "I'll wait with you till you go in, if you'd like."

"That's silly. There's no reason why an American should wait in line. You're not used to it. With us it's a different matter. We have to be patient—and so we are." She smiled. "Besides, you undoubtedly have many important things to do."

I conceded that I was supposed to take part in a committee meeting that afternoon, adding, "Well, I'll wait till you move up one, anyway." But after a half-hour, soaked, feeling wretched about my failure but telling myself that the gesture was meaningless as a test and not called for as an expiation, I excused myself, murmuring, "If I weren't required at the meeting—"

"But of course," she interposed.

I could have strangled her at that moment for her tone of gentle triumph. Instead I reminded her of a party to which I had already invited her and, as I broke away, heard myself brightly uttering one of those social asininites: "Your news turns the occasion into a celebration, not just a party." I splashed across the road, conscious in addition of having used the wrong gender on "celebration," a mistake which followed flapping behind me like a torn trouser seat. I walked into the Military Government building past the deep-sea diver at the door. We glanced into each other's facepieces and exchanged salutes.

Efforts to make a celebration out of the party received no encouragement from Inge. For one thing, she did not drink.

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"Oh, come on, just one sip," coaxed Frau Hechinger, a young, quite talented painter we had met recently.

Inge shook her head, lips compressed, as if she were prepared to resist force.

"You can't expect to go through life sober," somebody declared.

Herr Troost joined in. "On your wedding day," he said to Inge, "everybody will be drinking. What will you do then?"

She lifted her head, eyes flashing defiantly. "Then I'll drink too," she exclaimed with distaste. "But I'll hate it."

Later that evening, after Inge had gone home, I reproved Herr Troost for baiting her that way and asked why it was that my German friends did not seem to care for Inge although my American friends were all charmed by her.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course."

"Because she makes us feel guilty of high treason every time we eat one of your cookies or smoke one of your cigarettes. She's too German—I've told you this before. She makes us uncomfortable because she gives us all away." He bit into a cookie, morbidly. "I think the only reason she comes to these parties is to remind us all we had no business coming."

He was so long-faced about it that I could not help laughing. "Have another drink," I suggested.

"Well, all right," he replied, with gloomy mockery. "But I'll hate it."

We did not see Inge much after that. As often happens when a relationship deteriorates, on the occasions we saw each other we continued to be intimate without being friendly. My wife and I had decided to return to the United States and were busy trying to get the Military Government to process our shipping orders. Inge meanwhile was contending with the bureaucracy of German city government, a bureaucracy which, I knew, could be formidable and exasperating. Her account of her difficulties made up the main burden of her conversation when we saw her now. It made no difference to the housing bureau of Düsseldorf that the motive behind

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her residence application was thoroughly respectable: marriage. The officials treated her as if her request to be permitted to move to Düsseldorf were an unthinkable piece of effrontery. What was she trying to do (I could imagine them demanding)—sabotage the city's economy? Overstrain the electrical equipment? Cause the sewers to overflow? Make the already impossible streetcars even more crowded? Come now, what really was behind this marriage? Could it be because the Düsseldorf ration included a half-pound more of fats per month than the Stuttgart ration? No, application denied. Rules were rules—no new residents could be admitted. In a few years, perhaps, after conditions had improved. But first order had to be restored, order must reign . . .

Against this refusal Inge struggled with all her might, though not rebelliously, of course. Eventually, she succeeded, through the classified ads, in finding a Düsseldorf woman who was trying just as desperately to be allowed to live in Stuttgart. They arranged what was called a *Kopftausch* (literally, head-swapping), a legal though roundabout maneuver, and the forms stamped “Approved” finally arrived.

Early in January we received orders to report to Bremerhaven within five days for the ship that was to take us home or, as the Military Government’s orders put it, “for processing and transportation to the Zone of the Interior.” On the last day, after all our things were in boxes and the apartment bare, we made the rounds of a number of friends, saying good-bye. Inge we had expected to find at her office, but we learned that the construction firm for which she worked had cut down its staff—for lack of materials, not for lack of jobs, certainly—and she was employed only half-days now. The bookkeeper gave us her address.

I had never before been to Inge’s house, for when we went anywhere together she always insisted on meeting us downtown at the Koenigsplatz, and it was useless to argue with her; but I had no difficulty finding it. It was in a solid neighborhood of chestnut-lined streets and four-story brick houses. The hallway was dark except for the uncarpeted wooden stairs, bleached from repeated scrubbings. They were still faintly damp from the last. Inge’s

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apartment was on the third floor. She looked at us silently for an embarrassing moment after she opened the door, then effusively showed us through an unheated hall and into a small sitting room, crowded with heavy, dark furniture. We spent half an hour saying the sort of things one says on a final visit, but with more than the usual constraint. Inge was plainly uneasy at our presence.

"Did you have difficulty finding the house? Did you have to park your car . . . far away?" she asked.

She laughed nervously as she said this, and I guessed then why she had never invited us to her home—the fear of being thought a collaborationist by her neighbors.

It was an understandable fear, but it annoyed me. "No, I drove right up to the house," I replied with unnecessary malice.

Still we lingered, though every remark had now become forced. For some reason I began describing the Munich Central Collecting Point, which I had visited a few weeks before—lighting on that subject partly for nothing better to talk about, but mostly, I'm sure, to goad Inge. The Munich Central Collecting Point was an enormous stone building which had once been the national headquarters of the Nazi party but had now been converted by the Military Government into a storehouse for the art collections and personal loot of the top Nazis. I dwelt at length on the possessions which Göring had gathered—paintings, antlers, jewelry, gothic sculpture, monogrammed silk underwear, filling room after room in that gloomy building. My intention in relating this, I guess, was to rub in the fact that the Germans had only a short time ago been in the position of occupiers and had stripped the countries they occupied. But my account failed to produce this effect. Instead of being distressed, Inge seemed to listen in fascination.

"I know. I know," she interrupted, as I began describing Göring's fur-lined, green doeskin hunting coat.

"You know what?"

"What Göring's hunting coat looked like. I've seen it hanging on the wall."

I was taken aback. "What wall?"

"At the Obersalzberg."

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To my surprise—for she had never mentioned anything about it before, not even when I had shown her photographs of the ruins of it—she said that she had been to Hitler's headquarters above Berchtesgaden many times during the war. She had been secretary to the chief of a testing airfield near Munich and had accompanied him whenever he went up the mountain for conferences.

It was we who now became interested. “Did you ever see Hitler when you were up there?” my wife asked.

Inge drew back, then answered stiffly. “I don't think one should talk about these things, especially not with foreigners.”

“For God's sake,” I said, angrily, “the war's over! And anyway, whether you saw Hitler or not can hardly be considered a secret of state importance!”

She did not say anything for several moments. She seemed far away, not as if turned against us, but as if led away by her thoughts. At last she spoke. Yes, she said in a low voice, she had seen him, she had seen him many times. Often when she went out for a walk about the grounds at night, she came upon him. Sometimes he was alone and deep in thought, the cares of the whole world upon him.

She began to warm to her subject, a warmth which had the result of making her not more animated but less so—less animated yet more alive. She was leaned back against the chair, instead of in her usual stiff posture. Her eyelids, half-lowered, seemed to subdue and soften the bright stare of her midday blue eyes. Perhaps she forgot she was talking to foreigners. Perhaps she forgot that she was talking to anyone. “There was one night that I remember,” she said. “I was startled because I almost stumbled upon him. I was afraid that I might have disturbed him . . . but he did not see me. He was sitting on a bench, caressing his dog.” She paused for a long time. “He was caressing his dog,” she repeated. “He seemed to be giving it all of his attention as if it were the most important thing in the world. He was talking to it. I couldn't hear what he was saying—the same low sounds over and over—but the dog understood every murmur.” A ringlet of her hair had slipped down over her forehead. She did not push it back in place. “I have never in all my life seen a man caress a beast so . . . so knowingly.

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Every touch of his fingers was significant. The beast seemed to feel it in every part of him, every hair of his body seemed to be responding to that touch . . ." She spoke as if she were putting herself in the beast's place, as if she were feeling the touch of those fingers upon her. It was clear that she could have wished for no higher fulfillment than to have been one of those hairs, one of the millions of swooning, sentient hairs upon its body. It was terrible. Yet she had never looked so lovely. She looked, at that moment, not like a pretty doll but like a lovely human being. "I was afraid that he would see me . . . but he did not see me," she trailed off. "I went back to my room . . ."

We were silent for a long stretch of time. I could think of nothing to say.

We stood up to go, and Inge accompanied us to the hall door and, still seeming far away in her thoughts, murmured good-bye.

"Good-bye," I said. "Be sure to write us."

"I will," she answered. "And when he comes back, I'll let you know."

"Who?" I gasped.

"My father," she replied evenly. "Who else?" She measured us for a moment with a level stare. "You'll hear from me then, don't worry."

Her words dogged me down the stairs as I left. I haven't heard from her yet, but I am waiting.

## *Hope Not Being Hope*

SAMUEL YELLEN

*hope not being hope  
until all ground for hope has  
vanished*

—MARIANNE MOORE, *The Hero*

Hope not being a thing of feathers,  
Peacock sapphire, bronze, and green,  
Toucan yellow, flamingo scarlet,  
All flutter, swoop, and color clang:  
The thing of feathers is the dream,  
Takes wing for Never-Never Land,  
Comes to roost in a blasted tree,  
A gray bedraggled effigy.

And hope not being jeweled scales,  
Iridescent dolphin sparkle,  
Chinese dragon flash and flame,  
Bright expectation in the hand:  
The thing of scales is the wish,  
Slips away to the Seven Seas,  
Comes to rest on sunless mud,  
Light snuffed out, a leaden gaud.

And hope not being a thing of flesh,  
Panther velvet, tiger tissue,  
Stallion metal, reindeer grace,  
Supple sleek seductive woman:  
The thing of flesh is self-deception,  
Flesh falls in, turns to fat,  
And even as we name the shape  
Becomes a lewd contorted jape.

Hope not being, not being hope  
Until all ground for hope has vanished:  
Pluck the feather, scrape the scale,  
Strip the flesh down to the frame.  
Color, light, and grace extinguished,  
No flattering unction on the soul,  
Hope is hope when all is gone  
But naked sinew, nerve, and bone.

# ADDING THE STONE AGE

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by Wallace Stegner

ONE of the most obvious facts of history to the white Americans who by discovery, exploration, trade, bullets, rum, treaties, and the Word of God took over the continent from its aboriginal inhabitants was that the aborigines were doomed to extinction, and soon. The Kansas editor in the 1860's who prayed that Lo and all his tribe should be obliterated could feel that though the day was unwarrantably delayed, yet he could rest in hope. As early as 1823 James Fenimore Cooper, following Thomas Campbell, following Chateaubriand, had stamped the portrait of the vanishing Noble Savage indelibly upon our literature, and elegiac Indian oratory of the Chief Logan kind was a staple of the salons even before the Revolution. Like a racing whippet after a mechanical rabbit, literary sentiment would pursue frontier ferocity across the westering nation. The same people who collaborated in the Indian's destruction might—quite honestly and even simultaneously—denounce the juggernaut that was destroying him.

Quite honestly. For however sympathetically or sentimentally a white man viewed the Indian, the industrial culture to which as an American he gave his allegiance and owed his character was certain to eat away at the tribal cultures like lye. Attitudes might vary, but the fact went on regardless.

## I

What destroyed the Indian was not primarily political greed, land hunger, or military power, not the white man's germs or the white man's rum, though all of these helped. What really destroyed him was the manufactured products of white industry, iron and steel, guns, needles, woolen cloth. Once possessed, they were forever indispensable. Moreover, the destruction visited upon the

\* "Adding the Stone Age to History" is a chapter from *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, to be published in the spring by Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Indian was not precisely or always what the public assumed it would be. There was no literal extermination of the race. Though systems of counting differ, there are by some systems at least half as many Indians within the continental United States now as there probably were when Columbus touched the Indies—and this in spite of the obliteration of dozens of whole tribes by war, disease, and cultural disintegration.

It was not the continuity of the Indian race that failed; what failed was the continuity of the diverse tribal cultures. These exist now only in scattered, degenerated reservation fragments or among such notably resistant peoples as the Pueblo and Navajo. And here what has protected them is only partly the remarkable stability of their own institutions; partly they have been saved by aridity, isolation, the difficulties in the way of dense white settlement. Even here a Hopi dancer with tortoise shells on his calves and turquoise on neck and wrists, and a kirtle of fine traditional weave around his loins may wear down his back as an amulet a nickel-plated Ingersoll watch, or a Purple Heart medal won in a white man's war. Even in Monument Valley where not one Navajo in ten speaks English, squaws may herd their sheep through the shadscale and rabbitbrush in brown and white saddle shoes, or gather under a juniper for gossip and bubblegum. The lye still corrodes even the resistant peoples. Some of the Pueblo villages are all but dissolved; some others are held together as much by white sentiment and assistance as by their own cohesiveness.

But though extermination was not quite of the sort or the completeness expected by friend and enemy alike of the Indian, the cultural exterminations were as sad as what was visited on the buffalo and the carrier pigeon. What is more, many tribal cultures died out before the white man had made more than the most random and unco-ordinated efforts to record them. Invaluable histories were lost for lack of historians. It was not until the second quarter of the nineteenth century that the study of Indian cultures

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began to be put on any sort of scientific basis, and not until 1879, when the Bureau of Ethnology was formed under the directorship of Major John Wesley Powell, that cultural anthropology as it related to the American Indians became a study pursued by many men with similar aims and similar methods. By that time, a lot of the opportunities were gone.

By then the cultures of the eastern Indians were either extinct or so altered, debased, interpenetrated, and diluted and mixed one with another, and all with white civilization, that much of the ethnologist's work could hardly be told from the archaeologist's. The eastern tribes from the Abenaki of Maine to the transplanted remnants of Greeks and Choctaws in Indian Territory beyond the Mississippi were already difficult to study. For some tribes not even vocabularies had been preserved, few records of the legendary and lore, only random collections of artifacts. The Middle West was almost as bare; the Far West was in 1879 still the home of tribes with some of their traditional culture left. Yet so interesting a tribe as the Mandans had been practically wiped out by smallpox before more than a handful of students reached them. The bellicose Arikaras were almost gone, their relatives the Pawnees were going, and so on.

Also, the disruption and the consequent speed-up of cultural exchange that had begun with the first white traders had not only moved tribes from their ancestral homes but had moved them clear out of one cultural complex and into another. The Mohicans and Iroquois of Pennsylvania and New York were not quite as extinct as James Fenimore Cooper had implied; the chances were that their remnants were off beyond the Missouri acting as scouts and mercenaries for white cavalry. In the same way the Sioux, once woods Indians in Minnesota and Iowa, had become horse Indians of the Dakotas; the horse revolution which was strictly a white contribution to Indian polity had transformed tribes from Texas to the North Saskatchewan.

All of this—what had been before white intrusion and what remained after four centuries of war and exchange, was a subject to excite a scholarly mind, especially a mind galvanized as Powell's

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was by evolutionary science and tempted by the nineteenth-century exercise of synthesizing and codifying human knowledge. The leaven that worked in Herbert Spencer, Lester Ward, Lewis Morgan, Karl Marx, Henry and Brooks Adams, worked just as powerfully in Powell, who had begun his public career as the heroic explorer of the Colorado River and would end it as one of the most influential organizers of science in the world. Pre-eminently Powell was a synthesizer, and the steps that preceded synthesis in any science were organization, classification, system. It was inevitable that when the part-time ethnological studies of his old Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region were expanded to become the preoccupation of a separate bureau, he would try to systematize the study of the Indian. There lay the widest and most tempting of problems, long neglected, cluttered with the guesses of amateurs and the mythology and wishful thinking of Welshmen, Mormons, and popular romancers; conducted out of ignorance into fabrication; clouded with blood and old feuds; burdened with the missionary zeal that wanted to put all Indians into overalls with hoes or Bibles in their hands; complicated by governmental misunderstanding and bad faith and by Indian hatred and instability—and almost too late.

Powell made his first studies of Indians among the White River Utes of Antero and Douglas in the wilderness of western Colorado in the winter of 1868-69. From then until his death in 1902 he worked, not with utter single-mindedness but with an unremitting purpose, to bring order out of chaos and to substitute knowledge for the hatred, fear, sentiment, hearsay, rumor, and legendry by which we knew the tribes of America. There is no especial drama in such a slaying of the dragons of error and confusion, but the achievement of his Bureau was enormous, and Powell was the heart and brain of his Bureau. As part of the extraordinary outburst of governmentally supported science that after 1870 made Washington one of the major scientific centers of the world, the Bureau of Ethnology has deserved a historian before this. Of the professional historians, only Henry Adams saw the significance of Washington's scientific bureaus. And yet the eulogy of Powell by his

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successor, William Henry Holmes, was not too far from sober statement of fact.

The Bureau of Ethnology is peculiarly his, the lines of research initiated by him being in the main those that must be followed as long as the Bureau lasts—in fact as long as the human race remains a subject of study . . . It was a fortunate circumstance that his energies were directed to a field little encumbered by the forms, methods, and determinations of earlier students, since it enabled him to conduct his investigations on new lines, and thus to raise the science to a higher plane.

The series of volumes published by the Bureau, which are more completely Powell's own than the world can ever know, are a splendid monument to his memory, and . . . will stand, not only for himself but for the nation, among the most important contributions to human history ever made by an individual, an institution, or a state.

## II

Disregarding the accounts of travelers, which sometimes, as in the case of the *Travels in North America* of Maximilian of Neuwied, were of great ethnological importance, there was only a handful of major studies of the Indian before 1879. It is a demonstration of our long, almost unbelievable neglect that none of these came until well into the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Albert Gallatin's *Synopsis of the Indian Tribes . . . of North America*, with which American ethnology properly begins, was not published until 1836, though preliminary studies appeared earlier. *The Indian Tribes of North America*, by Thomas McKenney and James Hall, was published in three volumes between 1836 and 1844, George Catlin's two-volume *Illustrations of the Manners and Customs and Condition of the North American Indians* in 1844. Henry R. Schoolcraft's government-subsidized *Historical and Statistical Information Respecting the History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States* appeared as six serial volumes between 1851 and 1857. Lewis Morgan's *League of the Iroquois* came in 1851, his *Ancient Society* not until 1877.

Pictorial recorders were hardly more alert. Though dozens of people, beginning with Jacques Lemoyne de Morgues in 1564 in Florida, had sketched Indians and characteristic tribal ceremonies

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and customs, there was no concerted or official effort in that direction until John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of the Interior, collaborated with Governor Cass of Michigan Territory and Thomas McKenney, Indian Commissioner, in sponsoring an Indian gallery. The gallery was begun in 1824 by James Otto Lewis, who painted Indians for five dollars a head, and was continued by others—Charles Bird King, A. Ford, S. M. Charles, G. Cooke—some of them nameless or mere initials. McKenney and Hall's *The Indian Tribes of North America* assured itself a permanent usefulness, quite apart from its textual matter, by reproducing one hundred twenty portraits in color copied from the Indian Gallery by Henry Inman. Inman's copies are still preserved in Harvard's Peabody Museum, but almost the entire gallery of originals, which found its way to the Smithsonian under Joseph Henry's sheltering wing in 1858, was destroyed in the Smithsonian fire seven years later.

By that time there were two other galleries of Indian paintings: that of George Catlin, painted in the years following 1831 and widely exhibited from 1837 on; and that of John Mix Stanley, probably superior as art and at least as valuable for its preservation of vanishing cultural details. The fate of Stanley's paintings was more lamentable even than that of the Indian Gallery. They came into the national collection on loan in 1852, but Stanley's sponsors were unable to induce Congress to appropriate money to buy the more than two hundred paintings made among forty-three tribes. As another Congress would later do with the Civil War photographs of Matthew Brady, this one ignored a collection of inestimable national value. Before the end, Professor Henry was paying Stanley an annual pittance to keep the collection together. Eventually it too, except for a few canvases hung in another wing, went up in the 1865 Smithsonian fire. Not even copies or reproductions were saved. Of the three early collections of Indian paintings, only Catlin's survives in the original.

The worth of all these paintings and drawings, even if they miss as art, is obviously great. The value of the early ethnological summaries is variable. Gallatin is of first importance because his classification of the tribes by language provided the key to much

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future study; Morgan gave later students some of the bases of tribal social organization. Catlin's gallery, composed of equal parts art exhibit, waxworks, museum diorama, and Wild West Show, is debatable as art but unquestionably important as scientific illustration. Catlin showed as commendable a desire for authenticity as if he feared he would have to establish it in court. There is hardly a painting without its affidavit. McKenney and Hall, with their ten dozen portraits in color, are an invaluable source for the fleeting details of disappearing tribal conventions—styles of face and body painting, costumes, modes of headdress and hairdress, ornament. As for Schoolcraft, though his six volumes comprise a virtual encyclopedia of the Indian and inevitably contain much valuable material, they are wretchedly organized, somewhat pompous, and weakened by jealousy of rival authorities, notably Catlin.

All these books contributed to the sum of our knowledge near mid-century, but only Gallatin and Morgan were seminal. When Powell began, he had hardly any real guides to research except Morgan's work on tribal organization and Gallatin's classification by language, and even Gallatin was in serious need of modernization and revision. Gallatin had divided the American Indians into twenty-eight linguistic families, admitting that his division was preliminary only: the vocabularies collected by Lewis and Clark had been lost and not replaced, and "with the exception of Salish, and a few words of the Shoshonee and of the Chinook, we have as yet no knowledge of the Indian languages west of the Stony Mountains . . .".

Powell was better off. He himself knew three Shoshonean dialects—Ute, Paiute, and Hopi—and he had nearly seven hundred vocabularies and many linguistic studies that he and Professor Henry had collected from many sources. He could at least go ahead and revise Gallatin. Yet there were almost unbelievable lacks, and where there was not lack there was chaos. So fundamental a matter as nomenclature, for instance:

When white men met a tribe of Indians for the first time, they generally called it either by the name it used for itself, by some nickname freakishly applied, or by a translation or mistranslation

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from the oral or sign-language name. But when they heard about a tribe from its neighbors they might call it, not as it called itself, but as the neighbors called it.

Thus the French, working westward along the canoe track from the St. Lawrence, heard the Ojibways (whom the Americans would later call the Chippewas) refer to their western enemies as *Nadowe-is-iw*, meaning "snake," and by metaphor, "enemy." The French corrupted this to *Nadowessiou*x and then to *Sioux*. But these same Indians were universally referred to in sign language by a throat-cutting gesture, and in places and at times white men called them *Coup Gorge* or Cutthroats. They called themselves the Dakota. But within the Dakota "nation" there were Yanktons, Sissetons, Ogallalas, Santees, Tetons—several subtribes speaking three distinct dialects. And all around them—scattered, in fact, from the lower Mississippi to the North Saskatchewan and from the Carolinas to the Yellowstone country—were tribes who despite wide cultural and physical variations spoke some form of that same Siouan tongue: Biloxis, Quapaws, Osages, Poncas, Kansas, Omahas, Iowas, Otoes, Missouris, Crows, Minnetarees, Mandans, Assiniboons, Tutelos. The language relationship was clearly the one meaningful clue to classification among these widely scattered people of at least three distinct culture patterns. But what did you call each of them for scientific purposes, so that ethnological terminology would be as precise as the language of botany, and stock and tribe and clan be as clearly labeled as order, genus, species, and variety? It was Powell's premise that human taxonomy should be as precise as zoological or botanical taxonomy. But, quite apart from difficulties of translating Indian sounds into English spellings, here were these tribes with multiple names and a fantastic range of spellings (even Gallatin, on his ethnographic map of 1836, had spelled the Pend d'Oreilles "Ponderays"). Many tribes had been named and renamed at different times by people speaking different languages. Sometimes subtribes and mere clans or family groups had been mistaken for separate tribes and given separate names.

The fact was that no one had ever sat down seriously to try to

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clarify the muddle of the tribal names. No one knew for sure how many tribes there were or had been. No one had ever established a principle of naming, whether priority, accepted usage, euphony, or something else. Before the tribes could be reclassified according to Gallatin's pattern with the addition of all the new knowledge now available, someone had to do this pre-chore of what Powell called a "synonymy." That meant reading through and collating the enormous literature that in four hundred years had accumulated about the Indian—and there was no adequate bibliography.

Start from near scratch, then, with first steps: a bibliography, a synonymy, and a more accurate classification of the tribes by linguistic affinity. Before starting to write the science of American ethnology, create its alphabet.

### III

For the bibliography there was a man at hand, James Constantine Pilling, trained as a court reporter but diverted to geology and ethnology by his devotion to Major Powell. Dependable, tedious, somewhat stuffy, he was anathema to Clarence King, the first director of the United States Geological Survey. He reminded King of George Hearst, who (King said) in Tucson was bitten on the privates by a scorpion, which fell dead. Yet Pilling proved himself indispensable a hundred times. He was made to order for the job of bibliographical research, and had in fact already begun it under the old Powell Survey before the Western surveys were consolidated into the United States Geological Survey in 1879 and Powell was temporarily diverted to the Bureau of Ethnology. The work casually begun occupied him the rest of his life. He labored over it until he accumulated a vast tome, which in 1885 was printed as one hundred sets of proof sheets. These were sent to collaborators and correspondents for additions and corrections. As these came in, Pilling went on patiently adding, digging out, hunting down. In the course of his work, which he carried on in addition to his duties as chief clerk of the Geological Survey, he accumulated for the Bureau of Ethnology one of the great ethnological libraries of the world. He toured American libraries over and over,

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and when he went to England to receive an inheritance he scoured Europe's libraries and bookshops as well. His sight weakened as the bibliography grew far beyond any possible single set of covers. He began to issue it piecemeal in fat bulletins: *A Bibliography of the Siouan Languages*, *A Bibliography of the Iroquoian Languages*, *A Bibliography of the Muskogean Languages*, *Notes on Eliot's Indian Bible . . .* One by one he plowed through, completed, and published his guides to the great linguistic stocks—Algonquian, Athapascan, Chinookan, Salishan, Wakashan. The aim was utter definitiveness. When Pilling died in 1895 after twenty years as Major Powell's amanuensis, he had cleared away the brush for future scholars, collected a major anthropological library, and was well into two new bibliographical bulletins on the Shahaptian languages and the languages of Mexico.

Fuss-budget, meechy foster uncle, a filing-system man with painstakingness where his imagination might have been and devotion in the place of his ambition, he rendered an enormous service. As soon as a man with a dynamic imagination gave him a course to run on, he did a more than respectable lifework. "Do you want to do Powell a favor? Poison Pilling," Clarence King wrote to his engineer Becker. But if Becker had acted on his chief's advice there would have been a cornerstone unlaid, a pre-chore undone.

A pre-chore, at least, as it was first conceived. It was characteristic of Powell's labors that a preliminary job designed to prepare the way for future important research should itself become a major area of research, should consume twenty years of a man's diligent labor and remain unfinished at the end. Considering the state he found his favorite sciences in, Major Powell's ambition to organize and then master them was Promethean. Almost every one of his great projects ended the same way—his master atlas of the United States, his survey of reclamation sites in the West, his inclusive study of the public domain in all its aspects, his synthesis of the science of man. The only thing clearer than the failure of his grandiose schemes is the compelling weight of their partial accomplishment.

Everything needed doing at once, everything depended on every-

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thing else before it could even be begun. Yet what needed doing got done. A pamphlet that Powell had printed in 1877 for the use of his fieldworkers was reprinted and revised in 1880 as *An Introduction to the Study of the Indian Languages*, and in quick succession it was followed by manuals on the study of mortuary customs, sign language, medical practices, tribal governments, mythology. "It is the purpose of the Bureau of Ethnology to organize anthropological research in America," Powell said blandly in his first annual report, and he meant exactly what he said. The manuals were the beginning, useful to the Bureau's full-time workers but even more useful to the missionaries, army officers, local savants, enthusiasts, and pothunters whom Powell now enlisted as collaborators. By providing a center, an organization, and a system of study he channeled enthusiasms that had formerly frittered themselves away, and steered them until their results could be made useful. Sometimes a local amateur was put on salary for a special job; once in a while one proved so able that he was brought in as a permanent member of the staff. And even while the alphabet and syllabary of the science were being prepared, specialized studies were continued or begun, and the results published in the *Annual Reports* and *Bulletins*.

Among the things that a decade and more in Washington had taught the Major was that both Congress and collaborators were impressed by publications. He had also learned how to delegate sections of his extensive plans, and he retained to the end of his life an extraordinary generosity with ideas: he gave them freely to all his assistants, and many of the assistants made distinguished careers out of them. One result of that generosity was that he could stir his assistants and colleagues to a lasting and fruitful enthusiasm.

It would be too painstaking a job for anyone but a historian of science to trace strand by strand the lines of research that Powell and his Bureau put out in the 'eighties and 'nineties, while Powell was also organizing geology, topography, and irrigation. But for that sort of historian the study would be indispensable. The continued, orderly, planned effort that Pilling put into the bibliog-

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rphies was put in by others on different problems. Colonel Garrick Mallory, for instance, detailed from the army for special duty with Powell, devoted ten years and more to the study of Indian sign language and picture writing—the prespeech and pre-writing of the continent. He related the sign language to the sign language of the deaf, the picture writing to all the known forms of calligraphy as well as to tattooing and body painting the world over. Humorous, somewhat ribald, quaintly and curiously learned, Mallory could turn a lecture on tattooing into a hilarious smoker talk, or attack a whole unmapped region of anthropological research with Pilling's thoroughness. His monograph on picture writing, called a preliminary report, ran to 807 pages, with 1,295 figures and 54 full-page plates, one of the most exhaustive and one of the most lavishly illustrated of all the Bureau's publications.

## IV

As soon as Pilling had attained some degree of completeness in his preliminary bibliography, and Henry Henshaw and his assistants had made some headway against the intricate problem of the synonymy, Powell assigned himself the linguistic classification of the tribes. This too, issued in the delayed *Seventh Annual Report, 1885–6* (not published until 1891), was called a preliminary study. Powell never got back to it—he never got back to any of his half-completed projects—but there was little cause to. Like Mallory on sign language and picture writing, Yarrow on mortuary customs, Cyrus Thomas on the mounds, Royce on Indian land cessions, and Pilling on bibliography, it is a cornerstone, a basic text.

The Hon. William Gilpin, celebrating the unifying effects of American geography in his *Mission of the North American People* in 1873, had contended that the Indians “from Darien to the Esquimaux and from Florida to Vancouver's Island” exhibited “a perfect identity in hair, complexion, features, religion, stature, and language.” He could hardly have been more spectacularly in error. Gallatin had found so much linguistic variety that he could trace no relationship whatever among twenty-eight different stocks, made

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up of hundreds of distinct languages and dialects. Now Powell, adding to Gallatin what had come in since 1836, found not twenty-eight distinct stocks but fifty-eight, composed of over five hundred languages as different from one another as the languages of Europe. Most of the new ones came from the linguistically diverse West. Some stocks represented single small tribes, some many tribes much scattered. Like Gallatin, Powell accompanied his report with an ethnographic map, and from Henshaw's synonymy studies he extracted names which, on the usual scientific principle of priority of use, seemed most logical for stock and tribe. To distinguish tribe name from stock name he added a suffix, *-an*, to the latter.

Behind the standardized nomenclature and classification he threw the Bureau of Ethnology's already great prestige and the persuasion of its own publications. The system remains, altered only in details. Though he was not himself a distinguished field ethnologist, as some of his men were, he fixed in the 142 pages of a preliminary report not only the fundamental language of a science, but its divisions and its basic classifications.

As the years enriched the Bureau's collections and findings, Powell gradually evolved another and more abstruse system of classification, the fivefold or "pentalogic" categories into which he divided all human activity and into which he compartmentalized all the activity of his Bureau. In his later years his pentalogy became something of an obsession, yet through all the years when he was developing it it was a most effective framework for research.

What he called "aesthetology" covered all the arts, games, pleasures, of a tribe. "Technology" included all crafts and industries. "Sociology" took care of the institutions of trade, of property, of the clan or gens, of government. "Philology" included all possible studies of language, from Pilling's bibliographies to analyses of primitive grammar. And "sophiology" dealt with every manifestation of religion, philosophy, and education, including the medicine which among all savage tribes was pure magic. The framework could be applied as well to dead tribes as to living ones; it worked as well with archaeological studies as with eth-

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nology. Because of the structure of the research plan, the publications of the Bureau during its first twenty years comprise a remarkably cohesive whole.

Modern anthropology has changed some things in Powell's system, but examination seems to demonstrate that the changes are more a matter of terminology than of anything more profound. The prestige of the Bureau could establish and standardize tribal and language-stock names, but it could not, in spite of the half-embarrassed loyalty of Powell's colleagues, enforce acceptance of some of his bizarre neologisms. Much of his terminology is extinct—the word "sophiology," for instance. And yet if a student were curious enough he could dip into Powell's speculations on language and find there in his discussion of "sematology," one of the branches of philology, the curiously prophetic spore of modern semantics.

And the synonymy, begun right at the beginning and continued with changing personnel through many years, the study that was properly preliminary to most others—what of that? Like the other basic studies, it could not be kept basic; it outgrew its preliminary purposes. Otis Mason, Garrick Mallery, Henry Henshaw, had all had a crack at it. Powell based his nomenclature for *The Linguistic Families of North America* on it, but having served that purpose it refused to die. By the time Powell's linguistic classification was published, the synonymy had developed into a project for a dictionary of the Indian tribes north of Mexico. To complete it, the ethnologists of the Bureau divided up the several linguistic stocks and began filling and filing note cards. In 1893 Henshaw had to resign because of ill health, and the partially completed sections of the dictionary were passed on to Frederick Webb Hodge, who like Henshaw enlisted the part-time help of almost everyone in the office. In 1902, when Major Powell died, the dictionary was still uncompleted, but its fragments promised such usefulness that Secretary Langley of the Smithsonian urged Hodge to concentrate on it and finish it up.

It took four more years. Finally, in 1907, five years after the death of the man who had initiated it and twenty-eight years after

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it was first proposed as a job preliminary to everything else the Bureau might do, the synonymy was published as the *Handbook of American Indians*. It is what Schoolcraft's six volumes pretended to be—what they could not have been made in the 1850's. In the two fat volumes of the *Handbook* are summarized most of what was known about the Indians when Powell began to organize the study of American ethnology, plus all that he and his many brilliant assistants added. For the study of the tribes north of Mexico it is as essential as a dictionary is to a language student. And it is another demonstration of the system and order, admittedly improvable but still astonishingly sound and astonishingly definitive, that Powell and his helpers imposed upon a science they found almost unformed. They not only rescued priceless cultural records, but evolved a procedure for studying them. In doing so, they widened the legitimate boundaries of the historian and even enforced upon him, as Henry Adams and Lewis Morgan were both sure a study of the American tribes would do, a new concept of the historian's function. In effect, Powell's Bureau of Ethnology gave the historian for his use the whole region of prehistory, a firsthand record of the living, but rapidly vanishing, Stone Age.

## *Fourteen-Mile Hike*

CLOYD CRISWELL

After my daughter's fifth birthday party  
A friend said in a child-free interval,  
"For your sake I learned where Kevin's grave is."  
Then I walked down the sun-beaten road  
With Kevin to the green fields of fourteen.

I had last seen my boyhood friend two years  
Before on that very way I wandered.  
"Hi!" from his car his fine deep voice had called.  
"Hop in. I'll give you a lift. In the news  
I read you'd be off to war, and I thought,  
'I wonder if Christy's the next in line?'"  
Four of us died in war. And now you go.  
We're not so old. But there's not many left."  
He had meant members of our Boy Scout Troop,  
Recalling the fourteen-mile hike only two could take  
In a test to pass from Tenderfoot to Second Class.

I reached the oak trees by the well-known road,  
Thinking of Kevin, killed while I had lain  
On a distant cot. The cemetery  
Drew me, in a kind of fourteen-mile hike,  
Mourning that he had been the "next in line";  
Knowing I sought a carven marble stone;  
And, standing, when I found it, thinking strange  
And final the crisp 1952.  
Then in the full sunlight I started back.

Where last I had seen Kevin by the road  
Bankside black raspberries were shimmering.  
I picked a handful since the child's party  
Had left her in a gift-expecting mood . . .  
And she would find these large, first berries sweet.

# A LETTER HOME

THE summer was at an end, and the fall was starting, with the dry leaves. The trees were bare except for a few leaves of yellow, brown, and red. It was early morning in the beginning of autumn in Teheran. The prayer and the sermon had been ended in the Mosque of Shah, and the people, some with beads in their hands and others murmuring prayers, were leaving. The holy words could be heard around the mosque, and in the avenue where it was located.

The dome and the head of the two minarets of the mosque shone in the sun. The blue, a special Iranian blue that was the basic color of both dome and minarets, was more intense than the blue sky and mixed with it as if it belonged to it, as if it were a part of it, as if some wandering painter, following the caravan from Caravansary to the wilderness, had painted them with steam on the blue horizon. They seemed mysterious and part of heaven. The tall, decorated minarets with designs in pink, leaf green, and pale yellow, were taller than the cypresses which stood erectly around them. They seemed even more mysterious among those cypresses.

The sun rose, exhibiting the designs of the mosque as if an invisible hand fixed a strong spotlight on it to show its beauty clearer. The mosaics in blue, pink, green, and yellow were bathing in the sun, show-

ing all their details. It was obvious that they were designed on purpose for it because it was under the light that they looked their best.

The entrance of the mosque, an archway that joined two rectangles, had the same designs with the same colors. In addition, prayers in Arabic handwriting decorated the edge of the arched entrance and the rectangles. There was neither door nor guard to keep people from entering the house of God—the house that held the deepest ideals man could ever have invented.

The guard had swept the entrance and the courtyard of the mosque early in the morning and had watered the clay pavement. A perfume of clay and water was in the air. One could think of saints and imams smelling that perfume. A big pool was in the center of the courtyard, where the worshipers of God washed before prayer. Passers-by felt chilly, noticing that pool so early in the morning. At the right hand of the courtyard was a hall, higher than the floor, that was covered with a mat. The hall had stony columns joined with decorated arches. It was toward the north that leads to Mecca, the holy center of pilgrimage for the Moslems of the world.

The hall that was used for prayers during the summers was now occupied by the letter writers. They were coming a few at a time, spread-

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ing the tools of their profession each on a space between two columns.

When Goli stepped into the court-yard, the hall was already lighted by the sun and some of the writers were busy writing letters for their customers. A man was washing his feet in the pool, and a woman with a child in her arms was leaving the mosque. Goli, like a lost child in a strange place, passed the woman.

"Where could I write my letter?" she asked.

"Over there. Don't you see the writers?" and she pointed to the hall.

Goli, a pale girl of fifteen, went directly toward the hall.

On the first platform a young woman was sitting. She had on a veil and sat very close to the writer. She bent toward him so that she could whisper in his ear. There was a broad smile on the writer's face and a movement in the woman's shoulder under the veil. "And please do tell him to come back as soon as possible." She uttered this sentence aloud. It seemed that the letter was at an end, because the woman opened her veil to fix it. She had bleached her face with powder in that early morning and her cheeks were painted so red that they tempted secret loves and hidden joys! Goli passed the first platform.

Next to her on the second platform a young soldier was sitting, cross-legged, his hands bolted to-

gether over his knees. His uniform was faded, and he was busy explaining to the letter writer what he wanted to be written. ". . . And I never will forget the day they came to collect soldiers, when you read my name in the paper you turned pale . . . I don't know what the idea is of bringing the children of the people to the city and making them soldiers." The letter writer stopped him while he took another sheet of paper from his wooden box.

Goli halted in front of the second platform, watching the soldier. He was following the hand of the writer moving on the sheet of paper, so he could not pay attention to the young girl, who, looking at the soldier, was remembering something. Even more, she was wishing something.

She had a military shirt on, but without military slacks. Her shirt was colorless and old. It was mended with patches that did not go well with it. But the buttons were still shining and the red insignia were still on the shoulders. She had knotted two soles of different colored stockings together and had used them as a belt over her military shirt.

She had on a black skirt under her shirt. Her black cotton stockings had holes in both heels and showed her red skin. Her shoes were worn out. It was not easy to walk in them. A red scarf covered her face, and it showed her face

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even thinner and paler, her eyes blacker, and the expression of her face downcast and sad, in that fall morning.

She passed the second platform, while she looked back once more at the soldier. The third platform was occupied by a young writer who happened to have no customer. He sat on a little carpet, and a small table was in front of him. He was handsome enough to be distrusted, and Goli passed him, going to the fourth writer.

He was an old man of fifty. A smile formed in his brown, sunburned face when he raised his head and saw young Goli in front of himself. His hat was dirty and so was his shirt. Both suggested dry years and lack of water, the pool being in the center of the mosque! It seemed that he had not taken a bath for years and had not changed his clothes for ages. Maybe he had nobody to wash his clothes for him and mend them. Maybe he was far from his home. A stranger, a lonely man in the whole world.

Goli watched him a while and then sat down in front of his belongings. A blue inkpot, a few pens, a notebook, and a pack of yellow sheets of paper were all he had, all put together on the mat that covered the hall. Could they do anything, help any?

The man was busy trying a pen on a piece of paper. He was drawing lines as crooked as his wrinkles. The pen scratched on the yellow paper, like a serpent creeping over dry,

fall leaves. Goli made an impatient gesture.

"Could I . . . ?"

The man put the pen down and took another pen to try, and as his head was bent toward the paper, he asked, "What do you want?"

"I want to write a letter—a letter home."

"Where is home?"

"Our village . . . our house that is near the fountain."

The man put the pen down and looked at her. First a smile ran in all the lines of his features. Then it stopped. The expression of his face first showed, "I have seen the funniest thing in the whole world, and I will tell you all about it so that it kills you from laughter." But then a cloud of seriousness veiled his forehead, and it shouted, "No fun!"

"Won't you write my letter? You know I am in a hurry. Mistress will quarrel with me if I am late. I put the meat on the fire and came along to write my letter . . . Please . . ."

Her head was bent toward the floor . . . she was speaking fluently and hurriedly and the writer missed most of the sentences. She couldn't control herself, as if the words had been kept prisoned in her memory for a long time. So they rushed, pushed each other, held each other back, and then made very poor sentences. The man tried his best to arrange the rush of her words and write a good letter for her.

"Please, Sir, write it as you know. I don't know what to say. I am

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stupid, I mix everything together. First write salutations and best regards then (I hope your hand will reach the shrine of Eighth Imam). Please write it very carefully (Oh, what am I saying—I know you will write it very carefully)—no, I mean write it in a way that my mother will come to me instantly. Yes, write:

"Mother, Dear Mother, Cruel Mother (Oh, no! Don't write it, wipe it out), write only Dearest Mother. I have not had a good time since I have come to Teheran. Come to me as soon as possible or else I will die or turn mad in this foreign city. I send my best regards to my aunt . . . Kiss my little sister and my goat. How is my goat? Who takes it to the wilderness every day? Don't please don't cut her hair with that blunt scissor; it hurts her, I am sure. Buy her some fresh grass. I have no money to send you to buy fresh grass for her. They haven't paid me yet. As soon as I get paid, I will buy her a bell. I have seen a very nice bell in the shop next door, and the shopkeeper said that this bell is ordered by the schoolmasters, but he promised that it will do for my goat as well.

"Send my best salaams to Mrs. Movvarid. Tell her: 'May God curse you. May fire come out from your grave.' Say, 'Woman, what had I done to you that you made me a wanderer of foreign lands?' Say, 'What was wrong with our village that you made my poor mother send me with foreigners to Teheran to

serve them, to work for them from early in the morning till late at night? Couldn't I eat a morsel of bread in our house in the village? . . .'

"Dear Mother, I swear you to the God, if you have a glass of water in your hand to drink, don't drink it and come to me. Come and take me home. I will die here. Sometimes I feel so sad that I want to kill myself. In the evenings when it grows dark, the kitchen seems a prison; no, a grave to me and I become so nervous that I cry. The mistress comes to me and asks: 'What is wrong?' and I say: 'Nothing, I just weep on my fate.' Dear Mother, save me from here or else I will turn mad . . . Today, that I have come here to write this letter, is a holiday. The mistress has gone to Shemiran.\* She will be back at noon. I put the meat on the fire, added as much water as I could, and hurried here to ask this sir (Sir, may God reward you for your helpfulness) to write my letter.

"I do all the housework, sweeping the rooms, cooking, washing; all work is done by me. The mistress is always in front of the mirror making herself pretty, or going out shopping. I have one of my feet in the kitchen and the other in the store. The bell of the door and the telephone ring at the same time. The

\* A village near Teheran.

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house is so unorganized that nobody knows who is who. The master promised to buy three balls of knitting wool for me to knit a sweater for winter. He wanted to buy a pair of shoes for me, too. But the mistress didn't permit him to do so. She called me bad names. She called me 'stupid country woman whose job is looking after sheep and goats.' And I cried, cried and said: 'Let me go. Send me back home . . .' And all day long I cried in the corner of the kitchen. . . .

"In the summer, Hushang Khan was here and I had a better time. He sometimes gave me two or three rials\* and I used to spend that money buying something for you and my sister. But now he has gone. He is serving his military service. Poor Hushang Khan! I feel so sorry for him. The night he left he gave me a note of two tomans,† but the mistress took it from me. She said a young girl ought not to have so much money. That night I could not sleep at all. My heart was beating so hard that I thought it would come out from my breast. I cried so much that my pillow became wet . . . Dear mother, come to me or else I will die here and you will be sorry for me and will say: 'If only I had gone to my poor child and brought her back home.'

"Dear Mother, they have bought many beautiful things in the shops near our house. Lots of red cloths that I wish I had a scarf and skirt

out of. I don't need a shirt. Hushang Khan has given his shirt to me. It is very pretty. When I have it on, I don't know what happens to me. First I feel warm, and my cheeks start burning. Then something goes on inside my body, and warms me all over. My knees tremble and my heart throbs so that I can hear its sound.

"Dear Mother, I felt the same thing one day when the mistress took me to Shah Abdul Azim. That day when I pressed my lips against the silver network of the shrine that fenced the long grave of the imam, I felt warm, too. I was kissing the silver bolts and repeating the prayers that the mistress uttered quite aloud for me to repeat. But I was not there. I was somewhere else. I was thinking about something that I cannot describe, and I was happy although the mistress said that it was better if I repeat the holy words with tears, and I did what she said. The imam must have been very tall and manly, dear mother, having such a long gravestone. And sometimes I think that it is a sin to feel like that. Maybe God has punished me for what I have felt these days. If it is true I will repent . . . but I wish I were in the village to put my shirt on once and show it to the children and then repent. The shoes that you bought for me are torn into pieces. I have no underwear, nothing. My shoulders and my back ache so painfully that I have to rub them every now and then. Yesterday I went to the priest who

\* Dimes.

† Quarter.

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preaches in the Mosque of Shah and asked him to count his beads and find out: 'Is it good if I go back to our village on foot?' The beads showed that it was awful to do so. Then I begged him to consult the Koran. It came bad, too. I heard the word 'Hell' mentioned in God's words twice. I thought maybe it meant if I come back home on foot, I will go directly to hell . . . from the village."

The old man held the young girl's

hand in his hand, wet her forefinger with ink, and pressed it at the end of the letter he had written—the short letter that he had written, omitting half of what she had told him to write. Then he raised his head and looked at her. He halted a second, then still holding her young hand in his old hand, asked her: "Sister, will you marry me?"

*Men are reasoning rather than reasonable animals.*

—ALEXANDER HAMILTON

# REPORT ON A POETRY MAGAZINE

KAVITA is the first poetry magazine to be published in India. For many years it was the only one. There was a Gujarati *Kavita* some years ago, but I do not know if there is now a poetry magazine in existence in any Indian language except Bengali.

*Kavita* was started in 1935. Sudhindranath Datta's quarterly review, *Parichay*, was then in full bloom. That was the best literary review we have had in Bengali, after Pra-matha Chaudhuri's *Sabujpatra*. In it the *Sabujpatra* group published the works of their maturer or declining years, but its atmosphere was different. *Sabujpatra*, and after that *Kallol*, stood for the spirit of release; *Parichay* was critical in its approach, as befitted the times. Looking back now, I can see its task was to set the house in order after two decades of turmoil, out of which had emerged the later and remade Rabindranath, and the second generation of the successors who strove to break through him.

It was at one of Sudhindranath's famous Fridays that I first saw a poetry magazine. Annadasankar Ray, the novelist, sat nursing on his lap a magazine of frail proportions; I picked it up and looked. It was an American publication, with a brick-red cover showing a portrait of

Shelley—I do not remember its name. The contents were not impressive, but I was excited by the fact that it existed. And a daring thought occurred to me: why not have one like this in Bengal?

We in Bengal had grown up in a climate where verse was frankly despised by popular journals. Not that they eschewed verse—that would have been better—but they relegated it to a position of utmost dishonor. Verse appeared, often in smaller type, at the foot of a page where an article had concluded; it was used as a stopgap, a space filler. The standard of selection was often the length or brevity of the piece than its poetic merit; excisions were freely made to suit the space. Even the better-known poets fared no better, though an exception was made in the case of Rabindranath Tagore, when his greatness became indisputable. Editors did not undertake to return verse manuscripts; some printed notices to the effect that they destroyed all rejected verse. From boyhood upward I had never ceased to feel the shame of this treatment; however bad the mass of printed or unprinted verse may be, this editorial man-handling was an outrage on the art of poetry. It was true that *Sabujpatra* flouted all conventions of the

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trade, and *Kallol* and the later literary magazines distinguished between verse and prose by printing the former in larger type and with wider margins—as often as not on the front page. This was some solid gain, but I sometimes dreamed of a magazine which would contain nothing but poetry and its concomitants. It was one of my private dreams, unmentionable even to friends. Now the sight of that English—or American—magazine turned the dream to an idea.

I could not believe there was the smallest chance of realizing the idea. I looked upon it as fantastic, impossible. But I could not get rid of it either. It refused to be knocked out of my brain. I often found myself playing with the thought, and when I did bring out *Kavita*, there was more of play in it than determined action. It began timidly, though in good cheer, as an experiment which would fail but would be fun to have failed in. I had no money, but I had friends. Many of them collaborated, though of different literary affiliations. Bishnu Dey, the poet, put down five rupees toward initial costs; so did one or two others who were not writers at all. To this I added what I could and bought some quantities of high-grade paper of British make. As for contributions, I was in no lack of good things; the poets who had made their mark in *Kallol* and

*Parichay* were then in full action, and I had a surprise up my sleeve—the very young Samar Sen.

The first issue appeared, a slim enough thing in yellow cover bearing a cubist design of the name. It looked pretty, but we scarcely knew to whom the copies were to go. On a Sunday I drew up a list of some twenty of Calcutta's cultural elite, persons whom I knew by face or name, and sent out copies to them with a request to enter their subscriptions. I was not very optimistic about results, but the messenger returned with quite a pocketful of large and small silver coins—we still had silver coins in those days. Samar Sen, at that time better known as a brilliant undergraduate student than as a writer of beautiful prose poems, carried ten copies to the biggest newsstand in town. "Six annas for this! Not worth more than an anna, I'm sure!" was the verdict of the owner of the newsstand, a man who had his finger on the public pulse in an almost literal sense. But he had to take ten more copies on the day after the next. He must have been surprised, but I was much more so.

My next venture was to send a copy to Rabindranath—we had departed from the custom of starting with the poet's blessings. This was rewarded with a longish letter and a poem of some importance, both in that matchlessly beautiful hand-

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writing on which whole generations had modeled theirs. Tagore never dictated his letters or desisted from copying out his poems till his very last, disabled days. I had an impulse also to send a copy to Edward Thompson, the English biographer of Tagore, who wrote a leading article in *The Times Literary Supplement*, basing his remarks on *Pari-chay*, *Kavita*, Rabindranath's latest volume of verse, and an English magazine of Madras. Perhaps Thompson's was the longest and most authentic review of Indian literature to appear in that august purveyor of British culture.

We were able to enlist some more subscribers by persuasion, but our first batch of unsolicited subscriptions came from the political *détenus*—men confined in “camps” without trial for indefinite periods, of whom there happened to be hundreds in the 'thirties, after the second outbreak of Bengal terrorism. They all belonged to the Bengali intelligentsia; many of them were students. As a rather shamefaced recompense for the discourtesy of their confinement, the British Government gave them a not too meager allowance and allowed them to buy books and periodicals which they judged to be politically “safe”—and these included almost everything from poetry to philosophy, from history to anthropology. So the *détenus* were the best of readers in those days; many of them have since confessed to having had their only bout of serious reading during the

months or years of their confinement. When they were released after the Gandhi-Irwin pact there was a big drop in our “circulation”—if that word is not absurdly inappropriate here. I felt uneasy lest we flop in the middle of an act, but at the turn of our fourth year I realized we had crossed the danger line. We would not collapse suddenly—that much was clear by then.

I started with little ambition. I wanted verse to be spared the “also ran” position assigned to it by popular magazines; I wanted to print the works of poets in a worthy manner, no matter how old—or young—they might be. My fond wish was to have a reserved saloon for poets, where they would feel at home and perhaps meet interesting traveling companions. My original plan amounted to no more than this. But like a novel in the making, *Kavita* acquired a life of its own and went ahead. It came to be identified with a whole movement in poetry; it was able, through its pages of poetry and prose, to introduce a series of new poets and enhance and embellish the reputations of older ones. For some time it had an ancillary project, a new-poetry series called *Ek Payshay Ekti* or “A Pice Apiece.” Some thought this silly, but Amiya Chakravarty and a few other poets responded warmly to the suggestion, and soon we had quite a presentable collection of not at all bad-looking booklets. Each was of sixteen pages, with a poem on each page, and was offered to the public for four annas,

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that being the equivalent of sixteen copper coins. A poem for a pice didn't sound so bad; certainly the poets didn't overestimate their cash value, though they did fall short of the mark once hit by T. L. Beddoes, who offered an epic for a penny!

I believe all this did some good in a general way, no matter how small our coverage was. It was good to have a small and exclusive stage for poetry, to have it detached from the other branches of literature, so that it could be the focal point of attention. The people who bought our tickets were not many, but the little show was talked about here and there, and those who laughed at it also helped us by being lured into an awareness of the existence of poetry. I must say that these labors have not been lost; during the two decades of *Kavita's* lifetime the general awareness of poetry has considerably increased. Poets have risen in editorial estimation; a popular magazine of today would not only concede more grace to the visual presentation of verse—at any rate as an exception—but even make payment for poetry in some cases, a concession which was unthinkable in the 'thirties. Quite recently, a band of young poets marched the streets of Calcutta, shouting slogans in praise of their trade, exhorting passers-by to read more poetry, and declaiming specimens to those fortuitous crowds that instantly gather in Calcutta streets when something is supposed to be going on. It is pleasant to note that the traffic police

did not interfere with the activities of these enthusiasts for their art.

Poetry has the same fate everywhere; it doesn't sell. I was amazed to read in an issue of *Poetry* that in the United States the works of new poets were sometimes issued in editions of two or three hundred copies. I was amazed not because I expected the American public to be more receptive, but because the figure was utterly disproportionate when compared with the million-figure sales of newspapers and slick magazines there. Well, two to three hundred copies for a volume of verse wouldn't be a bad mark in Bengal, where the most widely read newspapers do not have a circulation of a hundred thousand. Books by the best of our modern poets have had first editions of about that size—the limit being set at five hundred. When the first edition of my first book of poems dribbled out its five hundred copies in ten years' time, everybody thought it had done rather well. Even now, when Rabindranath has been enshrined in Bengal almost as a household god, his books of poems have an average run of a thousand copies for an edition. The exceptions are his voluminous *Sanchayita* (*Selected Poems*)—the mainstay of the publishing department of Visva-Bharati—and such titles as have been exalted or degraded to the rank of textbooks. This is the general view of the situation here, but lat-

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terly the sales of modern poetry have noticeably gone up, largely through the enterprise of the Signet Bookshop in Calcutta. A thousand is not an improbable figure today for even a first book of poems, nor are the commercial publishers totally allergic to poetry, though they still insist on the antidote of gift bindings.

In order to complete the picture I must add that hitherto modern Bengali poets have had their books published at their own cost, or through the generosity of friends. I do not know of a single exception to this. This does not mean that the poets were well to do—few of them were—or that the rich befriended them, but that printing was exceedingly cheap in the prewar days, especially during the slump of the 'thirties. One could see a book through by scraping together a hundred rupees, sometimes much less. That was a lucky circumstance for the poets and for our literature, for I do not know how otherwise those books of poetry could have appeared which have since proved to be germinal. But now that the costs have trebled or quadrupled, without a proportionate rise in the incomes of intellectual workers, publishing has become a formidable problem for poets, whether new or well known. Although one or two among the big

publishers are showing some interest in serious poetry, the fact remains that the works of the best of our living poets are out of print at the moment—with a few exceptions here and there. Some have been so for years, and much of their later productions still remains buried in their lockers, or coyly hidden from curious eyes in the chests of their prospective publishers.

A few more details may be of interest. *Kavita* has been a very homely affair all along. It has never had any offices, or a paid employee, or even any proper files or records. Some essential stationery and a small typewriter have been all the office equipment. Its clerical staff, packers, and stamp pasters have all been composed of myself, my friends, and my family—a variable personnel in which I have remained the constant factor. I have always had a few associates willing to help; friends in business establishments have passed on advertisements; printers have been ideally patient with their bills. Actually the first two issues were printed free of charge by the Purvasa Press, owned by the poet, Sonjoy Bhattacharya. This is how *Kavita* has managed to appear and to stay. But perhaps it has stayed too long for its type. In the fitness of things, I think it is time that it "folded."

# LIFEMANSHIP, SALESMANSHIP, AND LIVELIHOOD

by Philip W. Buck

**S**HE was very large, towering over the counter of the little shop as she looked down upon me.

"Give *me* the umbrella," she said severely.

Because she stood behind the counter while I faced her across it, there was the presumption that she had control of the expert knowledge. When I am behind my desk in my office at the University, I, too, sometimes assert the authority of my position.

And yet the thought occurred to me that I had a working acquaintance with umbrellas, having faithfully carried one in London for more than six months, and enough mechanical background to understand the principle on which they are constructed. Why couldn't this woman accept my diagnosis that two tips were missing from the ribs? A bold impulse—but I yielded, of course.

She took the umbrella, opened it with a flourish, and twirled the handle expertly, watching the rib tips revolve.

"Tips are missing from two of the ribs," she declared with the full weight of her authority. Her gaze returned to the umbrella.

"This is not English-made," said she, with the air of pronouncing an adverse verdict.

"Oh, no," I replied. "I told you when I brought it in . . ."

"I don't know," she interrupted, "I really don't know whether we can find the tips to replace these."

I pondered alternatives—to recapture this alien umbrella and continue using it in its disabled condition . . . to try some other shop where perhaps the risk of spiritual humiliation was less . . . to buy a new one of the right nationality.

"Well, if it can't be repaired—"

"No, no," she said brusquely, depriving me of independent

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action, "leave it here." She filled out a slip, "Call back in three days. We may be able to find something for it."

Hunching my head down into my coat collar, I walked out into the morning drizzle and humbly set off for home. As I walked, I realized that I had been made a victim of the English techniques which have been so brilliantly analyzed by Mr. Stephen Potter in *Gamesmanship* and *Lifemanship*. He describes these "ploys" as being used in the social setting of the middle classes, but it was evident to me that tradespeople had also achieved mastery of the essential secret of Lifemanship, "always to be one up."

The repair of an umbrella runs to a few shillings—a transaction of no great moment, and so, perhaps, I deserved the treatment received. But the purchase of a motor car, particularly by people in academic income brackets, is another matter. Few of us are in the assured position of Hildebrand's father in Hilaire Belloc's *Cautionary Tales for Children*, who, on the subject of motor cars, said to Hildebrand, "Come, we'll off to town and purchase some." When a professor calls at an automobile display room, prepared to lay cash on the line, he feels that respect and even admiration ought to be assured.

Secure in this frame of mind I walked into the Oxford Street agency of one of the big manufacturers, fully prepared to have the lads gather round me. Sure enough, I was placed in a chair on one side of a desk, and with evident consideration a salesman bent his ear to my intention of placing an order for a car of a certain model. He congratulated me on my perception of the general situation: "I hope I may say it without offense, but some of your compatriots come in at nine in the morning and find it hard to understand that they can't choose a car and drive it out of the shop after lunch." I knew enough to know that supplies were short and immediate delivery unlikely; and I was pleased to be treated as a knowledgeable man who had come in to place his order promptly.

The salesman waved his hand casually to a car which sat upon a dais on the other side of the large room and said, "That is the model you have in mind. Would you like to be shown it? I take it you already have some knowledge of it." This I found pleasant—

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too many American salesmen have taken me over a car spark plug by spark plug, while I strove to muster comments which matched their enthusiastic sales talk.

The purchase of a car in England at present, even when the purchaser pays an export price in dollars, is hedged about with a number of complications. The chief of these is the application for exemption from purchase tax. The salesman and I traversed this, filling out forms in triplicate in which I declared that I proposed to export the car to my home country at a specified approximate date, that I engaged not to sell it in England at or before my departure; particulars of my nationality, residence, passport number, and other items too numerous to mention were added. Under the salesman's tactful instructions I took the blanks round the corner, found a commissioner of oaths in a solicitor's office, swore to the truth of these statements, and brought the form back.

"Now, Mr. Buck," said the salesman, "we come to the rather difficult matter of . . . color. Er . . . have you, or your family, any decided preferences with regard to color? If you have, the company will do its utmost to buy, beg, borrow, or steal paint of a color which suits your fancy. It will, however, greatly accelerate delivery if you are willing to accept a car of whatever color is ready."

I replied that my own reaction to color was entirely neutral, so long as the company restrained its designers from zebra stripes, and that I felt sure I could speak for my family.

I went away in a cheerful glow, feeling that I had been given my just dues as a customer, and ready to regard the umbrella lady as merely one of those unfortunate blots which may mar any social scene, however pleasant. I was also refreshed by the matter-of-factness with which the whole transaction had been handled. No eloquent discourses on the features of the car . . . no glib lectures on automotive engineering . . . no high-pressure selling.

Lifemanship was sure to appear, however, and I discovered that in this range of purchases the customer is disciplined by subsequent events.

The first intimation that I might eventually possess this car came

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to me in the mails two weeks later. In it one of the staff of H. M. Commissioners of Customs and Excise, in print so small I used a pocket glass to read it, wrote that he "had been directed to inform me" that my application had been approved. Subject, of course, to very precise conditions about the time and manner of export. The letter then concluded with this ominous sentence, which I reproduce in full:

The tax will be payable if the car is not exported within the time allowed even though this may be due to its destruction or loss by accident, and it is therefore in your own interest to see that the car is insured for its full tax-inclusive value.

He then assured me that he was, Sir, my most obedient servant.

This began to sound to me like the dragon of the umbrellas. It might not mean that the customer was always wrong, but there was a strong suggestion that the customer had to live up to a role for which American experience had not really prepared him. The customer has an easy time of it in the United States, and sometimes even is allowed to form the impression that he is always right.

I discussed this forbidding communication with some of my English friends. I was still in a position to countermind my order; and it seemed to me tactless to suggest that the car, which still had no more actuality than as a subject of official communications, might be lost or destroyed. To say nothing of the unpleasant implications as to what might happen to me if I were in it in the circumstances of the second possibility. It seemed to me not unreasonable that the motor export corporations might get some working arrangement with H. M. Commissioners so that the form had a different tone. One could scarcely expect that officialese could be stretched to read:

You lucky fellow, your application is granted and now you can have one of our beautiful English cars. We do have to say that you should insure for its value plus tax, just in the unlikely event, etc. . . .

But suppose that I were a nervous elderly lady who wanted to take my parrot for airings in this car? I could imagine that occasionally a sale might be lost—that after the letter came in from H. M.

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Commissioners some customers might go down to the salesman and withdraw from the deathtrap they saw closing in on them.

I stuck by my intentions. Relying on my limited acquaintance with English business procedures, I awaited notice that the car was ready for delivery. When the agreed date was just a few days away, and I had been awaiting notice for a few weeks with no word as to whether the car would be forthcoming, I finally rang up. I faithfully followed my salesman's instructions, and asked for him, referring to the card he had given me. The office operator's voice said, "Mr. Riley has left the company."

This was a slight shock, which was immediately intensified by my being disconnected while I paused to orient myself to the situation. I rang again, was told again that Mr. Riley had left the company. I then set about the business of establishing the fact that I had a car on order, that I hoped it was soon to be delivered, and that I wanted to talk to someone about it. I even offered to tell the story to the operator herself, if no one else seemed qualified to meet the situation. While the phone crackled and hummed, and disjointed bits of conversation went round and round the issue, I seemed to hear clearly a voice in the background which kept on saying, "*Give me the umbrella.*"

Finally another man was designated to take over Mr. Riley's responsibilities toward me, and he proved to be a worthy successor. He was polite and friendly, and he restored my standing on the waiting list, so that a car finally came into my hands only a few weeks later than the originally promised date of delivery. On this happy date he opened the way for a few comments of mine by saying apologetically that he feared the company had "rather let me down." I assured him that I realized this sort of problem arose from manpower and material shortages which I was in a position to understand; but I remarked that not all American customers would possess sufficient knowledge of the general economic picture to take this sort of thing agreeably.

I mildly suggested that the company's routine in such cases might be improved. In my own country someone else would be assigned to this sale on the very day that Mr. Riley left. This successor

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would then ring me up and assure me that he was straining every nerve to carry through the transaction that had begun with Mr. Riley. I admitted that he might strain my every nerve as well, for he would be quite capable of ringing me up daily to assure me that everything possible was being done—everything possible except to deliver a car to me.

“In fact,” I granted handsomely, “the chance of delivery under adverse conditions is probably no better in the United States than here. But the amount of reassurance that I would receive would be much greater—and if you can’t have your car, the fact that the company seems to feel as badly as you do at least gives you a companion in disappointment.” My listener politely agreed that there might be something in what I was saying and engaged to take the matter upstairs with higher executives.

I found garaging for the car near where I lived in Hampstead, and began the somewhat arduous business of “running it in” at low speeds for the first five hundred miles. My income bracket has already been defined, and because of it I “run” or “break in” a car with extreme care. I cannot afford to receive less than the maximum life that can be delivered by the mechanism. I have been well trained in the operation. The first car I ever owned was kept in motion only by virtue of the loving care which two very capable mechanics and I lavished on it during its life, a life which by our joint efforts we prolonged beyond normal expectancy. I put this backlog of experience, restraint, and skill to work upon my newly acquired car, and enlisted the assistance of the owner-manager of my garage and his assisting mechanic.

I remember the owner-manager of the garage with genuine affection. He was genial, courteous, and helpful. He coached me on the rules of the road—since my car was equipped with left-hand drive for American export, I was sitting on the wrong side of the car as I drove down the wrong side of the road. His assistant was also friendly though his face and manner were not. He was a Cockney youth, and the swarthiness of his face was accentuated by heavy frowning eyebrows. His dour appearance, combined with the terseness of this speech, made him seem sullen.

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One morning I started my motor, and waited for it to warm up before I drove out of the garage. The mechanic raised his head from his work on another car, and listened. Then he walked across to my car, raised the bonnet, and listened intently. He looked at me, his face made unusually forbidding by the concern he felt.

“ ‘Ave you been knockin’ this abaht?”

For a few moments I was unable to take this as anything less than humiliating, a deadly aspersion on my competence. Here I was—back at the wrong end of the umbrella. Although I was again one down, I soon appreciated that the intention behind these harsh words was friendly. The owner-manager lent his experienced ear to the diagnosis of the ominous sounds, and I was advised to take the car back to the manufacturers: “It’s their pigeon.”

This advice embarked me on complications which can be summarized quickly, though it took a long time to live through them. The company’s repair shops were closed for a week’s vacation—it was close to the August Bank Holiday—no other shops could be used for such an operation. The date for shipping the car to New York was scheduled with iron-clad firmness by the steamer company, backed up by H. M. Commissioners—there wasn’t anything seriously wrong, in spite of what my mechanic said. Finally the car was loaded aboard ship, more than two weeks before we set sail on a faster ship, so that it would be ready in New York for our drive home to California.

The English remain British in methods and attitudes even when they are doing business in America. The day we landed in New York I went to Buffalo to attend a meeting. I asked my wife to ring the company’s agency and verify that the car had arrived, had been checked, and would be ready for me three days later so that I could drive it to Washington and overtake her. When I rejoined her I had a full account of what had happened.

“After a lot of fuss and delay I got a man on the wire, and the first thing he told me, in a tone of happy indifference, was that the car had not arrived.”

I was thunderstruck. We had surrendered the car, at some inconvenience to ourselves, a full two weeks before our sailing,

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receiving the most solemn guaranties that it would be ready for us in New York.

"What did you say then?" I asked, conscious of the fact that I had picked up the car and driven it to Washington, and wondering what miracle had been performed.

"I simply lost my temper," said she, "and told him that he could jolly well have that car, or one just like it, ready for you in three days."

"And then . . . ?"

"Then he found it—but in their shop in Brooklyn."

"But . . . It was around the corner from my hotel in New York—"

"I told him that you were returning from Buffalo in three days, and that you must have that car conveniently ready to drive out of New York early in the morning before the Labor Day week-end traffic began. He finally fairly groveled, so far as that is possible over the phone, and promised that one of the company's officials would personally drive it to the garage near your hotel."

At this late date it dawned on me that if the timing and the tone are right, it is possible occasionally for the customer to be one up.

All this is Lifemanship. Let us recall the definition of the expert, Mr. Stephen Potter:

In one of the unpublished notebooks of Rilke there is an unpublished phrase which might be our text: ". . . if you're not one up (Bitzleisch) you're . . . one down (Rotzleisch)."

*How to be one up*—how to make the other man feel that something has gone wrong, however slightly. The Lifeman is never caddish himself, but how simply and certainly, often, he can make the other man feel a cad, and over prolonged periods. (*Potter on Lifemanship*, London, 1950, pp. 13–14.)

How this illuminates my experience! Besides the august lady of the umbrellas, and the whole corporation hierarchy of the motor manufacturer, there rise in my memory the butchers, the barmaids, the grocers, the exasperating women in stationers' shops, the chemists, the candlestick makers. All of them always one up.

However complex the rules of the contest between seller and

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buyer, the procedure has one great merit. You may have a good deal of difficulty in getting what you want, but you rarely walk out of the shop carrying half the merchandise on its shelves, wondering what you bought all this or that for. This is low-pressure salesmanship, and often very refreshing. You may have some trouble in qualifying as a customer, but you are spared the dangers of being a prospect. You came in with the intention of buying something. It may be necessary to instruct you as to what it is you had in mind. It is also justifiable to inquire whether you might not have need of something else, and to suggest unobtrusively that we have it in stock. Would you be interested in this, which has just come on the market, and cannot be obtained just anywhere? Just the socks, Sir? Thank you, Sir, good day, and call again sometime. It is pleasant and flattering to be credited with intelligence enough to know what you don't want. But it is a little trying to be classified as a half-wit who doesn't know what he came in for.

There is a historical background for this attitude. Britain's long lead in trade expansion and industrial development during the nineteenth century was based on the industrial revolution which began in the eighteenth. For well over a century customers have been coming to her shores, eager to purchase goods and equipment, or to borrow capital, or to employ engineering and business skills. The British had no need to develop the bastard art of advertising—they had the stuff and the rest of the world knew it. Coupled with this there grew up a tradition of integrity of workmanship and honesty in dealing. The whole nineteenth century was an immense success, writ large over the whole map of the world with textiles, ironwork, capital investment, insurance, and cheap tin trays. Success produced an atmosphere of serene self-confidence—so serene, in fact, that serenity could become slightly offensive to the foreign customer.

Two world wars, especially the second, produced shortages so intense that self-confidence readily moved on into Lifemanship. Since 1939 there has been a perpetual shortage of everything from wrapping paper to dynamos. The ration book is still the indispensable qualification for the customer before he can buy a wide range

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of the commonest staples of everyday living. It's no trick at all to be one up over the pleading look of the timid lady who wants to buy a quarter of a pound of boiled sweets. And who can match the ineffable superiority of a barmaid I once saw? A customer had come in for cigarettes on Sunday evening, with no tobacconist open until Monday morning.

"Nothing but Turkish," said she with complete indifference.

He turned to me and my half-pint. The English threshold of reserve is lower than it used to be; and it was always lower in pubs. His face showed a slight flush.

"Bags and bags of Players she's got under the counter there. And she used to like me, and I'm a regular here. But now she won't sell them to me."

"Aren't you funny!" said she, without a trace of a smile. "I could laugh and laugh."

"Bad luck," I said. I was careful not to say, "Bad show." I wasn't going to take sides—there would be a time when I would want cigarettes for the same reason. Don't stick your neck out and you won't have your head chopped off.

The rest of the twentieth century, certainly the next decade or so of it, is already a very different story from the success of the preceding hundred years. There has been the mobilization of overseas investment for the war, for which British economists devised a masterpiece of the national trick of understatement: "Disinvestment." There have been the loans, and the Marshall aid, and the nagging "dollar gap." It is true that the population figures are leveling off—but at the figure of fifty millions. It is also true that inventiveness is not exhausted—there are the Comets in the air, and the little low-powered cars (including mine) on American highways, and the charming and interesting films, produced with little money but with brains and taste, on the screens of the movie houses of the English-speaking world. There is a dogged hopefulness, and reform and change. All the same it looks as though the going would continue to be rough.

There was an occasion in 1948 when I had to carry fifty pound notes away from my bank. I brought down a money belt, and when

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the notes were paid over, the assistant manager took me to the gentlemen's so that I could partially disrobe and stow the stuff away. We conversed, and when I said that I had been a student in England twenty-five years before, he remarked I must notice a lot of changes. So I mentioned the usual trifles, among them that coffee, to the American taste, was immensely improved.

"But you haven't mentioned the most important difference," he said. "This time you find us broke."

The tremendous problem for Britain in the twentieth century is the problem of livelihood. The living must be made by selling. And so we come to social attitudes. Is Lifemanship reconcilable with Salesmanship?

For certain kinds of snob selling of luxury goods it undoubtedly is. But for a great range of commodities and services—of which umbrellas are only a minor fraction—the drums must be beaten seductively.

I suggest this with regret. I hope that some peculiarly British form of low-pressure selling can be devised, which will move the goods without blinding the customer in a neon glare. I treasure the hope that there will continue to be some corner of the world "that is forever England," where occasionally I can be a customer, whatever the risks, and never a prospect.

# THE STRANGE PHILOSOPHY OF DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

OF ALL the versions of the stream-of-consciousness technique produced during the immense promotion of this technique as a solution to many of the literary problems of modern times, none is stranger or more interesting than that found in the writings of Dorothy M. Richardson. In a time when Joyce, Proust, Virginia Woolf, and others labored to forge the fragments of experience into a new whole, Miss Richardson was affirming joyfully that the fragment was the whole, and that the new vision of life, for which these other writers had contrived their profound traps, was untrappable. Yet in this manner she serves us well. For by dramatizing with blunt clarity and in overpowering detail the literary problems which her contemporaries have had to solve—and have sometimes only partially solved—the problems which ineluctably shaped all the writers who met them, she throws both the virtues and the weaknesses of many of these writers into tremendous light.

Yet Miss Richardson is no mere curiosity. Her skill is so great and her devotion so relentless that her strange book is richer than many a more orthodox book. Like Woolf and Joyce, for example, she sharpens our vision for the world about

us, showing us many things we looked at but did not see. Like them, she guides us into the surprising-familiar recesses of our own minds. For these and other reasons she deserves more attention than she gets.

But in her devotion to the stream of consciousness she is spectacularly unique. Other novelists have tended to use this technique simply as one technique among others, or as an exclusive technique for only one or two subjects. And usually they have attempted by various means to impose upon the stream of consciousness a structure more meaningful than its own. But not Miss Richardson. She came to this technique very early, led not by fashion or influence but by her own innate preferences, and for two thousand pages and twenty-five years—for, indeed, her whole life's work—she found herself altogether at home in it. Never once, from 1914 to 1938, as she labored at her long novel, *Pilgrimage*, did she emerge from the level stream of emotional reactions and fragmentary reflections in the mind of one young English girl of modest adventures. And never once did she fear that in so strange a medium her message would be limited or distorted. She knew well that her particular message could nowhere have found better expres-

by Robert Glynn Kelly

sion. Hers was the perfect philosophy for a narrow, unremitting use of the stream-of-consciousness technique.

And it is a philosophy which, though at times shocking and at times obscure, is almost always familiar. Miss Richardson talks sometimes like Virginia Woolf, sometimes like Joyce, sometimes like D. H. Lawrence. She is none of them, but she is strikingly of their time.

This is her creed. She believes, first, that experience consists of a series of independent, equal fragments. Life for her, and for her heroine, Miriam Henderson, is a chain of "immortal moments"—sudden emotions, deep nostalgias; these alone are real. Therefore the stream-of-consciousness novel is the best approach to reality: "[This novel turns] from concentration upon the various aspects of the sublime and the beautiful to what may be called the immediate investigation of reality . . ." Miriam is not interested in the rational significance of things and events. Her world is full of meanings which cannot be reasoned out, which cannot be depended upon to be there when you methodically look for them, but which depend for their manifestation upon a sudden, transient concatenation of circumstances—and so "every moment things went by that could never be recovered." She does not try to analyze or organize her world, but

rather in some mystical way to transcend it. Her career is "a flight down strange vistas, a superfluity of wild strangeness, with a clue in one's hand." She seeks the gleam of inexplicable truth below the surface of inanimate objects, striving "to . . . get through, through into the soul of the musty little room," or to watch "a little West End street, giving out its character." No brief series of such quotations can make clear the multitudinous flow of slight, fragmentary emotions in the two thousand pages of *Pilgrimage*. These emotions are offered, we shall see, as the one significant aspect of experience.

Miss Richardson believes, second, that literature which imposes upon life meaningful patterns is false. This she believes for two reasons. First, there are no such patterns in nature herself. Life, as we have seen, is but a series of equal fragments. Says her heroine:

Tragedy; curtain. But there never is a curtain . . . Everybody is the same really, inside, under all circumstances. There's a dead level of astounding . . . something.

This belief, which is in part a reaction to the melodrama of romantic novels, leads Miss Richardson to flatten the hills and valleys of her narrative to a level as artificial as the exaggerated ups and downs she deplores. But the second and more important reason why one must not

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impose meaningful patterns upon life is that life has no meanings, there are no tragic or comic values. It is this idea, primarily, which governs Miss Richardson's thought, which leads her, for example, to see all traditional novel-forms as consisting merely of "excitement and suspense; uncertainty as to what, in the pages still to be turned, might befall the hero . . ." She finds man neither noble nor despicable, and without the capacity for being either. His behavior she does not even find interesting. And his mind is important only for its access to the divinity of Things. A plot, therefore, which dramatizes some theme—a plot which in a single *devised* action represents some principle of all action—is simply untrue. There was never an Oedipus.

This is the chief difference between Miss Richardson and James Joyce, for example, her chief stream-of-consciousness contemporary. For though Joyce shared many of her convictions (compare his epiphany to Miss Richardson's concept of the unique, fragmentary emotion), he by no means agreed that there were no patterns in life. He saw patterns aplenty. There were mystical correspondences, magical formulae, literary and historical and religious parallels, and strange analogies between one art form and another. These, all mixed together, provided a mystic, symbolic novel form which Joyce felt could catch the larger patterns of human experience.

But for Miss Richardson the

larger patterns scarcely exist. Led by her simpler mysticism, she gives her novel no structure whatsoever. She follows the stream-of-consciousness technique stolidly to its uttermost implications, and arrives at simple chronological sequence. But even this she conceals from the reader so that he cannot bring it to bear upon the separate events. In *Pilgrimage* every fragment floats in a void. We are rarely sure where we are, or who is present, or what has happened. The slow years move by in imperceptible sequence, developing no action. (It is true, as we shall see, that the book does go somewhere—it sets out on the first page and arrives on the last page—but the pages between are mostly detour.) Moreover, she and her heroine have the odd habit of reading other books as if they were written in the same way. In a review of one of Aldous Huxley's novels, Miss Richardson explains that she read the novel in accordance with "my usual habit of beginning the reading of a book either in the middle or at the end . . ." Her heroine reads Henry James in a similar manner, and reads Ibsen's *Brand* as follows:

Looking forward to portions of the dialogue towards the end of the book she found them familiar; as if she had read them before. She read them intently. They had more meaning read like that, without knowing to what they were supposed to refer.

It is difficult to see how any novel could be more suited to this manner

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of reading than *Pilgrimage* is. Any one of its volumes, and any of the parts therein, can be read alone nearly as well as in their context. So ineffective is the structure of the novel as a whole that while it was being written reviewers repeatedly thought it was finished and reviewed it as a complete work, only to have to do so again when a new installment appeared. We should read *Pilgrimage*, then, just as Miss Richardson tells us we should read *Finnegans Wake*—"plunge, provisionally, here and there; enter the text and look innocently about."

In this narrative, moreover, there is not only no organization, there is ostensibly no selection. And this is to be expected, for there is no longer any basis for selection. The neutral, unevaluating, imitative artist who sets out to render the object pure is led very naturally to try to render it whole. For completeness is his test of accuracy. Any amount of selection is thought to reflect only a kind of aesthetic or moral prejudice. Says Miss Richardson, "The only satisfactory definition of a man's consciousness is his life," and she then gives us that deluge of petty details which has drawn comment from nearly every critic. "There is Miss Richardson," says Katherine Mansfield, "holding out her mind, as it were, and there is Life hurling objects into it as fast as she can throw."

Some of these objects, it should be noted, are interesting. Like Joyce, Miss Richardson excels in the

imitation of the *thing*—a slithering toboggan, a shouting phonograph record, the odd speech of a child. And it is this skill which has won for Miss Richardson such strong support among writers and critics who admit they find no general purpose or pattern in her narrative. But unfortunately a majority of the objects which Life hurls into Miriam's mind are insufferably uninteresting. They are included simply because everything must be included. There are no categories in Miriam's world; one thing cannot represent another; every emotion is unique. And so the reader sits through lessons and lectures and goes on tiring walks, until when Miriam begins a new day he braces himself uneasily, as if for an actual physical effort, and he comes to agree with Frank Swinnerton that ". . . somewhere between volume one and volume ten comes a moment in which one wishes that Miriam had died young . . ."

Yet with all this sacrifice to inclusiveness, Miriam's character is strangely incomplete, not only because the many details are not arranged in any clear pattern, or because their effect is diluted by so much irrelevance, but also because there are, after all, conspicuous omissions. For Miss Richardson, altogether unlike Mr. Joyce, is a prude. Though we plumb the depths of Miriam's mind, though we examine nearly every other trivial as-

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pect of it, we never meet any of her sexual observations, nor even her most commonplace physical observations. The slightest physical detail is concealed in an awkward gap in the narrative, or simply lost in the mist of Miriam's astounding physical unawareness. Though we live with her, we discover none of her secrets. Eventually she creates in the reader an impression not only of a chaste mind, but even of an intangible body. And when after some thousand-odd pages one of Miriam's associates becomes so intimate as to clap his hands upon her knees, we are shocked not only at his being intimate, but at her having knees.

The third of Miss Richardson's beliefs—stated explicitly, with thundering conviction—is that man's greatest enemy is his reason. Miss Richardson's heroine, Miriam, is interested in nothing but her feelings. They alone will lead her to the truth of life—if only she can distract her attention, unfocus her mind, and let them run free. But always the rational mind is understanding things, obtruding surface meanings into her direct perception of subsurface reality:

The glow of her surroundings was quenched by the chill of a perpetually active reason . . . Science, ethics, withering common sense playing over everything in life, making a harsh bareness everywhere, seeing nothing alive but the cold processes of the human mind.

Like Bergson, Miriam looks coldly

upon the practical intellect and keeps it out of the way of her truth-perceiving intuition. She is certain "that the fact-facing and circumstance-facing mood [has] no longer any power at all over the light shining from the future . . ."

This antirationalism is, moreover, strangely antimasculine. For Miriam, the difference between reason and intuition is largely the difference between male and female. The masculine mind is direct, rational, systematic, and practical—and misses the truth. The feminine mind is irrational, haphazard, sensitive, and intuitive—and finds the truth. The "world as known to men" is a dull, cold, limited thing. "Women see things when they are not there. That's creativeness." "The knowledge of woman is larger, bigger, deeper, less wordy and clever than that of men." The trouble with man is that he thinks about his world, instead of simply communing with it. "Views and opinions are masculine things. Women are indifferent to them, really. Any set will do . . . women can hold all opinions at once, or any, or none." A strange heroine for a novel, one who is interested not in ideas or people, but primarily in things, Miriam aches always to be alone with a room or a bus or a bicycle.

This belief that the instructed reason is not our surest approach to reality leads Miss Richardson along a backward track. She says, in a discussion of her own art:

We all date our personal existence

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from our first conscious awareness of reality outside ourselves. And this awareness is direct and immediate, preceding instruction as to the nature of the realities by which we are surrounded.

And her novel dramatizes this search for an unsophisticated, unthinking clarity of vision, for the first, clearest view of the world. Her heroine, Miriam, does not mature—she does her level best not to mature—and the elementary emotions of her girlhood come increasingly to dominate her adulthood: "I'm alive . . . I'm alive . . . It's me, *me*; this is *me* being alive." She is ever in a state of primal wonder. She sits "gazing at the miraculous spectacle of people and things, existing . . . everything sinking into insignificance beside the fact of being alive, having lived on to another moment of unexplainable happiness." Hers is the "philosophy of astonishingness":

The astonishingness of doors opening when you push them. But what is much more astonishing than things behaving after their manner, is that there should be anything anywhere to behave. Why does this pass unnoticed?

Methodically, therefore, Miriam retires from the world as measured by reason, from the practical concerns of life—and from the moral. "Things speaking silently," she says, "make up for the pain of failing to find out what I ought to be doing." She seeks "the deep, quiet sense of being . . . 'turnip-emotion' . . ."

The only important decision she ever seriously deliberates on she dismisses in this fashion:

There is no one on earth who knows the right and wrong of these things. There are only prejudices . . . People are prejudices. Life is a prejudice.

She considers momentarily the possibility that the world of reason is after all the world of truth:

Supposing this were true, supposing this cold contemplation of reality stripped of its glamour were all that remained, there was still space in consciousness . . . where dwelt whatever it was that now came forward, not so much to give battle as to invite her to gather herself away from this immovable new condition . . .

And then she departs, with excuses:

But what, even for those who were nearest to her, could she do? And why, contemplating the rich void towards which blissfully she was moving . . . should she feel a kind of truant?

Miriam's life will be a life of the mind, but not of thought. "I'm never going to think any more," said Miriam, and felt the words become true as she spoke them . . ." She just sits in "silent, happy expansion." Lunatics, after all, are the happiest of people; for "in dropping into nothingness they escaped forever into that state of amazed happiness that goes on all the time

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underneath the strange forced quotations of deeds and words."

This is the culminating philosophy of *Pilgrimage*, which goes farther than any other novel in the strict employment of the stream-of-consciousness technique. This is the philosophy ideally suited to that technique, carried to its logical extreme. And that extreme is silence.

At the end of the novel Miriam comes to a small Quaker sect in Switzerland, among whom she can sit in happy, uncommunicative silence. "Be still and know," she says.

And the last process Miss Richardson describes is the process of Miriam's concentration, which she says is very successful, is, indeed, getting better all the time, but which, so far as the reader is concerned, has no object. Whatever Miriam now has in mind cannot be seen. Miss Richardson and the reader are out of touch. She has arrived at a void, rich, ineffable, incommunicable, where there is clearly no point in going on writing. And so, after two thousand wandering pages, her *Pilgrimage* is at an end.

## PORTRAIT OF A LADY

*Yetza Gillespie*

A delicate Aeolian harp  
That any passing wind can stir  
Into thin melody that holds  
Nothing at all of her.

# POP THE BLUE BALLOON

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*by Mary Lucile Dawkins*

I HAD been sitting in the straight chair for a long time, my back straight too, with this tightness clamping in all over me, especially around my throat, and it wasn't because of the white collar either. The black band was tight on my arm, but I didn't want that off.

In a bunch around the fireplace end of the room my uncles and my father talked, sitting on the ends of the chairs and the sofa, their voices down. But already most of the talk was about the plant where they all worked. At the other end of the room my mother and aunts sat together. They, at least, were talking about the funeral. But it was about the flowers, how pretty they were and who sent them, and about people who had come, and which ones had changed. They weren't talking about *him* either, not really.

This tightness had been coming on all day, taking the place of the hollow sort of feeling that came after I couldn't cry any more. I'd been to Mr. Perkins' funeral in the fall, and one or two before that, and the preacher had said about what fine men they'd all been and told about how they'd been so good. This morning the preacher had just talked about "dust to dust" and how the Lord is merciful. That's when this tightness moved in.

And at the funeral the only one who'd cried—I mean really cried, was Widow Hackett. And she always cries at funerals.

All day when people dropped in they'd say what a wonderful humor he'd had, and what an exciting life he'd lived—things like that, but though I kept waiting and listening, nobody said the things I listened to hear, though some looked sorry they didn't. Now it looked like they were through coming, but I kept on waiting.

My grandmother's eyes opened where she was resting on the sofa, and though everybody had been watching for her to wake up and talking low so she wouldn't, now that she had I was the only one who saw. She smiled across at me and said, "Woodrow—

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Woodrow." But I wouldn't go over to her, though she stretched out her hand, for she hadn't cried either. She'd looked funny and white and the doctor came once to see her, but she hadn't cried.

The doorbell rang and Father crossed the room, walking slow and straight, and answered it. He stepped back and Mr. Dudley, the school principal, came in. He shook hands around the men's corner, nodded toward the women, and looked over the tops of his glasses down at Grandmother. She gave him her hand. I sat forward, almost off the chair, listening. I reckon I knew that, if I ever was to hear at all, it'd have to be now.

"You have my sympathy, Mrs. Girard. I didn't know him well, but to have been your husband and the father of so many fine children, he must have been a fine man—a fine man."

There. It was what I'd been waiting to hear. I looked about the room, all but wanting to say, "Listen!" But I saw they were already listening. Their eyelids fell over their eyes and they didn't look at Mr. Dudley or at each other. I saw in their faces how they thought it was a lie. Then I looked at Mr. Dudley again, hating him for making them think it. I got up. The tightness wouldn't let me run so I just stood there a minute while everybody turned and looked at me. But I couldn't say or do anything. So I turned my back on them all and went through the dining room, out through the kitchen, and down the cellar steps, slamming the door behind me.

I sat on the steps beside the post in the dark basement, and I found I could bawl again—just a little, not enough so's it would help. I reached up the post and turned on the light. Then, with the light on and the post between me and the chair where he'd always sat in front of the furnace, I found I could believe almost that he was still there, and I could think of him.

I called my grandfather Pawpaw, I guess because he was one Paw removed. Mother called him Father, and Grandmother called him Colonel, though I always thought of it as Kernel, believing that to be his first name. In a way, it was. He was an orphan in France, brought up by a family that took him in off their doorstep. They found the name Girard inked onto his arm and let that be

## MARY LUCILE DAWKINS

his last name. They gave him food and clothes and a place to live, and, not knowing what else to do with him, brought him along when they came to America. But they never gave him another name. He stayed with them for a while, until he was ten; then a circus, wintering in the town where they'd settled, took him as their band mascot and gave him a toy drum. They called him Colonel, and I reckon he liked it because he kept it as his name ever after. And I reckon he liked the circus too, for when spring came and they picked up stakes, he stowed away in the monkey wagon and went along. They never brought him back until it was winter again, and by then the family had moved farther west. Where to, nobody knew for sure.

Pawpaw never was like the rest, *family*, I mean; like he'd never sit around after supper talking with the rest. In summertime he mostly lived in what he called his shop, but what was really just one end of the woodshed that he'd plastered with calendar pictures. It had tools, too, lots of tools which he was forever sharpening, but I never saw him make or mend anything. In the winter he'd stay mostly in the basement, except at meal time and bedtime. He'd sit in the basement with his feet propped on the furnace. And sometimes, before he lost his teeth, he'd play the cornet that he had left over from the circus. He was with the circus, off and on, all of his life until he was old. This was the reason why the rest felt like they did about him—because he kept running off with the circus even after he was married. Off and on he'd come home. Grandmother had six children, Mother being one of them, but he never helped to bring them up or sent any money or anything. Grandmother had to do that, "by the strength of her back and the strength of her will," I'd heard Mother say. And sometimes in the basement he'd play his violin, and after we all gave him a radio one Christmas, sometimes he'd just play that. He knew music and could make it out of anything—even an old saw—knew it so well that it hurt his ears and sent him into a rage whenever Mother played the piano and my aunts, visiting, would sing.

It seemed to me that everybody took sides, either with my grandmother or with Pawpaw. That is, everybody took the same side but me. And I was undecided about all this side-taking.

## POP THE BLUE BALLOON

Grandmother was German. Came over from the Old Country when she was scarce six. But she could remember the big house they all lived in over there. And she told me good stories. One was about how, before they came to America, her aunts kidnapped her in the middle of the night and kept at her all the next day with how when she grew up she had to bring back her little brother, Philip, else there wouldn't be anybody to carry on the arms. I never knew what the arms meant, but I could make them seem like most anything. Sometimes they were like giant arms with big hands on them that might reach out over the ocean and grab us all back to Germany. Mother said as how Grandmother's family was something like kings in the Old Country and how it was so shameful that she'd had such a hard life. But Grandmother never told me that, just that they'd left so's Philip wouldn't have to ever be a soldier, which I thought a pretty dirty trick to pull on Philip.

In the winter, when Pawpaw was in the basement playing his cornet or violin and the music came up the furnace pipes and out through the floor radiators, I took to sneaking out through the kitchen and down the cellar stairs. At first he never noticed me, but then, after a while, he started talking when I'd come to sit behind one of the posts on the steps where he wouldn't have to be bothered with seeing me. He'd talk, that is, to himself, not to me. If I was there to hear, why that was something else again.

Whenever I'd get so interested as to duck my head out from behind the post he'd rail out at me for being there. I'd duck back again and, after he'd ranted on for a while about how a body couldn't have any privacy once they got old and end up by saying he reckoned he'd just have to feed me to the fire if I showed up again, he'd act like I was gone. Then he'd talk to himself some more.

Sometimes he'd talk this way:

"Long Luke, he was the thin man, what a feller, Long Luke. He was up to making a rich fool out of me. Gonna teach me his trade. Dang near starved me to death before he decided I was too short anyhow. He was husband to Two-Ton Tessy." Chuckle. "Ever night after supper she'd beat him near about to death. Made her

## MARY LUCILE DAWKINS

mad he could eat so much and never put on a pound. Doctor told her her career would be ruined if she so much as gained an ounce more. Yessir, that ounce'd a-killed her like the straw that breaks a camel's back. I never knew which of them got hurt most every night at supper. She'd watch him eat T-bone steak and cabbage and sow's belly until the tears would stream down her face she was hurting so bad. And he'd watch her like a mouse, seeing just when the time came and she couldn't stand it no more. And then he'd run just when she was getting ready to start in hitting. The nights she could trip him up at the tent door she durn near killed him."

By this time I would have peeped around the post. He never wanted to stop a story to have to rail out at me, and I knew when he was going so strong it was safe for me to look. I'd sit with my chin in my hands, watching him talk, his white sailor hat perched on the crown of his head and his hair sticking straight up in front. He liked hats, any kind. Father was forever having to buy new hats because Pawpaw took up with the ones he had.

And sometimes he'd talk like this, raising up his voice so that it would carry upstairs through the pipes and be heard:

"Got no teeth no more and no money to buy decent ones and nobody that cares noways." (His teeth, made for him by a dentist in town, stayed always in a glass of water on the ledge against the basement wall. When the water evaporated, he'd turn the furnace hose on the glass, cussing that they wouldn't fit and were cheap anyhow.) "Going blind, too, but who cares if an old man can't see." Then he'd take up his cornet and blow a few feeble notes toward the pipes, his eyes closed and the fingers of his hands, that were the youngest-looking part of him, tender on the keys. Then he'd drop the horn on his lap. "Only thing I had left was my horn, now I can't play that. Gonna die soon—soon now I'll die, I reckon. Won't nobody care. Won't nobody go to the funeral. That's all right—just throw me out on the ash heap. Don't want to put nobody to expense. I tried hard—worked hard all my life—but I don't want to cause no trouble."

While he talked I could see the graveyard on a cold and drizzly day and a little old shoe-box-looking coffin and me waiting and wait-

## POP THE BLUE BALLOON

ing and nobody there, and by then I'd be bawling against the post, getting cobwebs in my hair. Sometimes he'd cry too and have to blow his nose on one of Father's silk handkerchiefs. "Don't nobody pay you any mind when you're old. Reckon I'll just get out my fiddle. I can go into town and play on the streets with a tin cup and make enough to bury me. Thataway, I won't burden them." Then he'd walk, limping along, to the shelf and get his violin out of its case and tune it up.

My nose would be running so I had to wipe it on my shirt sleeve. He'd fumble back to his chair, clutching at the wall for support, and sit and play sad tunes, quitting now and then to honk into Father's handkerchief.

The next day, I'd go to Mother and ask if we had enough money to bury Pawpaw. She'd lift my chin up on her hand. "Pawpaw's not ready to be buried yet, Woodrow." This picked my spirits up considerably.

"Well, then, don't you reckon we can do something to keep him from going blind?"

"Woodrow, your grandfather has glasses, the best glasses money can buy. He sees well enough. He has a slight catarack on one eye, but the doctor says he's too old for an operation. Don't you worry about it. When folks get old, they're bound to have little ailments."

Then I'd go outside and find Pawpaw sitting propped in the fork of the persimmon tree, eating fruit from hand to mouth. He'd start railing at me soon's he saw me, "Get off that grass, youngun. You want it to die out after all the work I put in it? Get back in the house and leave a man be."

Then I'd feel considerable better and I'd climb up to sit beside him, him ignoring me and squinting his eyes so's I'd know he couldn't see me and thought I was gone. "Durn fool younguns, pestering a man near about to death."

Every now and then I'd see him turn and look about the neighborhood from his perch. At the same time every day Widow Hackett came out of her house up the street with her basket on her arm to do her marketing. When Pawpaw caught sight of her, he'd scramble down out of the tree and pick up the cane he'd painted

## MARY LUCILE DAWKINS

white. Then he'd shamble down the walk, tapping the cane over the stones ahead of him. When Widow Hackett came close, he'd call out, "I know who that is coming yonder, though my sight's about gone. I'd recognize them footsteps anywhere. Widow Hackett?"

She'd stop. "Good morning, Colonel, and how are you today?"

"A mite worse, I think, a mite worse today. If I could just see a medical man—"

"Colonel, let me take you down when my son comes tomorrow with his car." And she'd glance darkly toward our house.

He'd shake his head. "No, Widow, that wouldn't do, wouldn't do at all. I'll be all right." And he'd square his shoulders, losing his balance and catching himself on my head. "This boy here looks out for me. I reckon I can get along."

And I'd stand straight, feeling very sad but important. The widow would smile at me before she cast another dark look toward the house and went her way again.

When she was out of sight, Pawpaw would hang his cane over his arm, laugh, and dance a jig. Then he'd spend a while sitting on the porch smoking his pipe and waiting for peddlers to come by.

Some days he'd dig into his pocket and come up with a quarter. He'd look at it, sighing, "Last nickel I got to my name. Well, I reckon it's better spent since these old hand-me-down pants got holes in the pockets anyways." I'd take the quarter and run all the way down the hill, three blocks, to the shack called Georgia Joe's. I'd hold the quarter over the counter and Joe would fill a blue and white lard bucket from a tap on one of the barrels. Then, walking slower with the foaming bucket, I'd climb the hill home.

He'd sit there on the porch the rest of the afternoon, talking to himself, me listening, while he sipped from the bucket. It left foam on his gray mustache and sometimes even got on his eyebrows that were long and looked like bristles on a worn-out brush.

He always left just a thimbleful in the bottom of the bucket, and I'd wait till he'd turned away so as not to see before I drank it. But then Mother found out about that one day when she sniffed the parlor, looking to see Pawpaw, but he wasn't there. When she found it was me she smelled, I thought she was going to whack

## POP THE BLUE BALLOON

the daylights out of me. But she never. Instead, she went to Grandmother. Grandmother got that stiff look on her face and went to find Pawpaw. After that Father brought Pawpaw's Prince Albert tobacco home to him for a long time, and Pawpaw didn't have any quarters for quite a spell. Grandmother took to making me go to church with her.

And she would say to me like this:

"Woodrow, I don't want you to think ill of anyone, for heaven knows there's too much of that in the world already. But I wouldn't want you to cut yourself out a bad pattern to grow by. When a body's life is lived and all he has left is memories, it's best they be of a life well spent. For in such matters you generally reap what you sow. And if you haven't sowed much love you're apt to miss it when the reaping time comes. When you grow up there's things you have to do—things everybody has to do—and one of them is to shoulder the responsibilities you've taken on yourself. If you marry yourself a wife, then it's your responsibility to keep her and your children. When you're a man, it's your responsibility to be manly."

I'd say yes Ma'm, and how I sure would.

But the music in the pipes would call me back again, and I'd go sit by the post in the cellar and listen to Pawpaw talk to himself some more. Once the war started he began to talk to himself about France. It was really as if he could remember.

"France is the land where people play all their lives and never get old," he would say. "They sit in the sunshine in little sidewalk saloons and listen to fiddles playing and there's a trapeze on every corner."

And we'd listen to Kaltenborn on the radio. When Kaltenborn came on at six every night, I could come out from behind the post and put my head to the back side of the radio, next to the tubes, while Pawpaw put his to the front. And afterward he would talk about how France was old and nobody loved her and he'd play sad music on his violin. Somewhere he'd got an army hat to wear then. And up through the pipes he would shout about the durn Germans until Grandmother wore the tight look every day at breakfast.

## MARY LUCILE DAWKINS

The day Kaltenborn told about how the Germans marched into Paris, Pawpaw left home. He went right upstairs and packed a shirt and some socks into a suitcase and put on his army hat and left. These were times, he said, when no Frenchman could live peacefully under a roof that covered a German. And he talked some more about how France was old and nobody loved her and how Germany never did want anybody to have a good time. Well, Germany could just take over. That was all right too.

That night I cried myself to sleep and still went on crying until Grandmother came from the next room and waked me up again. "He's all right, Woodrow," she said. "Your Uncle Archie called to say he was at their house. He'll be back directly." But I didn't believe it until I woke up the next morning and found him eating breakfast in the kitchen, not saying a word, and the army hat stuffed in his hip pocket.

The week after that we took to painting a picture of France on the cellar wall. Pawpaw got the atlas from the library and looked at the map of Europe. Then he said the durn book wasn't no good, for the picture didn't look like France. Probably some German atlas. So we burned it in the furnace. Pawpaw's picture was a whole lot better. It got to where it near about covered one cement wall of the basement. It had lots of green trees with red flowers on them and little bridges over streams with boats, and big pink and blue balloons, large as the trees, floating like clouds in the sky. Pop the pink ones, Pawpaw said, and candy showered down. Pop the blue ones—nothing. But all Frenchmen knew to pop the pink ones. The blue ones were just a joke on the Germans, who didn't know any better. And the people—all the people all over France—walked about in spangled trapeze tights or clown costumes, and elephants pulled the streetcars, and monkeys dressed like little old men talked on the boulevards.

Took us all week to finish up France. There was a can of black paint left over from the screen frames, so we considered about doing Germany too. But we never.

I guess it was a good thing that we didn't get started on it, for we wouldn't have got it finished. It was the morning after we got

## POP THE BLUE BALLOON

through with France that I woke up just at dawn and thought I'd heard Pawpaw in the next room where the head of his bed backed up against my wall. I lay there hoping he would get up then because it would make the day longer. But I didn't hear anything else and I dozed off to sleep again, planning how I'd tell Mother I felt bilious so maybe I wouldn't have to go to school and me and him could put the finishing touches on the picture.

A little after that my father woke me up, looking bigger than he really is because of the solemn look on his face and because of the wooliness of his bathrobe. He sat down on my bed and put his hand on my shoulder. He always touches easy to be such a big man. And he told me how Pawpaw had gone off in his sleep. And for the longest kind of time I didn't cry. I just kept thinking how he'd gone to France—the one on the basement wall, not the one in the atlas—and he didn't take me.

Maybe because I'd thought to a stopping point, or maybe because I heard loud voices upstairs coming down through the pipes, I stopped thinking and began to listen.

"I can't help it," my Uncle Phil said.

"Now, Phil," his wife, Aunt Helen, said. "Mother just meant it would have been better for the boy if we all could have been different."

"Better for the boy if he knew the truth and didn't go on thinking he was something handed down."

"Phil! You're talking about your dead father!"

"Phil," Grandmother said, "we shouldn't keep letting evil grow out of evil. Hate is the worst thing a man can have in his heart, worse than childishness."

"What else could I have in my heart, Mother?" His voice was lower but still hard. "I guess when the boy ran, you all thought you should have played the hypocrite today. That's lying, you know. And I couldn't lie about something like that. I was a boy once too, a boy that worked in a butcher shop instead of going to school and came home to see my mother worn out from sewing and washing and caring for six children, living off my twelve dol-

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lars a week—the lot of us—until some others were old enough to work too. And he'd come home once or twice a year in his fine circus band suit and think he could make it all up with a few fine stories. Look at this! Look at this scar where no hair's grown to this day. He gave me that when he was drunk and I wouldn't turn over my money to him for more whisky."

"He was sorry later, Phil," Grandmother said.

"Was he sorry about Henriette too?"

They were all very quiet then. They were always quiet when mention was made of Henriette, an aunt I'd never seen, who never came home.

I leaned my head hard against the post, hoping they wouldn't say any more. After a little while I heard them all leave, all but us who live here. Then the cellar door opened and Grandmother came down the steps. She sat beside me. I didn't want her to talk to me, but I didn't want her to go away either. The basement was so empty with just me there.

"Woodrow," she said. She put her arm around me and I didn't pull away. "Woodrow, don't be sad, Son. Everybody has to die sooner or later."

"I know it," I said.

"Woodrow," she said, low, "don't be too hard on people."

I jerked my shoulder away from her.

Then she said. "I loved him too, Woodrow."

I sat stiff, wanting to hear some more so I'd know I heard right.

"He was far from perfect. He never grew up to be a man. That's why you loved him so—he was like you. And to me, after a time, he was like a seventh child. I loved him, but he never was a man, Woodrow, and he caused a lot of suffering."

I looked at her, at her face with lines all over it like the map of France we burned. Then I bawled on her shoulder, holding her hands. After a while I looked down at the hands, old and hard like the skin of a toad, blotched with kitchen burns. I wanted to kiss the hands and tell her I would make it up for him. I would grow to be a man, a big man like my father, and I'd work hard and make it up for him—so with him and her both it would be all right.

## POP THE BLUE BALLOON

Then she started to talk to me, to tell me all over again about the first time she ever saw him.

"The band marched through our town and he was on the back corner, playing his cornet with his eyes closed, like he always did." I nodded, remembering, and it began to be like he was there in the basement.

While she talked, her head lifted up and her eyes looked like they could see clear through the walls and into town. "The crowds lined the avenue, and the band marched by. They turned right on Hill Avenue, and he, playing his cornet with his eyes closed, marched straight ahead, never knowing they'd left him until the people began to shout and laugh. That's when he bumped into me and opened his eyes."

"What'd he do then?" I asked, knowing already but wanting to hear again.

She shook her head and laughed with me. "He picked up rocks out of the street and threw them at the band as it marched away."

"And one hit the big bass drum," I said.

"And one hit the big bass drum." We sat very close together, my hands on her worn fingers, remembering.

*. . . to love only perfection is just another way of hating life, for life is not perfect.*

—LAURENS VAN DER POST, *Venture to the Interior*  
(William Morrow and Company, publisher)

## *Don't Fence Me In, Don't Screen Me Out*

RICHARD ARMOUR

One word toward which I have no leaning,  
If I understand the meaning,  
Is "screening."

They are always screening someone  
To separate the smart from the dumb one,  
The loyal from the disloyal,  
The commoner from the royal,  
The weak from the strong,  
The right from the wrong.

Whether they stay at home or travel,  
People are screened, like gravel.

They used to separate the sheep from the goats  
And the wheat (or was it the oats?)  
From the chaff. But now it is all done by means  
Of screens.

Have you, too, been screened lately?  
Did it disturb you greatly  
When some of your body or your mind  
Went through, and some stayed behind?  
Or have you seen some of your friends go through  
While you  
Wouldn't do?

Forgive me if I say, with a touch of cholera,  
I think the holes are getting smaller  
And smaller.

## THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 5)

sabbatical year, 1948-49, and of a leave in 1952, both spent mostly in England. Mr. Buck is professor of political science at Stanford University.

**ROBERT GLYNN KELLY** ("The Strange Philosophy of Dorothy M. Richardson") teaches at the University of Indiana. His principal interest has been—and is—in the experimental writers of the twentieth century.

**YETZA GILLESPIE** ("Portrait of a Lady") lives in Kansas City, Missouri. She has confided no other facts concerning herself to *The Pacific Spectator*.

**MARY LUCILE DAWKINS** ("Pop the Blue Balloon") teaches at Stevens

College, Missouri, and carries on writing in such intervals as teaching allows. She was formerly a fellowship holder in the Stanford Writing Center.

**RICHARD ARMOUR** ("Don't Fence Me In, Don't Screen Me Out") is well known to *Spectator* readers. His verse has appeared in more than a hundred magazines. His latest prose volume, *It All Started With Columbus*, a satiric treatment of some parts of American history, has run through three editions in scarcely twice as many months. For the benefit of newcomers to the quarterly, it may be added that he is also professor of English at Scripps College, Claremont, California, and at the Claremont Graduate School.



## *A Letter to a Congressional Investigating Committee*

**I**T WOULD SEEM to be "in the public interest" (as the phrase goes) for our readers to know something of the stated philosophy of the pending investigation of private philanthropical foundations by the Reece Committee of the House of Representatives. We therefore print herewith the letter received by The Pacific Spectator from that committee, together with our answer.

EIGHTY-THIRD CONGRESS  
CARROLL REECE, *Tenn.*, Chairman  
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CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
SPECIAL COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE TAX EXEMPT FOUNDATIONS  
(House Resolution 217)  
Room 103, 131 Indiana Avenue, N.W.  
Washington 25, D.C.

January 14, 1954

*Pacific Spectator*  
Stanford University Press  
Stanford, California

GENTLEMEN:

Under House Resolution 217 this Committee is "authorized and directed to conduct a full and complete investigation" of educational and philanthropic foundations to determine whether the resources of such foundations are being improperly or subversively used.

As a part of such investigation there naturally arises the question whether or not foundations have paid sufficient attention to learned publications and to the university publishing houses, for it would appear that much of this publishing today depends on the unpaid—or underpaid—contributions of scholars.

Normal commercial publishing channels are frequently not available to the type of literary production cultivated by you and other similar journals and presses, and it is understandable why scholarly publishing would seem to be a field for support by tax exempt foundations.

So that we may properly appraise the extent and the effect of the support given to this phase of educational activity by tax exempt foundations, and so that we may determine whether foundation support for these activities has been allocated in proportion to the needs, the merits, and the significance of learned publishing, we will need the assistance of publications such as yours.

Accordingly, we have prepared the enclosed questionnaire which we ask that you return as soon as possible because the time within which we must complete this investigation is quite limited.

While as a matter of policy our Committee has decided to make requests for information on an informal basis rather than use its subpoena power, if your organization for any reason would prefer to have your records furnished under subpoena, we will be glad to handle our request in that way.

I shall appreciate very much your cooperation in this study, which I believe will serve to clarify an important phase of the influence of tax exempt foundations.

Sincerely yours,

KARL E. ETTINGER  
Research Consultant

March 1, 1954

*Mr. Carroll Reece, Chairman  
House of Representatives  
Special Committee to Investigate Tax Exempt Foundations  
Room 103, 131 Indiana Avenue, N.W.  
Washington 25, D.C.*

DEAR MR. REECE:

*The Pacific Spectator* is in receipt of your committee's letter, signed by Mr. Ettinger, and your questionnaire. We have already submitted to your committee the record of such small funds as have been contributed to the journal over the years by philanthropic foundations.

We tried to think of some reason, as you suggested, why we might want to ask you to subpoena us for this information. There didn't seem to be any practical reason for asking you to go to this extra trouble; so we kept it on your "informal" basis.

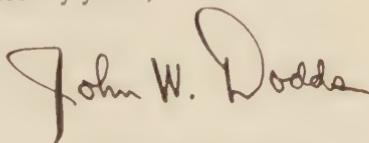
There were one or two implications in your letter, however, which disturbed those of us who are concerned, as is your committee, about

the problems of freedom in these troubled times. We are sure all patriotic citizens and magazines (and foundations) will heartily agree with your expressed purpose of uncovering enemies conspiring against the safety of the United States. Moreover, we were moved by your concern for the welfare of scholarly publication in this country. Such publication, as you indicate, has received perhaps too little assistance in the past. Indeed there have been times when we have felt that the great foundations have been cruelly short-sighted in not supporting more fully journals which, like the *Spectator*, are devoted to the improvement of the intellectual awareness of the American public. Each time a request of ours has been turned down, we have felt that the foundations have been peculiarly unintelligent.

But under the system of free enterprise in which we believe, it had never occurred to us to enlist governmental help in order to make the foundations spend their money more wisely. The idea, implicit in your letter, that their freedom to spend their funds as seems best to them might be controlled by government directive is a new one to us—though perhaps it is an idea which has precedent in world history. But as long as foundation funds are not being spent to overthrow our form of government, we reprehend giving *anyone* the right to order the foundations to donate to such worthy organs as *The Pacific Spectator*—if it seems to them, in their cloudy wisdom, that there are more worthy recipients for their philanthropy.

In other words, we wonder, mildly, if you really *mean* that your committee's jurisdiction covers the lines of exploration indicated in the second, third, and fourth paragraphs of your letter. If so, we think it is a threat to the free enterprise system, and we protest against it—even though we are fully aware, at the same time, that we are refusing the friendly hand you offer on behalf of American scholarship. We would rather be swallowed by bankruptcy (a jaw which gapes for *all* quarterlies in this country) than be snatched back to safety by a private foundation ordered by government to succor us.

Sincerely yours,



JOHN W. DODDS  
Chairman, Editorial Board  
*The Pacific Spectator*

Because we know our readers will be interested, we are printing your letter, and this reply, in the Spring issue of the *Spectator*.

# THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

VOLUME VIII

SPRING

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## THE AUTHORS

**EDWARD L. PARSONS** ("Social Changes in My Time") was Bishop of California from 1924 until his retirement in 1941, Bishop Coadjutor before that, rector in several California parishes still earlier, and a force in things secular as well as in things churchly throughout his career. No one can speak with greater authority of the changes apparent in this first half of the twentieth century; few speak with such tolerance.

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# SOCIAL CHANGES IN MY TIME\*

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*by Edward Lambe Parsons*

I HAVE been asked to speak to you of the social changes in my lifetime; and I take it for granted that I am expected to tell you how they look to me from the vantage ground of eighty-five years. At any rate, I am going to do that, and I lead off by noting that my first memory of an interest in public affairs is over seventy-five years ago. It was the Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876, and for the sake of my Republican friends among you, let me say that at eight years of age I assumed that all respectable people were Republicans, and I helped elect Hayes by parading up and down on Park Avenue in New York (I lived at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street) with other small boys, shouting loudly,

Hurrah for Hayes and all the cats  
A rope to hang the Democrats!

a sentiment some of you have shared during the last twenty years.

We did not know—very few people knew at that happy and complacent period—that we would reach in a few years the culminating, world-rocking close of a vast revolutionary movement which had been born for the Western world when the medieval social structure had begun to disintegrate and the freedom of the individual, his ultimate freedom before God, had become a dominant social goal.

In America we had taken our part in it by making real our faith that government rests upon the consent of the governed; that government is not something imposed, it is the people governing themselves. That worked. America had prospered. The Western world was at peace. The governing classes were satisfied. The 'eighties and 'nineties were what Dr. Canby so aptly called "the age of confidence."

\* Address delivered at a luncheon of the Commonwealth Club of California at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, October 23, 1953.

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But long before the century's turn, men had begun to discover that the almost unrestrained freedom had brought appalling waste into our social structure—human waste and waste of a large segment of natural resources. Leaving out of account the striking changes in communication and transportation, which, whether we like it or not, have made this world one and interdependent, the social changes in my time can be well summed up for *America* as being the transition in emphasis from waste to economy in human and natural resources.

Under that complacent, satisfied surface, what was happening to hosts of people who had hoped for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in this land of promise? They kept pouring in, a huge reservoir of unskilled labor to help the amassing of the great fortunes of those days. During the years from 1890 to 1930 more than twenty million came in and the majority, particularly during the first decade of the century, from Southern and Eastern Europe. They became, like the Irish, *city dwellers*, but unlike the Irish were lost in a new land with an unknown language, the easy prey of exploiters. The great fortunes of the newly rich, the extravagance, the recklessness, which Frederick Allen has described so well in *The Big Change*, contrasted with the frightful conditions under which the poor lived.

The slums of the great cities were really slums, stinking, rotten; in summer heat, exhausting; in winter cold, scarcely a protection. Read Jane Addams' story of Chicago when Hull House was opened in the 'nineties and Jacob Riis's *How the Other Half Lives*. I worked during 1894 and 1895 largely in the East Side slums of New York. I knew the sweatshops, the child labor, the pitiful struggles for survival. I remember the tremendous stir made later by Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, published in 1906. It described the conditions in the Chicago stockyards, and unfortunately the description was true. Bad housing—that was the setting, the stage on which the pitiful drama of the poor was enacted.

There were no child labor laws generally accepted and enforced. One of my friends who became a distinguished Biblical scholar and leader among the clergy of the Episcopal church went through

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life with one arm. The other had been lost when, in the 'eighties at twelve years of age, he worked as a breaker boy in the Pennsylvania coal mines. His father was a miner. No John Lewis had yet loomed into sight. Jane Addams tells of the little girls who for six weeks before Christmas had worked fourteen hours a day packing candy.

The case was not much better for the labor of adults. The industrial revolution had opened immense opportunities for the strong, but for the laboring classes unspeakably terrible exploitation. Conditions in America were not so bad as in England. It was there that Marx saw the world as only the stage for class struggle. His communism is in Professor Heimann's phrase "the mirror of our sins." It was not as bad in America, as I have said, but it was bad enough. Through the nineteenth century there had been labor organizations of one kind and another; some craft unions had helped, the Knights of Labor had fought hard; but it was not until that sturdy figure, Samuel Gompers, got the A.F. of L. soundly organized and working, between 1881 and 1885, that labor began to be reckoned with. The general attitude of people was antilabor. Strikes were regarded as approaching treason. It has been a long slow struggle before the public has come to realize that the social order cannot be healthy unless all parts of it are healthy. It must be hard for the youth of today to realize that only forty years ago the great steel strike in Pittsburgh was undertaken and *lost* by men who worked twelve hours a day.

And bad food? There were no food and drug laws. For racial discrimination—that problem which still besets us—I need only say that lynchings were frequent. The K.K.K. flourished in the South. In California you know what we did to the Chinese who were brought in to build our railroads.

Of course this picture is one-sided. America was a good place to live in. The standard of living was relatively high. The age of confidence had much to warrant its claims. Family life was more stable than now, broken homes less frequent. Education was taking great steps forward. Railroads and telegraph were knitting the distant parts of the continent closer together. One could see everywhere the beginnings of change.

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But the cities had scarcely begun to think of city planning. They grew helter-skelter, appalling expressions in many ways of our unrestrained freedom. There were few libraries when Carnegie began his building; little good music, hardly a picture gallery. Parks—yes, but only a beginning of any systematic development, and no playgrounds; no zoning, no protection from the greed or the ignorance of your neighbor. In a word, vast human potentialities, but vast human waste.

And waste of natural resources had been part of the vigorous pushing individualism, almost necessarily characteristic of a people bent on the tremendous task of peopling and subduing a continent. There it was: the denuded forests, the bare hillsides, the eroded soil, the consequent floods. Conservation of natural resources became a national issue only after the turn of the century. The only talk I ever had with the redoubtable and imitable Teddy Roosevelt was after an address which he gave at Stanford, during his first administration, I think. He spoke of conservation. He spoke of the great work which my lifelong friend Gifford Pinchot was doing to develop the forest service.

But by that time a great change was coming in public thinking. The American people have, I think, been always quick and ready to help the needy; they are charitable, their sympathies easily aroused. But now something different was happening. This human waste and this nature waste were bringing a new concept of responsibility. The air was full of voices clamoring to be heard. Henry George and Thorstein Veblen had stirred social thinking. There was a flood of books and pamphlets presenting utopias of one kind and another during the two decades from 1890 on. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* aroused widespread interest. Fabian socialism grew.

But for our own social structure, most important of all was probably the great Populist revolt in the Middle West. The sufferings of the farmers were very real. Some of you may remember how in Kansas they left their mortgaged farms, migrating back East with the slogan "In God we trusted. In Kansas we busted." Sockless Jerry Simpson was typical of some of the leaders; but the distress was genuine.

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The Democratic party ultimately took over, and that unique, honest, and most unrealistic figure among American politicians, William Jennings Bryan, led the campaign of 1896 on the money issue.

All this lies only as a background to the changes in social structure; but it is important because it makes clear the fact that the great revolution, the world revolution in which we are involved today, was moving, stirring, seething in America as the century drew to its close and the new century bowed itself in.

The churches too were waking up to what was called, most inaccurately, the Social Gospel. The message of all high religion—Christian, Jewish, Moslem, or what you will—is and must be social, for it touches the deep springs of conduct; but what the phrase meant was that the churches and synagogues of America were awakening to a new sense of their responsibility for what went on in society.

Roman Catholics remembered Leo XIII's great encyclical, as in later years they have been guided by those of his successors. Protestants were stirred by Peabody of Harvard, Rauschenbusch of Rochester, and a host of others. We who were deeply concerned tried to make clear that property rights, whether inalienable or not, are exercised under the limitations which society may determine; that income taxes, child labor laws, regulation of currency, corporations and unions, prohibition of sweatshops, and, on the other hand, the preservation of natural resources are the kinds of things which, if the people are to govern themselves, are proper functions of government. Allen, in *The Big Change*, to which I have already referred, lays special emphasis on Teddy Roosevelt's intervention in the great coal strikes of 1902—the first time that government had taken a hand in that kind of trouble.

But the point I wish to make clear is that what was going on was not a shift from the revolutionary principle of the dignity and freedom of the individual. It was not a swinging over to doctrinaire socialism. It was the recognition of the hard fact that government by the consent of the governed, government for the people rather than over the people, means government *for all of the people and not for a few*. If high tariffs were right for New England cotton mills,

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laws to see that the people who worked in those cotton mills were protected, as well as the stockholders who owned them, were equally right. *In a healthy commonwealth the plight of one was the concern of all.* It did not make any particular difference whether you called it a Square Deal or a New Deal or the New Freedom—which last, by the way, Woodrow Wilson launched with emphasis upon this matter of waste. It meant that the frightful human waste must be stopped; that the waste of natural resources must likewise be stopped.

It seems clear to me that this new sense of community responsibility was far more important than any specific changes. There are many illustrations of what it meant. What had been thought of as a charity, for example, came to be regarded as merely a normal social action. Commissions of public charities now became boards of public welfare. The charity organization societies and associated charities all work along under other names. The work is done, but it is no longer done under a name which carries with it some implication of the prosperous helping out the unfortunate. That great and deep-reaching word *charity* can be used for the overflowing good will which lies behind all the noblest aspirations of democracy.

It is not many years since old people with any pride dreaded the *charity* of the poor farm and the petty help of the charitable society. Now pensions in vast numbers of industries and old-age provision by the state or nation have removed any stigma from the receipt of such aid.

Another illustration of the same thing is employers' liability. I remember well how depressed were some of my employer friends when Hiram Johnson got legislation on that matter through the legislature. One of them said to me, "We might as well go out of business." But they didn't, and no one today questions the principle. Nor, I think, does anyone question the justice of unemployment insurance, although in that and in all those fields which involve grants to individuals, fraud is easy and continual vigilance upon the part of the community or the particular industry is vital.

It was of course the great depression of the 'thirties following the First World War and the booming 'twenties which made many of

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those things vivid to the public eye. When the impact of the depression came heavily upon us here in California, the committee of which O. K. Cushing was chairman met. As we faced the situation, the one thing which stands out in my memory is the vehemence with which that great San Franciscan, Archbishop Hanna, exclaimed, "We must find means to see that this thing never happens again!"

Turn now to other ways in which by government or private agencies we have been trying to stop this human waste. The most important of all has come, I suppose, through the rise of labor unions to power. It is a far cry from Sam Gompers in 1881 or 1885 to the position of Reuther and Meany today. It has been an uphill fight. The steel strikes after the First World War were lost, but when the churches issued that devastating report made by the late Bishop McConnell's committee, I think that already the doom of the twelve-hour day had struck. Slowly the standard of living has risen. We laugh a little about bathrooms and radio and television and automobiles for every household. Some of us fight pretty hard against the growing influence of labor, but even those who do are glad to have the Voice of America tell of all this to the world and particularly to the world of communism. That is one of the delightful inconsistencies of American life.

Of course the problems of the relations of labor and management have not been solved. Neither a Wagner Act nor a Taft-Hartley Act nor the latter with nineteen amendments can do more than help. Solutions lie in the attitudes of the parties toward each other and the public, and ultimately, I believe, in a change of the relationship of labor to the work being done.

One may go on piling up the details of this changed attitude. The recognition of the place in our social structure of the "little man," the "common man," the "average man"—whatever you may call him—means the same fundamental principle that the welfare of every individual is the concern of all.

So we have given the vote to women. That has not revolutionized polities, but it has contributed vastly to the efficiency of our social work. Some of the changes are in the field of government, like the insurance of bank deposits, the Federal Reserve System, the de-

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velopment of public housing projects, road building, schools, and the like. Some in this multifarious pluralistic society have come through the vast development of private industry and private initiative.

In another field, think of the difference between the haphazard work of charitable organizations, here and there, spotty at best, and the huge sums raised and the consistent effort toward co-operation by the community chests; the continuing work of the Red Cross; the hundreds of foundations devoted to all kinds of social welfare—Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie, with their world-wide outlook, on down the line to those which specialize with small resources in some small field.

And our cities and towns, while they still grow in somewhat haphazard fashion, are developing the same sense of communal responsibility. Parks and recreation centers and playgrounds, music and opera and picture galleries, museums and libraries, zoning ordinances and slum reclamation make better places to live in for old and young. It all helps in the effort to stop that human waste which has been the one great sad note of the long story of mankind.

Of the progress in stopping the waste of natural resources I need hardly speak. We in California meet the problem it raises almost day by day—the redwoods, the wilderness areas, the water supply, the dams and irrigation projects. For fifty years the progress has been steady: the vast increase in national forest areas, in national parks and national monuments; the huge achievements like TVA which revolutionize the life of many thousands; Grand Coulee, Hoover Dam, the Central Valley Project, the reclamation of thousands of square miles. It is familiar to us all. We know that, just as labor had to fight against overwhelming odds to achieve its present place, so every step in the conserving of natural resources is taken with difficulty. Private interests again and again run up against public interests.

But the important thing is not, it seems to me, whether the government—federal, state, or local—does it. The important thing is that it be done in the interest of the people, and (here I venture into the field of the social scientist) it is precisely at that point we find

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suggested the description of the kind of social economy we are building up in America. None of these things represents what a very distinguished American has called "creeping socialism." The doctrinaire socialist is pretty much gone. He survives only here and there or he is trying to be a Communist and a believer in freedom at the same time. "Free enterprise" is a misnomer, for in a huge industrial society we have discovered that there must be all kinds of restraints if the society is to be wholesome. "Planned capitalism" implies rather more fascism than free Americans want. "Regulated capitalism" (Paul Hoffman's phrase, I think) is better. What we actually have is *an experimental social democracy*. We are guided not by a theory but by the actual needs of the real people who make up our nation. If depression and war have extended too much the field of the federal government, we can move toward decentralization. If we discover that in any field private enterprise is serving not the people but the profit or the power of a few (which, as you know, often happens), all the people can act through the government.

In this story I have said nothing of social changes in manners (ours are pretty bad), in dress, in the freedoms which are reactions from the overconventionality of the Victorian era. I have said nothing special about the immense role which science has played in medicine, in transportation, in amusement; nor have I emphasized the way in which, because of all this, the scientist has come to be the final authority about life for so many people. Men turn to him as they did in earlier times to their ministers and priests, and in still earlier times to medicine men and augurs. I am inclined to think, however, that since our experience with the atom bomb we are beginning to realize that science with its vast achievements has nevertheless few resources to reach the deepest springs of conduct. Even our Freuds and Jungs can tell us only why we do certain things. They cannot, as scientists, proclaim, "Thus saith the Lord."

All this sounds fairly optimistic, at least to those who really believe in the revolutionary era which has flowered in America and understand that the industrial development of a nation like ours has carried us far beyond the period of unrestrained freedom. We have entered a new age, that of freedom in community. But nineteenth-

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century optimism is dead. We know that even in America things do not just of themselves get right. Progress is precarious. A vast part of the world's peoples, seeking exactly what we seek, have fallen back under tyrannies more oppressive than almost any of which history tells us. We have no easy path. Divine Providence will not carry us through because we are Americans (which I fear is the notion of a good many people). Every one of these steps of which I have spoken has opened new problems; labor, race, housing, what you will, present us with them. And over us looms the terror of a new world war. Dangers lie all about us, three of which I must emphasize in conclusion.

1. I spoke earlier of the stability of the family. That is largely gone. We wander about. We live in trailers; the exigencies of job hunting, the demands of the great corporations which so many of us serve carry the family from place to place. As always, the aftermath of war has brought a sad increase in crimes of violence. Broken families, as we all know, are prolific of juvenile delinquency. The divorce courts do a thriving business, and the evil example of those who hold lightly the marriage relation is not limited to the ignorant and obscure. But in the family, nonetheless, lie the hope and promise of the future.

2. The second present danger which faces us is part of the other great change which has come in these seventy-five years. We have moved from the position of an important but somewhat isolated figure in the world of nations to one of unquestioned leadership, certainly the most powerful in everything save the simple number of our people. In my student days we went abroad to study, we wandered over Europe without passports. The cheerful liberalism of those days was inclined to make us think that man was fundamentally too sensible to fight wars.

And now our daily life is geared to foreign policy. We all talk of it or we all ought to talk of it. The United Nations and its work are a daily concern. We find ourselves in a position of immense power there and throughout the world.

But power, we are reminded constantly, is corrupting. One can feel something of what it is doing to us. We come to trust more

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and more to physical force, less and less to the principles which lie back of our national life. I am not a pacifist, I am not questioning the need of NATO, but I am saying that when our power moves responsible leaders to make statements to the effect that if the UN does not accept our view we can and will go it alone, and that when we support undemocratic regimes for military advantage, the corruption of power is obvious. When we look at the world in black and white, all white if we approve, all black if Russia approves, then power is corrupting.

3. The third menace is that which I think we all recognize clearly. It is the danger of meeting communism by Communist methods. When the Constitution offers us freedom of speech and of the press, of assembly, of petition, of religion, we have assumed heretofore that that is its meaning. But today, fear of communism having infected a vast part of our body politic, that fear has done what fear always does: It has led, I repeat, to a widespread effort to meet the danger by using the very methods which communism uses with the people it doesn't like. Legislative investigations, loyalty oaths, smear accusations are widespread. The loyalty of nonconformists is constantly called in question. That mutual trust which democracy demands is slipping into doubt, suspicion, questioning.

This thing has begun to touch the churches, and as a churchman I would like to say a word about it. Whether any one of us belongs to a church or not, we all recognize that the background of our culture is the Judaeo-Christian tradition, with of course the great Greek and Latin contributions. Now that background is one of freedom. I have often of late quoted words which Wyclif in 1382 put into the introduction to his (the first) translation of the Bible into English. He said that, having the Bible in English, we may now have government "of people, by people, for people." Our religious background is one of freedom and freedom means the acceptance of diversity, the welcoming of nonconformity, the confidence that truth emerges in difference and that uniformity is as deadly to individual character as to community.

The freedom of the American pulpit, Protestant, Catholic, Jew-

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ish, is one of the most important safeguards of our American liberties. Bishop Oxnam was, I think, right when he said that the churches have had more to do with saving us from communism than any other group.

But the Church speaks for God, not for governments. It is its prophetic task to proclaim that God rules and that his judgments fall on injustice and wrong wherever they may be. It is, more positively, the function of the free pulpit to keep alive the faith in the dignity of man and the responsibility of society to preserve the freedom which alone befits that dignity. I would suggest that these fundamental facts be in your minds in view of what is going on or about to go on in Washington today.

So my story comes to an end. I have most inadequately suggested to you that the one most essential change in our social order during my life is not in the numberless contributions which science and mass production have brought in the external conveniences of life. It lies in the heightened sense of responsibility for the welfare of all people—the little man as well as the big man. In economic terms we have moved from waste to conservation in human as well as natural resources. In all this we are sharing (in a position of leadership) the revolutionary movement which is now world-wide; and in the distortion of that movement the very freedoms for which our forefathers, our brothers, our sons have died are in peril. In my early youth these freedoms were taken for granted. In these days, I repeat, they are in peril on every side. The social atmosphere, the climate of life, has utterly changed. You younger men have a tough job ahead of you: insoluble problems which must be solved. Your children face a strange and troubled world. But I do not grieve for you. It is a challenge, one of those challenges which Toynbee has pointed out come now and then to a civilization. It is a challenge. It can and will be met by the strength and courage born of a faith which never fails, in God, in freedom, and in the dignity of man.

# THE AGE OF PARADOX

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by Albert Léon Guérard

THE TITLE of this paper is borrowed, by permission, from John Dodds's substantial and delightful study of the Victorian Age, *The Age of Paradox, The Biography of a Decade*. Not the title only, but the philosophical implications found at the beginning and at the end of the book. "It could be called, with equal truth, an Age of Bewilderment, an Age of Hope, an Age of Anxiety, an Age of Accomplishment, an Age of Enthusiasm, an Age of Desperation." And in the concluding "Panorama": "What was this Englishman of a century ago?—illusioned, disillusioned; worried, complacent; sagacious, silly; mature, adolescent; confident, bewildered; sensitive, cruel." Irving Babbitt, when one of his students asserted that the religion of China was *Confusionism*, remarked: "Why limit it to China?" In like fashion, I should like to ask: "Why limit John Dodds's description to the Victorian Age?" It fits admirably every period in history. So I reword my title: *Any Age, Era, Epoch, or Period Is a Paradox*.

The term *paradox*, let us remember, need not be taken in an unfavorable sense. A paradox is an assertion which does not conform with commonly established opinion. It may be a deliberate absurdity: it was Oscar Wilde's favorite trick to turn a truism upside down: more often than not, the result was silly, although good for a laugh; at times it was paradoxically sensible; once in a long while it reached profundity, as in the famous dictum: "Nature imitates Art." A paradox may be a bold anticipation; it may be an unfamiliar truth, or an old truth in unfamiliar guise. It was once a paradox to affirm that the earth circled round the sun, or that the atom could be split. It is in the nature of a paradox to imply a willful contradiction, apparent or real; and we have learned from Blake, long before Hegel, that contradiction is essential to dynamic thought. Reinhold Niebuhr takes pride in what he calls the paradox of Christianity: it is the key to his tortuous,

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tortmented, but impressive apologetics. So if I state that the notion of *period* or *age* is a paradox, no condemnation is intended.

Least of all have I in mind to demonstrate that ages or periods do not exist. I am only attempting to arrive at a sharper definition of the term. Not only do I believe in periods—within reason—but I believe that culturally a period is more real than either race or nation. When you see an old painting, you are struck first of all with its *period* character, medieval, Renaissance, baroque, classical, romantic. It takes closer examination to identify the nationality of the painter or of the subject. In the recent reorganization of the picture galleries in the Louvre, periods have been followed, national schools broken up. I have not seen the new arrangement, but I can well imagine that the results would be illuminating. It is of some importance to remember that Shakespeare was an Englishman, in the same national tradition as Langland; it is far more important to know that he was a man of the late Renaissance, and that he lived, like Montaigne and Cervantes, in the afterglow of that great frustrated hope. It is a fact that Jefferson is in the American grain like the Pilgrim Fathers, Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards; it is a more significant fact that he was part of the Enlightenment, the Age of Reason, with Voltaire, Gibbon, and Thomas Paine.

Much of the period character, I know, is merely sartorial and tonsorial. The prophetic beards so numerous in the generation of 1848 implied no deep similarity in thought: there were several abysses between Karl Marx and Alfred Tennyson. The Harold Lloyd goggles affected by modern French statesmen are purely coincidental, like the clipped moustache that created a bond between Charlie Chaplin and Adolf Hitler. But the period is more than a garment; it has an expression which glows from within. It is not a mere accident that the protagonists of the classical age should breathe self-assurance; that those of the Enlightenment should wear a smile of courtly irony; and that the romanticists should look storm-tossed and inspired. There is a period type, which reaches prominence because the circumstances are favorable to its success; and the hordes of imitators do their best to look the part.

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This brings us nearer to a definition of the age or period. A period is a historical picture which, in all domains of culture, offers a certain unity of atmosphere, and which is noticeably different from other pictures of the same kind. It is a temporal coloring, mixing with and as a rule overriding the local coloring. *Unity* is, however, a delusive and dangerous word; even the term *consistency* should not be used without qualification. This impression of unity or consistency defines at least what Saint-Simon called the *organic* periods, those in which there prevailed some harmony between the various realms of human activity. But we have to admit with him that there existed *critical* periods, times out of joint, ages of mental strife, in which disunity is the only common law. This distinction is of vital importance; but it is too roughly simplified. There are intermediate stages. There are the moments in which the organic unity of a culture is not challenged, yet is accepted with resignation, with increasing weariness, rather than with radiant faith: these are at best silver ages, turning into ages of tarnished silver. There are moments of skepticism and irony, in which the prevailing culture is still taken for granted, while its flaws and absurdities are exposed and derided: the spirit of Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes*. There are moments of despair. But despair is the herald of hope. Out of despair comes a new synthesis, gathering consciousness, and fighting for men's souls against the old.

It must be evident that these stages offer a succession of dissolving pictures rather than a definite and dramatic change. In such a twilight, the conservatives still cling to their "eternal verities": there are people with us who are one with fossil Adam Smith, and others who are one with fossil Karl Marx. The radicals, their contemporaries, affirm that the new age is already with us, and that realism consists in discarding outworn garments: whoso cannot see the new heavens and the new earth is simply blinded by superstitions or self-interest. They claim, for instance, that the era of world unity (not necessarily world harmony) and of concerted endeavor is not merely at hand, but present. Those who refuse to acknowledge it are seeking refuge in antiquated fortresses which are also self-made prisons of the mind.

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Are periods merely creations of the human intellect? We must brush aside the inveterate tendency to call epochs by the name of some ruler or hero: Pericles, Augustus, Elizabeth, Louis XIV, Victoria, Roosevelt; it is hard for man not to think in terms of myths. At times epochs are determined by the activities of a definite group of men: they deliberately start out to make a period, and not seldom they succeed. The French Revolution created a new calendar, because it felt assured that it was opening a new era. So a number of periods are self-determined, as nations should be, according to Woodrow Wilson and Napoleon III. A period begins with a Declaration of Independence: in terms of poker and politics, it is a "New Deal." There are a few such proclamations that ring clear in history. I am fond of quoting the stirring words of the Burgundian monk Raoul Glaber: "The earth was shaking off the rags of its antiquity, and covering herself anew with a white mantle of churches," and those of Rabelais: "At last the calamitous night of the Goths is over!" Goethe claimed that he said at Valmy: "In this place and at this hour a new era begins in the history of the world." The Third Estate with Sieyès as its spokesman, and the proletarians in their anthem the "International," uttered the "epoch-making" words: "We are nothing; we must be everything." Hitler announced the advent of a New Order which was to prevail for a thousand years. When such an assertion finds sufficient credence, a period is born.

We all know, however, that most periods are not cut according to such dramatic pattern. There are false dawns, abortive periods. Étienne Marcel might have heralded a new age in France, Wyclif and the Lollards in England, Lamartine, the Chartists, and the Frankfurt Parliament in the Europe of 1848. The empire of Charlemagne was short-lived, that of Napoleon proved a house of cards, Hitler's millennium lasted less than twelve years. Herbert Hoover in 1929 closed the days of confusion and opened for America a new age of ever-expanding Republican prosperity. Infant mortality is appalling among periods.

What about those ages which were not conscious of their own existence and had to be discovered retrospectively? In the year

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753 since the foundation of Rome, the world was not aware that the Christian era was beginning. The words of Raoul Glaber were an isolated note of hope and joy: for centuries, indeed until our own generation, the greater Renaissance of the eleventh century was completely overlooked: yet everything that was to shape Europe's destiny for five hundred, nay for nine hundred, years was born in those obscure decades. A still clearer case is that of the Machine Age or Industrial Revolution. The crude fire pumps of Newcomen and Calley were portents of greater significance than the intrigues at the court of Queen Anne or the victories of Marlborough. But the Industrial Revolution had to be named by the first Arnold Toynbee in a fragmentary posthumous volume published in 1883, and it was not clearly defined until Paul Mantoux's great work about 1900. If Disraeli, a man of extraordinary imagination, had a clear conception of it, some of the most famous British statesmen—Palmerston, Balfour, Sir Winston Churchill himself—never were fully aware of a radical change. They kept dealing the cards exactly as if the clock of history had stopped in 1688. Most churchmen, squires, scholars, tradespeople did not realize the advent of a new dispensation. For them, the new gadgets were merely conveniences or nuisances; if they wanted to spend a season at Bath, it was a matter of secondary importance whether they journeyed thither by coach, train, or plane. To the present day, many prefer candlelight to electric bulbs.

Shall we say that a period which did not impress contemporaries acquires thereby a warrant of objective reality? If we have at last discovered the Renaissance of the eleventh century, it must be because it had been there all the time. But the long delay in discerning and defining a period does not alter its man-made character. It is still a phenomenon of collective consciousness, even though we had to wait nearly a millennium for that consciousness to arise. We are now machine-conscious, and we are rewriting history in terms of the machine, brushing aside dynastic quarrels and theological controversies. Garet Garrett wrote a clever little book, *An Age Is Born*: for him its birth certificate was the tremendous expansion of the plastic industries. It may be that our successors

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will rewrite history in terms of psychology and dietetics: pre-Freudian and previtamin ages being the dim epochs before the Flood. If so, they will be giving a picture of their own minds.

The period problem is strikingly illustrated by the events of our own day. We unanimously voted that the atomic bomb had opened a new era. Then we realized that the world had remained curiously unchanged. For a few keen-minded observers, like Robert Hutchins and Mortimer Adler, it was indeed a revelation, "the good news of damnation," the dilemma *Unite or Perish*. But the statesmen keep playing the same orthodox game of power politics as Elizabeth, Richelieu, Frederick II, Napoleon, Bismarck; and they take pride in the same smart diplomatic tricks as Talleyrand. Generals still believe that there is no substitute for victory; they still demand universal military service as in the days of the French Revolution and its fighting hordes. On the other hand, the lessons that impressed themselves upon Adler and Hutchins as a consequence of the new power—the necessity of peace, and therefore of the world state, the pooling of knowledge, the exploitation in common of natural resources, an economy of abundance—all these things had been clearly advocated long before atomic energy was even a dream. Many were aware that "modern man was obsolete." The new discovery is not a revolution, but a sensational manifestation of a general advance in human technique. That advance is accelerating at a breath-taking pace; but it began centuries ago. No more than earlier and hardly less brilliant triumphs of the human mind is it capable by itself of imposing a change in human relations, or of enlightening the human conscience. It did not and could not bring wisdom: it has only multiplied the perils and penalties of unwisdom. Socrates and Jesus—not to mention Montaigne and Voltaire—are more needed today than in any previous age.

So when we hear of an epoch-making book, an epoch-making movement, an epoch-making discovery or invention, we have the right to suspend judgment. Let me mention a curious case of a period which should have been: we are tempted to believe that the change from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican cosmogony must have determined a general revolution in thought. But there is no trace of

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such a transformation. Priests, philosophers, poets, statesmen, soldiers, merchants, laborers behave strictly today as though the earth were motionless, and indeed as though it were flat. The tremendous discovery has not altered the testimony of our senses and our figures of speech. For Hemingway as for Ecclesiastes, “the sun also rises . . .” The Copernican system has not weakened faith; it has not made man more humble. And why should it?

Incidentally, my own attempt to create—that is to say, to discern and to name—an epoch, was not treated with the respectful attention it deserved. Lewis Mumford had spoken of the Paleotechnic and the Neotechnic Age. I called attention to the Paleofordian and the Neofordian era. The old Model T was Puritan virtue incarnate, or, more accurately, tinnified: sensible, thrifty, hard-working, with not the least trace of meretriciousness. The Model A and its successors heralded the triumph of Beauty. We have entered upon the age of conscious Beauty: beauty queens, glamor girls, star worship, beauty parlors, cosmetics as a major industry, even that vain pursuit of the Permanent which is an ingrained tendency in the human mind; also a ritual of diet and daily exercises more rigorous than in many religious orders. Of course, there have been scattered beauty worshipers throughout the ages; but it is perhaps the first time in history that this imperious cult has reached the deep masses of a people. The calamitous night of Philistine ugliness is over. Note that if we were to enter upon an age of peace and abundance—the promise of capitalists and socialists alike, if only the rival ideology were suppressed—then beauty would be needed to stir our souls: else mankind would perish of surfeit and boredom.

There are, as we have seen, periods of self-assurance, periods of confusion and strife, and periods of somnolence, satisfied or weary. The first are emphatically the great “Ages.” They coincide roughly with the “civilizations” of the second Arnold Toynbee: a period is the moment when a civilization achieves full consciousness. The essential fact is that these sharply focused periods are extraordinarily few, and extremely brief. The four classical ages in the Western tradition—the Ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo X, and of Louis XIV, to adopt Voltaire’s nomenclature—lasted, not aeons,

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not even a full century, but at most three or four decades. Mankind exists, or vegetates, for the most part, not in clear-cut periods, but in dim interminable ages of stagnation, slow decay, imperceptible advance. It is madness to force the infinite complexity of human events into a rigid and symmetrical frame, and to think of periods as succeeding each other like the reigns of sovereigns in a well-established monarchy: 476, 1453, 1776, or 1789: the Period is dead, long live the Period! The dead might flash back Mark Twain's message. When, about 1900, literary Paris was holding a solemn post mortem on the corpse of naturalism, a telegram was received: "Naturalism not dead; letter follows." The telegram has reached posterity; the letter has not.

A period is known by its most articulate tendency. Romanticism, on the Continent, flourished during the ascendancy of the bourgeoisie. That age of flamboyant rebellion was also the *Biedermeierzeit*, during which quiet was the first duty of the citizen. I grew up during the period of symbolism, decadence, and elegant anarchism. The French Academy, the universities, the bulk of the educated readers, not to mention the solid middle class and the deep masses, were totally unaffected; they chose to ignore what they considered as antics, or shrugged their sensible shoulders. I have watched the Lost Generation, right here at Stanford: they were delightful young people, as engagingly fresh as their parents before them and as their children are now. It would be an outrageous paradox to describe the Europe of 1770 in terms of the *Sturm und Drang*, the France of Jules Grévy in terms of Jules Laforgue and Paul Verlaine, the Victorian sunset in terms of Aubrey Beardsley. Yet I feel sure that some of our successors will speak of the Roosevelt era as the age of Ezra Pound.

The periods are registered under the names of forceful or colorful movements and individuals, most of us forgetting that the eddy, though more obvious, may be far less important than the quietly flowing stream, and that headlines shriek out accidents, not the dull but essential course of daily life. Vast unconscious anonymous trends are the substance of history, yet they are difficult to record; and, above all, they are not good literature, and history is litera-

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ture. But even among the articulate and gesticulating groups which claim leadership, there is no unanimity. I spoke a moment ago of the Roosevelt era: we know that not a few sturdy Republicans managed to preserve an underground existence during that fateful quarter of a century. Unanimity—the 99.44 percent purity of Ivory soap and totalitarian polls—is a delusion. In 1917 Clemenceau decreed: “All good Frenchmen are unanimously in favor of fighting to the bitter end. Those who do not are bad Frenchmen, and will be shot.” In all ages, there have been McCarthys bent on destroying heretics and subversives: one of them was called Torquemada. But in most cases repression fails to attain its end. It only forces dissent into other and more perilous channels. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes dealt French Protestantism a blow from which it has not recovered; but it prepared the way for the far more radical religious free thought of Voltaire. The notion of a period as *definable*, that is to say, as possessing exclusively certain characteristics and none other, is a form of cultural totalitarianism. Fortunately, civilizations are not monolithic like tombstones.

The clearest example of the period fallacy is presented by Henry Adams' conception of the Middle Ages as a pattern of unity. What we find in the Middle Ages is not merely infinite variety (Adams would glory in the fact), but the presence of antagonistic principles. Everything, of course, took on a Christian, a Catholic coloring. But the Catholicism of those days was truly catholic, all things to all men, ranging from the rankest superstition to the highest philosophy and the boldest flight of mysticism. The ideal of prowess, the pride of the fighting man, was not Christian; indeed, it was anti-Christian, Odinic or, more simply, primitive. The communes had their patron saints; but if, in order to secure their liberties, they had to kill their bishop, as it happened at Laon, the thought of medieval unity did not stand in their path. Aucassin, in the charming tale, professes that he does not want to go to heaven with the sniveling monks, but to the other place, with the fair ladies and the gallant knights, their lovers. In the very early *Pilgrimage of Charlemagne*, miracles are reported that would cause a blush in a modern guardhouse. A wave of holy enthusiasm swept children into a crusade:

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how delightfully medieval! But the shipowners of Marseilles who offered them free transportation sold them into slavery in the Barbary States: how modern! What an achievement of the purest profit motive! Joan of Arc and Gilles de Rais fought side by side. Henry Adams may call it *Unity*: the term that naturally comes to mind is *Snafu*.

The unity of a period is not the triumph of a single principle in every field, but an adjustment, a compromise, a modus vivendi, which should not be translated as a way of life. Few periods are marked with as impressive a character of unity as the age of Louis XIV. The same majestic style prevailed at court, in the arts, in the church of Bossuet, in the public works of Colbert. But the kingship of Louis XIV was compounded of Christian, feudal, and Roman elements. That age of aristocratic splendor was run by bourgeois. Tradition and reason had signed a truce, but could not be fully reconciled. Paganism, Christianity, and philosophy waged a decorous but relentless three-cornered fight. When we try to force Descartes, whose thought dominated the time, or Pascal, or La Fontaine, or Racine, or La Bruyère, or Fénelon, or Saint-Simon, into the strictly classical pattern, we do not hear their bones crunch, because, instead, it is the flimsy Procrustean bed that breaks.

In 1661 France thought that she had reached port. But the classical compromise could not be permanent: the associated forces developed at different rates and in different directions. In that period of magnificent stability, a seven-fold revolution was under way. Should we regret this repeated failure of man to establish a New Order to last for a thousand years? I prefer Tennyson's Victorian wisdom:

And God fulfills Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

No period is a homogeneous entity; every one is an epitome of all the ages, past and future. If we are seeking life, which is fluctuating and diverse, not a doctrinaire conception eternal in its own conceit, we shall not weep over the lost ideal of immutability. We shall welcome the teeming paradoxes of all ages. We shall

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realize that the notion of creating a period, prospectively or retrospectively, is a futile effort to stop the eternal flow and to end the eternal quest.

The readers of these pages are, presumably, part of our period, typical Americans of the Eisenhower era. Yet not two of our minds are identical, any more than two of our thumb prints. We belong to the ages, that is to say to all the ages. There may be among us men whose most congenial atmosphere would be the Eolithic period, others who would be more at home five hundred years from now. I am myself a fossil of the eighteenth century, and I have to conquer a feeling of estrangement when I unfold my morning paper.

If we, who are contemporaries, live in different periods, we may add that the same disparity, the same conflicts, exist not only among us, but within our own beings. Every individual lives on many historical planes. His mind is a museum, unless we prefer to call it a junk pile. Take stock of the treasures in your attic. To what age does your religion belong? To the time of Moses, the time of Christ, that of Augustine, of Bernard of Clairvaux, Thomas Aquinas, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Channing, Joseph Smith, Mary Baker Eddy? What period garments do your politics wear? Do you follow the style of Hamilton or Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt the First, Roosevelt the Second, or Robert Taft? Is your conception of love primeval, medieval, Puritan, Regency, mid-Victorian or post-Kinsey? No man is petrified into a single formula. It is perfectly normal for one—illustrious examples will at once come to mind—to be of the sixteenth century in his religious beliefs, of the eighteenth in his political convictions and economic principles, and, in the fields of scientific thought and industrial technique, to be in the very front wave of progress.

It is time to sum up this mass of question marks, contradictions, and paradoxes. First: *periods do exist*, in the minds of men. As phenomena of collective consciousness, they are facts, and facts of high importance, as were and remain, for instance, the many religions that have perished. A myth always has an element of truth, even if it is not the truth it purports to proclaim. *Periods are experi-*

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*ments:* what kind of Utopia do we get, when we discover and adopt some central principle—theocracy or reason, order or liberty, race or brotherhood, aesthetic delight or business efficiency? The experiment is never perfect, never conclusive; but, within its limits, it is of commanding interest. Our thought is richer and clearer, because there were periods which emphasized some particular avenue of human endeavor. As every creative work of art is also an experiment, a myth, a Utopia, we might say that *periods are great collective romances or dramas.* Men cast themselves into a certain character—apostle, crusader, disciplinarian, epicure. The period type is the hero of the story. We see him rise to power, and go to his doom, in true Aristotelian fashion, through an inner fault, flaw, or exaggeration in his character; that is to say, through the fatal weakness that he *is* a period type.

*Periods as types are more significant than nations.* But, like nations, like schools of thought, like sects, like cultures, they are destined to disappear. All these are efforts to enforce conformity, ruthless simplifications, whilst man is infinitely complex. They would impede the flow of life with the pitiful little dams of their conventions.

My business for nearly fifty years as a teacher of world literature and world citizenship has been to study and define ages, races, nations, only in order to transcend them. If you are in the mood for Ecclesiastes, Job, or Jonah, do not be hindered by the thought that they belong to a different period: if they appeal to you, they belong to you. They are not strangers, any more than Antigone, Hamlet, or Faust. When I pick up a popular weekly, I feel transported into a different planet.

What paltry things are periods, compared with the six or eight millennia of man's recorded history! And how insignificant in the perspective of the untold aeons of man's obscure ascent! Men a block away may not be living in the same age as I am; but there are words heard across the centuries that ring the note of brotherhood. There are two essential facts which our puny edifices of thought should never be allowed to blur: the infinite diversity of individuals, the essential unity of the human race.

# *After Reading the Philosophers*

RICHARD ARMOUR

*What can be explained on fewer principles is explained needlessly by more. This maxim, which came to be known as "Occam's razor," is a most important methodological principle.—W. T. JONES, A History of Western Philosophy (1036 pages).*

Philosophers from Thales on  
Have all been men of promise,  
Including Aristotle, Hume,  
St. Anselm, and St. Thomas.

From Plato clear to Whitehead they've  
Thought thoughts but rarely specious.  
That goes for Bergson, Hegel, Hobbes,  
Duns Scotus, Locke, Lucretius.

But all of them—yes, Schopenhauer,  
Both Bacons, Leibniz, Russell—  
Have piled the words in mammoth piles  
To show their mental muscle.

To prove they're not unprincipled,  
With manifest elation,  
Their principles explained, they have  
Explained their explanation.

Now, through the Neoplatonists  
And past the Middle Ages,  
And having read both Comte and Kant—  
In all, a thousand pages—

I'd say, while resting mind and eye,  
I think there'd be a saving  
If, using Occam's razor, they  
Had done a bit of shaving.

# GILMAN AT CALIFORNIA

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by Vernon A. Ouellette

ON JUNE 8, 1904, a distinguished man arose at the Jubilee Celebration of the University of Wisconsin to deliver one of the principal addresses of the ceremonies. The published record of the occasion does not describe him or his reception, but many pictures of him during these years are extant. Beyond doubt the audience arose and applauded with respect and enthusiasm and listened carefully as Daniel Coit Gilman gave his address.

Gilman seldom discussed his own career and its significance, but at the beginning of his address he reviewed it briefly in these words: I am a veteran of fifty years' standing who has taken part in many an academic discussion and witnessed many a contest; who has seen a school of science grafted upon one of the oldest and most conservative classical colleges; who has helped rescue a state university from the limitations of a college of agriculture and enlarge it to meet the requirements of a magnificent commonwealth; who has watched over the infancy of an institution planned to provide advanced opportunity for American youth akin to those offered in the best foreign universities; and finally, who has seen a munificent fund set apart for the encouragement of investigation and the pursuit of knowledge without the restrictions of a school or college.\*

Gilman described his California years in his statement that he had "helped to rescue a state university from the limitations of a college of agriculture and enlarge it to meet the requirements of a magnificent commonwealth." The auditing of what he did to help rescue the University of California from those of limited vision and what he did to make it equal to the greatness of the state of California may be said to be the chief purpose of this paper. It will also, the writer believes, help put the recent controversies at the University of California into perspective.

The original 1849 Constitution of the Provisional Territorial Gov-

\* *The Jubilee of the University of Wisconsin* (Madison: The Jubilee Committee, 1904), p. 64.

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ernment of California included an article providing for educational enterprises in the new territory. In the interest of higher education the Constitution directed the Legislature to found a university and "to provide effectual means for the improvement and permanent security of funds for said university."

There followed in the next eighteen years a number of plans suggesting the founding of the university: the Collego de Mineria which would have adopted as a model a mining school in Mexico; the Military Institute which would have followed the system of West Point; the University of the State of California which would have merely allocated funds to all the existing incorporated colleges of the state; and the State Museum which would have been simply a stopgap measure. In 1865 the Legislature, impressed with the fact that the Morrill Act apportionment would be lost if early action were not taken, passed a bill which established an Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanic Arts College. At this time, however, the College of California offered to donate its Berkeley site, disincorporate, and hand over to the University all its assets. The College of California representatives were primarily interested in assuring a College of Letters in the new University with "a liberal course of instruction in languages, literature, and philosophy, leading at the end of the usual four years' course of study to the degree of Bachelor of Arts." It is interesting to note that the College of California need not have relinquished its place to the state university. It had attained an assured position as an educational institution of worth; it had an excellent faculty exclusively devoted to college studies; it had standards comparable to those of colleges of the Eastern states; and it had a well-balanced financial position.

The Legislature of 1868 passed the Organic Act creating and organizing the University of California. The bill included a provision for the establishment of a College of Letters which made the College of California an integral part of the University in spirit, rather than in fact. The bill also revoked the Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanic Arts College bill of 1865. On March 23, 1868, Governor H. H. Haight signed the bill creating the University of California.

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The Board of Regents of the University gave early consideration to the election of a president; and at the "fifteenth meeting of the Board of Regents November 10, 1868, they chose General George B. McClellan." The announcement of General McClellan's election shocked many people of the state. Newspaper editorials and letters to editors protested the political partisanship of the Board of Regents, and well-informed friends of higher education charged that the Board failed to comprehend the kind of education needed in the state university. The controversy ended suddenly, however, when on January 5, 1869, the Board of Regents announced that General McClellan had declined the presidency. Five months later Professor John Le Conte became Acting President.

On June 21, 1870, Gilman was elected President of the University of California, but he declined the offer. The Regents thereupon elected Henry Durant, the sixty-eight-year-old Yaleman and Congregational clergyman who had pioneered the College of California, which had opened in 1859. His administration "was not aggressive to attain results and it took no positive steps that might arouse direct opposition." But, foreshadowing events which President Gilman later faced during his term of office, "there went on a steady strengthening of antagonistic elements in the community and the formation of parties and cliques among the Faculty and Regents." As early as January of 1872 the Grangers and the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco charged that the Regents had converted the plans for a "practical college of industry" into plans for "a college of the classics and polite learning." Although Henry Durant suggested the infirmities of age as his reason for wanting to resign, the storm which gathered during the two years of his administration had much to do with his early resignation in the summer of 1872.

When the Regents elected Gilman to the presidency for the second time, he accepted. A brief examination of his early life, training, and experience will help explain his handling of the challenging presidency of the University of California. That Gilman's California years may be seen in the perspective of his whole career, this sketch goes beyond the University of California period.

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Gilman's prosperous and happy family life during his early years made possible many opportunities for his broad development. He attended a better-than-average academy and Yale University. After graduation in 1851 he served as an attaché at the American ministry in St. Petersburg. During his years abroad he visited many European countries and devoted much time to the study of their educational institutions.

He began his long career in academic administration as Yale College Librarian. Concurrently, he learned about fund-raising and participated in the debates between the advocates of the classical and "the new education." He also gained important experience in working with legislative officials when appearing on behalf of the Sheffield Scientific School during the Morrill Act appropriation hearings. These activities brought him national recognition, and in 1876 the University of Wisconsin offered him its presidency, which he declined. When Yale College looked about for a successor to President Theodore B. Woolsey, Gilman's name passed many lips; but probably because of the feeling of the Yale Corporation against "the new education," Gilman apparently was not given serious consideration. A year after the election of Noah Porter, Gilman accepted the presidency of the University of California.

It would be out of place in this brief biographical sketch to detail Gilman's work at Johns Hopkins University. Sufficient to say that during the twenty-six years of his presidency Gilman developed a very great American university. Woodrow Wilson, addressing Gilman in a public gathering in 1904 said, ". . . you were the first to create and organize in America a university. . . ." President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University on the same occasion addressed Mr. Gilman personally: "I want to testify that the graduate school of Harvard University . . . did not thrive until the example of Johns Hopkins forced our Faculty to put their strength into the development of our instruction for graduates. . . ."

Upon his retirement from the Johns Hopkins presidency Gilman at seventy looked forward to a period of comparative leisure, but Andrew Carnegie's proposal of November 1901 that he accept the presidency of the just-established Carnegie Institution led him to

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return to harness. He accepted and became the Institution's first president. Although Gilman had indicated at the outset that his tenure would not be long because of advanced age, his decision to resign seems to have been hastened by the limited administrative powers granted him by the by-laws of the Institution. After three years in office he submitted his resignation on December 13, 1904.

Gilman spent the years 1905 and 1906 preparing for the publication of the papers and addresses which he felt would awaken pleasant reminiscences among his friends. In 1908 his physical powers began to weaken, but he insisted upon carrying out a previously made plan for a summer trip to Europe. He returned to the United States in October 1908 and appeared to be in improved health; but on Tuesday afternoon, October 13, seven days after his return home, suddenly and without forewarning he died. Some three months earlier he had celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday.

Gilman assumed office as President of the University of California on November 1, 1872. He came to head an institution with a longer history than its years of active operation. The conception of the university idea occurred twenty-three years earlier in the Constitution of the Provisional Territorial Government of California. Many power groups nurtured their ideas of a university through eighteen years of political jockeying. The federal government stimulated interest by offering the Ordinance of 1787 funds, and the Morrill Land Grant funds led directly to the establishment of the institution. The Organic Act of 1868, which attempted to reconcile the viewpoints of the power groups of the state, created the University of California. Henry Durant nursed it through its foundling years, but he took office as an old man and held it only until the Regents succeeded in their design to hire Gilman from Yale.

Gilman faced three problems at the beginning of his tenure: differences in the point of view of the function of the University between advocates of "the new education" and classical education, the legal arrangement which defined the relationship of the Board of Regents to the President, and incompetent staff personnel.

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The basic issue involved in the dispute between the advocates of "the new education" and the Board of Regents and the President of the University of California related to the amount and type of practical instruction to be offered. The challenging organizations were the Patrons of Husbandry, commonly known as the Grangers; the Mechanics' State Council; and the Mechanics' Deliberative Assembly of San Francisco. The strongest of these three groups, the Grangers, formed a political third party. It drew from the two historic parties and attracted all the dissatisfied elements of society; and "it was ready to bring, without much discrimination or scruple, charges of waste and corruption against any public institution."

The new party won a majority of the seats in the state Legislature and immediately started an attack upon public institutions. The University of California became a prime object of its campaign. Soon after the 1873 session of the Legislature opened, a Joint Memorial of the California State Grangers and of the Mechanics' Deliberative Assembly was presented in the Assembly. The memorial stimulated Gilman to action. He appeared before the Legislature on the evening of January 26, 1874, and said in part:

I acknowledge that with all the success there are very great defects. . . . There are the defects that come in the selection of teachers. There are the errors in marking out the course of study, the difficulties attendant in removing to a new site . . . but with all these drawbacks the State of California has got what it went for. *It has got a University.* . . . It is still in its experimental stage. . . . There are religious bodies that would like to control it or see it die in order that separate denominational colleges might grow up in its stead. I should not be surprised if there were political bodies that would like to capture it because of its success. . . . Then come the theorists: there are men who want it to be a purely literary, classical college—the old-fashioned sort. There are men that don't want to have anything to do with the old-fashioned sort. They would like to capture it for the "new education."\*\*

Gilman's address won the round for the University. The Assembly took no action on the memorial. The charges, however, continued. Henry George, editor of the *San Francisco Daily Evening*

\* "The Gilman Papers" (Berkeley: Doe Memorial Library, University of California), II, 27.

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*Post*, supported the position of the State Grange and the Mechanics' Institute. Almost daily he published an editorial blasting the Board and the President for mismanagement, distortion of the provisions of the Organic Act, and faculty repression.

It appears that the Regents reasoned that by requesting a complete investigation they could regain "the moral effect of having the initiative" and would thereby strengthen their position. Thus, in response to a memorial of the Regents, a Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly was appointed on February 9, 1874, to investigate the University. The Joint Committee placed all witnesses under oath and examined four questions: instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, management of the land-grant funds, management of the general funds, and any other matter relating to the University, upon which, in the opinion of the Committee, further information might be of use to the Legislature or the public. On March 26, 1874, the Joint Committee stated in its final report that "the Regents and Faculty have done well and that they deserve the sympathy and support of the people at large in the management of the University." Both houses accepted these conclusions and subsequently expressed their full confidence in the University management by appropriating a larger sum to it than had been recommended. This action answered the original Granger Memorial presented to the Assembly in the early days of November 1873.

The legal arrangement defining the relationship of the Board of Regents to the President caused Gilman much concern. The Organic Act relegated the President to the same level as professors. It also provided for the appointment of a secretary of the Board of Regents to keep a correct account of all executive acts of the President. This situation caused the Board of Regents to assume that the President represented the faculty and that the secretary represented them. Thus immediate conflict arose. The Board somewhat alleviated this situation when shortly after Gilman's accession it adopted a resolution authorizing his participation in its deliberations and making him a member of all Board committees. This semiofficial membership continued until 1874 when Gilman became an *ex officio* member of the Board.

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The incompetence of several faculty members—Gilman's third problem—posed a dilemma: whether immediately to replace these men and chance a public outcry or to retain them and to meet the problem at a later date. Gilman decided upon the latter course. This at once caused internal troubles, but the alternative might well have led to even greater difficulties. Ezra S. Carr, professor of agriculture and agricultural chemistry, and William Swinton, professor of the English language, rhetoric, and history, sided with the Grangers and the Mechanics' Institute. It appears that Professor Carr devoted his time during 1872 and 1873 to supplying the Grangers with information about the University's inaction in the development of the Agriculture Department. Professor Swinton wholeheartedly supported the viewpoint of the Grangers and of Professor Carr and worked closely with Henry George in the preparation of his editorials during 1872 and 1873. He requested a year's leave of absence early in 1874; and when the Board of Regents refused his request, he resigned on March 3, 1874. Immediately after submitting his resignation he asked to appear before the Joint Legislative Committee that he might give his views. He appeared on Thursday evening, March 12, and testified in part as follows:

*Q.* What are your relations toward President Gilman?

*A.* They have always been those of civility. . . .

*Q.* What are your feelings toward him at this time?

*A.* I think he is not as good a president as the University of California deserves.

*Q.* Can you give us any reason for that?

*A.* I will. I think that he has put the Board of Regents and the University in a sort of tacit attitude of antagonism to the wishes of the people of the State in regard to education. . . .

*Q.* Can you state to us any dereliction of duty upon his part?

*A.* I cannot. . . .\*

After the interrogation Swinton requested permission to file a paper with the Committee which would fully present his views. Permission granted, he forwarded a fifteen-page pamphlet titled "The University and Its Managers." In it he wrote of the failure of the

\* "Testimony of William Swinton Before the Special University Committee," *California Legislature* (Sacramento: State Printing Office, 1874), p. 2.

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managers of the University to fulfill the stipulations of the national land-grant benefaction, thereby ignoring the people's wish. He also proposed a remedy for the alleged arbitrary and conservative actions of the Board of Regents, namely, the reorganizing of its membership to secure representation of all sections and interests of the state. In Gilman's undated manuscript notes pertaining to the Legislature of 1874, he wrote regarding Swinton's testimony, "that the impression which he produced was sufficiently indicated by the Report of the Investigating Committee, which was highly favorable to the University." Regarding Swinton's publication, Gilman wrote "that the pamphlet presents a diverse distortion of the truth, uttered doubtless in haste with rhetorical fever and without due consideration."

Apparently everyone thought that Carr, upon his appearance before the Joint Committee, would continue to uphold the viewpoint of the Grangers and would attempt to support Swinton's position. He saw fit, however, to back away completely from all his previous statements. In a letter to Andrew Dickson White dated April 5, 1874, Gilman commented on Carr's amazing reversal: "Dr. Carr, who appears to have instigated the whole movement, at the last of it backed down and testified that he had never heard any complaint!" On July 23, 1874, after Gilman left on his vacation in the East, the Board of Regents requested Carr's resignation. Carr refused to comply and on August 11, 1874, the Board formally voted to dispense with his services. He turned to other work and in 1875 was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Ironically, this position made him a member of the Board of Regents. That the long and bitter struggle shook Gilman seems clear from a letter he wrote to Andrew Dickson White on April 5, 1874. In it he said that "there are dangers here which I could not foresee. I feel that we are building a superior structure but it rests over a mill which may blow it up any day." Three days after writing to White, Gilman presented his resignation to the Board of Regents.

It appears that the Regents persuaded Gilman to withdraw his resignation. In the early part of July he left for the East to spend his vacation. Apparently he talked with White and others about the

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proposed Johns Hopkins University and found that action would not be taken until the following year. In any event, he returned to the University of California for the opening in September. On September 30, 1874, White wrote to Gilman about the visit of the Johns Hopkins University trustees at Cornell. In the final paragraph of the letter, White wrote that "between ourselves, I think that you are to be called there, for I find that Eliot, Porter and myself thoroughly agreed upon you as the man to organize the institution for them."

As White predicted, the trustees of the Johns Hopkins University invited Gilman to head the new institution at Baltimore, and on December 9, 1874, he submitted his resignation to the California Board of Regents. The installation of Professor John Le Conte on March 2, 1875, as Acting President served as an official farewell to Gilman, who several days later left for Baltimore to undertake the major task of his life.

In his first letter of resignation to the Regents of the University of California, Gilman succinctly summed up his achievements in a single sentence: "The University of California is now organized on a comprehensive and liberal basis." His short statement needs expansion to point up his achievement.

The basic issue of the dispute between the University and the California State Grange appeared to have hinged upon the disagreement in viewpoint of the advocates of an agricultural college, on the one hand, and of "the university idea," on the other. Gilman's steadfast determination to stand true to the university idea gained the support of leading educators and laymen of the state and of the Board of Regents. When the argument finally resolved itself into a complete victory for Gilman, the Agricultural College and the College of Letters each received equitable shares of the funds made available to the institution. The question of the function of the University became settled at this time, and from that day on the university idea has remained paramount.

Gilman never lost sight of his goal to establish the University of California on a liberal and comprehensive basis where both general education and special education would be provided and where re-

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search would flourish. The bitter dispute with the Grangers evolved about the structure of the Agricultural College in relation to the rest of the University. The partisans of the Agricultural College objected to the inclusion of the classical program of the College of Letters, but Gilman took the position that there must be many colleges and among them a college of agriculture.

With the Board of Regents Gilman developed harmonious relations and attained membership in that body. This would not have been possible had he not overcome—at least in large measure—the feeling of its members that the President of the University represented the interests of the faculty to the Board and that the secretary of the Board represented their own. His election to the Board short-circuited the oft-repeated campus gossip that there existed three presidents of the University: the President in name, the secretary of the Regents, and the professor of agriculture.

Gilman's supervision of the operations of the University under policies established by the Board of Regents proved that he had a flair for skillful management. He carefully studied the problem of the University's relations with the churches, asking for their whole-hearted support but insisting that the University not be made an arena for sectarian controversy or denominational zeal. Seeing the advantage of developing favorable public opinion toward the University and its activities, Gilman worked hard to foster good relations with the newspapers. The attack made by Henry George in the *San Francisco Daily Evening Post*, during the Granger dispute, alone marred his record of a good press. Gilman saw the necessity for liberal support from men of wealth in the up-building of a strong university. The reason for the failure of the University to attract large gifts seemed to him clear: men of wealth would not bestow gifts upon an institution which was liable to be altered from the foundation up or even to be totally destroyed by a hostile Legislature. His views on this score undoubtedly prepared the way for the University of California to become a constitutional rather than a legislative university. It attained this status in 1879.

Gilman recognized the need for the inclusion of the new knowledge in the University curriculum and did everything in his power

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to foster it. He also firmly believed in broad general education, and his curricular efforts focused primarily on the problems of providing not only specialized courses but also general education courses. Further, he tried to keep them in balance. To achieve some semblance of stability, he depended upon prescribed courses for the first two years of the collegiate program and upon a limited elective system during the third and fourth years. Although this arrangement did not offer the students the commonality of skills, knowledge, and attitudes achieved under the fixed curriculum of the old American college, Gilman believed it to be the soundest solution of the curricular problem. In both the scientific and literary programs, Gilman saw the urgent need for additional courses in spoken and written English. This reflected his belief that commonality must be based upon reciprocal communication and that reciprocal communication can be achieved only when individuals have skills in communicating their thoughts to others.

At California as at Hopkins Gilman held firmly to the point of view that the success or failure of a university depends not upon buildings, apparatus, or library but upon a gifted and eminent faculty. Thus, in all of his professorial staff appointments he sought men skilled in both teaching and research. He also recognized that most young men who desired to enter the teaching profession needed assistance. He therefore established the rank of assistant instructor. In effect a graduate scholarship program, this rank recruited and supported graduate students.

In 1872 Gilman inherited a professorial staff of eleven, all of whose members had been appointed by the Regents. In so small a faculty the presence of two men holding important posts and clearly having little faith in the new President constituted a serious hazard for the institution. Gilman saw the dangers of the situation but decided to take no immediate action. It appears a matter of record that the activities of Professors Carr and Swinton in 1873 and 1874 caused most of the internal strife and led directly to the legislative investigations which threatened to scuttle the University. When these men were replaced, internal harmony and external support both increased.

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At the outset the University of California followed a policy toward its student personnel somewhat patterned after German university practices. A great deal of impersonalism existed, especially in matters of student housing. After Gilman had been in office for several years, student personnel activities increased. The Berkeley site demanded either private or university-sponsored housing; and when the private housing scheme failed, the University had to provide places of residence. Gilman also saw the need for a broad program of other student personnel activities to attain and maintain high morale in the student body.

Whether or not one agrees with G. Stanley Hall—and the writer does agree with him—that Gilman was “the most creative mind in the field of higher education that this country has ever produced,” certainly he stands aloft as one of a handful of the great builders of American universities. Most certainly, the records indicate that he laid the foundation and formulated the plans which prepared the way for the present greatness of the University of California.

*One must know where to doubt when necessary, assert when necessary, while submitting when necessary.*

—PASCAL

## *Campus*

JOSEPH B. HARRISON

We walk on our hind legs in rhythm with  
Our Tudor Gothic, and we follow myth  
From Aeschylus to Freud to Adam Smith.  
A bell each hour upon the hour starts  
The tides from Engineering to Fine Arts,  
The Scylla and Charybdis of these parts.  
The cyclotron, beyond, not heard about  
By Homer, skied beside a water spout,  
Sings fissioned lullabies to quiet doubt.  
Dim Socrates, deep in his hemlock drowse,  
Stirs not from his retreat beyond the laws  
To make the worse appear the better cause;  
So why should I not crouch behind this verse  
To murmur what in prose would serve me worse?

# HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

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*by Jack James*

**I**T WAS drizzling that morning of June 25. Seoul looked dour and gray, and the streets were almost deserted as I drove toward my office about eight o'clock. On the way, I stopped at the pressroom of the U.S. Embassy to pick up a raincoat I had left there. I never got to the office. As I reached the door of the Embassy, I almost collided with an American officer who came running out as I ran in. His first remark was, "What do you hear from the border?"

I had heard nothing, but—you must be an actor sometimes as well as a reporter—I answered him, "Well, not much. What do you hear?"

"I hear it's started, everywhere but in the Eighth Division area."

And that is how, on an almost deserted street in Seoul, with the few passers-by still going about their peaceful pursuits, I got the early information which gave me a beat on the start of the Korean war. I hope I never have another like it.

Those of us who were on assignment in Seoul were more or less expecting it, though none of us expected it exactly when it came. The preceding five years had made eventual war almost inevitable. Some knowledge of those five years is necessary to show why. It is also necessary to explain how, in my opinion, history in Korea is now repeating itself.

Briefly, then, here is the history of Korea between the time, in the late summer of 1945, when Russian and American troops entered to take surrender of the Japanese garrison, and June 1950, when the northern Communists attacked the republic of the South.

At the time of entrance all that the troops went in for was, as said, to take surrender of the Japanese garrison. Once the Japanese were deposed, the Allied forces (Russians were Allies then) were to turn the government over to the Koreans and leave. This had been agreed upon at Cairo in 1943 and again at Potsdam.

As a matter of convenience, Russia had been given responsi-

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bility for territory north of the thirty-eighth parallel, the United State for that to the south.

Theoretically, there should have been no difficulty in handing the government over to the Koreans once the Japanese were disposed of. Practically, the difficulties were immense. The Japanese had crushed all opposition and even all community leadership in Korea for forty years. There was a refugee government, which had been in China for years; Syngman Rhee was in the United States and was undoubtedly the best known of the refugee patriots. But when the refugees returned—and this is something that always happens—splinter parties formed from the old groups. They divided and redivided, somewhat after the manner of the amoeba, until there were nearly forty of them.

In the North the Russians found a similar situation—and exploited it. In Moscow discussions at about this time, the foreign ministers of the United States and Russia had agreed that the two countries would establish, temporarily, a joint trusteeship over Korea and would set up a provisional Korean government. Leaning on this agreement, the Russians established what they called the Provisional People's Committee in North Korea and then announced, "Here's your provisional government!" The United States, of course, disagreed. Discussions followed—three years of discussions. At the end of three years the United States and Russia were no nearer agreement than they had been at the beginning.

In the course of the third year the whole mess was turned over for settlement to the United Nations. The General Assembly appointed a UN Temporary Commission to arrange and carry out elections in Korea. The aim was to have chosen representatives, who would draft a constitution and establish a permanent government.

The elections were duly held—but only in South Korea. The Russians refused to let the Commission, or any subsequent UN commission, enter their occupation zone. In May 1948 the South

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Koreans voted in the first free election they had ever had. In August the Korean Republic was established. In September the Russians established their puppet state in the North. With the establishment of the two separate governments, the schism was complete. The industrial North was cut off from the agricultural South. Farmers in the South were unable to take their produce to market towns north of the border which had served their communities for centuries; towns just to the north were similarly cut off from the trade areas that once gave them life. So it stood for two years while the rival governments made threatening noises at each other across their unnatural dividing line.

In those two years, what of the Republic of South Korea? Few governments have been established under more trying circumstances or with less hope of continuity. For forty years the Japanese had kept the Koreans down to a uniformly low level of occupation and experience. If you were a Korean under the Japanese, you could be a factory worker—almost never a foreman. You might by tremendous diligence become a fireman on the railroads; you could never be an engineer. Any native leadership which raised one Korean above his fellows was summarily suppressed. When the Japanese left, there was, therefore, no corps of native civil servants who knew their business, as, for example, there was in India when the British drew out. The lack showed up at all levels of government and outside of government.

To help the South Koreans get under way, the United States sent a Military Advisory Group to assist in training a Korean army, sent advisers to work with Korean railway administrators, with Korean bankers, with the Korean telegraph and telephone services; we even supplied a training organization to show the Koreans how to run their international airport at Kimpo. But let no reader get the idea that the United States was running the Korean government—it was not. Korean government servants were inexperienced; the people were still fumbling, unsure of themselves in the exercise of democracy—remember, they had never before had opportunity to determine their own course—but while there was no tradition of freedom in Korea, there was a tradition of resistance to oppression.

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If there were tendencies toward autocracy in the newly formed government—and there were many who thought there were—there was still the freedom to get up in the legislature and say so with impunity, the freedom to publish editorials in the newspapers. There existed a legislative, an editorial, an electoral opposition, and it was a native opposition, not one manufactured by foreigners.

In their relationship with other countries too, the Koreans stood on their own feet. If they disagreed with bigger powers, they did so sturdily and vocally. The Communists might call Korea a “puppet” of the United States, but the ROK was not going to be a puppet.

And Koreans in general, whether in opposition to the government or in support of it, attacked their manifold problems with gusto if not always with enlightenment. There were false starts, there were embarrassing crises over trifles; but the Koreans made progress. The Republic worked.

In the North there was no such freedom either for the government or for the people. Perhaps the best commentary on the amount of popular support given to the Communist North Korean government is this: Between 1945 and 1950 more than two million people fled the country. They crossed the parallel at considerable personal risk, leaving all possessions behind them, to accept a refugee existence in the South.

Elections, to be sure, were held in North Korea. They were held in 1950 for a single slate of approved candidates. The North Koreans could—as a matter of fact, they had to—vote for or against these candidates; another freedom too was presented them—they could either mark their ballots in front of the poll watchers or they could go behind a screen which was provided. Those who went behind the screen had their names taken by the government poll watchers. I am told that few did.

With their only popular support derived through coercion, with a government set up in direct opposition to a United Nations directive, one whose policies were dictated by the Soviet, the North Koreans were unable to gain recognition from any group of nations except the Communist satellites. They had little stature even there.

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But they did have a regular army, more than twice the size of the ROK's, an army equipped with planes, tanks, and artillery, which the South did not have, and strengthened by units released from duty with the Chinese Communist army. And in June of 1950 they decided to use it.

Not much need be said about the course of the Korean war; the newspapers and the returning soldiers have kept us fairly well informed. There is, though, one thing not always realized: We once had the Communists whipped. In late April and early May of 1951 the Communists launched two offensives about three weeks apart. They were probably the heaviest offensives of the war. Those offensives were stopped cold by the United Nations forces and at immense cost to the Communists. Then the Communists sued for peace. Mr. Malik, Russia's representative in the United Nations, broadcast this suggestion: "The Soviet peoples believe that . . . discussions should be started between the belligerents for a cease fire and an armistice providing for a mutual withdrawal of forces from the thirty-eighth parallel." We responded officially, suggesting meetings to arrange an armistice, and thus the Communists gained one point immensely important. They could announce that we—we—had asked for peace.

They have been making that point ever since. And they have convinced many people abroad and especially in Asia that what they say is true. And the talks still go on. And the country is still divided. There is still a vicious government by terror in the North. There is still a republic in the South. Its freedoms have been diminished somewhat—this war has been terribly hard on all of Korea—but there is still an opposition speaking with relative freedom. What we can look forward to is no more than a prospect of continued division. Of continued preparedness. Of a weak economy which might be a sound one. Of prolonged negotiations with an adversary as long-winded as insincere. We have returned to the hiatus of 1948.

By our inconclusive stand in Korea, the United States, as the principal power other than Korea involved, has lost friends. Many

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sincere people in Asia and Europe believe us guilty of bacterial warfare, believe us guilty of starting the Korean war, are convinced that it is we who are insincere in our negotiations for peace. Many believe that we harbor imperialist designs on underdeveloped countries or, at the least, that we give aid and comfort to imperialist powers. Worse still, many who do not accept the Communist propaganda wonder now whether they can trust us to be their friends. When the POW agreement, the final article in the armistice agreement, was accepted at Panmunjom, even the non-Communist Chinese newspapers—of which there are sixteen published in Hong Kong—gave evidence of confusion and distress. “Our friends have let us down,” one of them said, one of the best. The others said much the same thing. By committing ourselves to the Korean war, and then by agreeing to talk peace without having won, by signing that armistice and letting the talks go on and on, we have lost the trust of people willing to be on the side of freedom but doubtful now of our intentions.

But thus far we are speaking of the past. What of the future? The honest answer there for any one of us is, “I don’t know.” What we do know is this: Whatever has happened in the past, we are faced today in Korea with a given situation; our decisions must be made to meet that situation. And by the decisions we make now—by the stand we take—the nations of the world will come to trust us—or to withdraw their trust.

In my years abroad, living on the edge of the democratic world in countries which were falling to communism or were under its threat, I formulated some ideas about what the United States might do. Such as they are, here are those ideas. Put into action, they would not be panaceas—they might be strong helps.

First, the United States, through its government, should make a public restatement of principles, a restatement in simple language of those principles on which our country is founded. Let us say again to the people of the world—those who seek independence and those who, having it, do not know quite what to do with it—that we are on their side. Let us say that we believe every nation should be free to select the form of government of its choice,

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should be provided with peaceful ways to change that government with changing times. Let us say that we shall encourage and, so far as we can find means, support the victims of imperialism or totalitarianism, anywhere in the world, in their struggles to gain independence; and that we, a favored nation, are ready to help those less favored in guarding their independence once it is achieved.

To those less favored nations let us give of our knowledge to improve agriculture, to improve industry, and, once the material needs are partly satisfied, to expand education, so that people may be more competent in the exercise of their freedoms.

And as we restate our principles and make our offers, let us say one other thing louder than all the rest. Let us say that we come in peace—let us recapture that word *peace* from the Communists—that we come as friends, not as intruders, and that no political strings are tied to the aid we offer.

After stating these unchanging principles, let us follow through with courage and conviction. Let us make it known that we will negotiate, but that we will not retreat from this position of justice; that we will listen to reason, but that we will not compromise our principles for momentary gain.

Let us avoid the mistakes of history.

Let us make our policies, our judgments, not with regard to past bitternesses, or old wrongs, or present advantage and convenience, but with regard to present and future justice.

But, it may be said, this is exactly what we have been doing. If so, the message has not been getting through, not far enough through. Too often, our deeds have been interpreted as anti-Communist only, not as constructive in the cause of freedom. Indochina is a case in point. We have given military aid to the French in order to help them repel the Communists. But in at least some of the countries which are neighbors to Indochina, our aid is looked upon as a prop to colonialism. An Asian editor, himself anti-Communist, writing in a south Asian newspaper, comments on the visit of Vice-President Nixon, ". . . the American Vice-President, Mr. Nixon, stated further that he did not like domination over one nation by another. Indo-China was a free nation before, but France rules this free

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nation. So Mr. Nixon should help the nation fighting for independence. But he is sending arms and ammunition to France.

"Then his statement is at variance with his works."

Another Asian editor, also anti-Communist, said: "In the old days, the British were the worst for empire expansion. Now the Americans have taken their place."

We know, as probably these Asian editors do not, the difficult international situation we face, the perplexities that beset us; but the greater the perplexities, the more the need to keep our purposes spread clear before the eyes of the world and to implement those purposes in ways the world can clearly see.

But they cannot be implemented, they cannot be made clear to others unless first of all they are clear in our own hearts and minds. And when actually they are in our hearts and minds—in the hearts and minds of millions of us—then they will be touchstones by which we try our own actions and judge and at last influence the actions of our leaders.

Robert Carver North, a scholar on the staff of the Hoover Institute and now on leave in the Far East, expresses our necessity better than I can.\*

". . . the moment has come for us all to reread the Declaration of Independence, nail the Bill of Rights over our doors, and demonstrate to the world that we are a bold, imaginative, and constructively revolutionary people. You do not believe it? Then consider a now-famous photograph of East German workers stoning a tank.

"During mid-1953 incipient revolt—a workingmen's revolt—electrified the air in East Berlin and several of the satellites. The Russians and their accomplices put down these riots, as they may well put down the next and the next. But the lines are drawn. Stones are no weapons against tanks, but courage and audacious love of freedom are—as we in the United States, with our revolutionary tradition, should never have allowed ourselves to forget.

"We can lend sympathy and aid and inspiration to the stone

\* Robert Carver North, *Moscow and Chinese Communists* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1953), p. 285.

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throwers of tomorrow (East or West, wherever they may rise up against the totalitarian master)—but only if we love freedom as deeply and courageously as they. We cannot help them if we deny our own freedoms in a frenzy of masochism and introspective fear.

“Under such circumstances as these the free peoples of East and West—and eventually even the lost ones behind totalitarian curtains—may learn to honor and live freely with one another. But for this purpose propaganda, whether subtle or bombastic, will not do. For this purpose men and women who are consciously and proudly free must reach deeper into the hearts of their fellows than do the Communists—and with truer, gentler touch. They must come to search out together and reverence the noblest and boldest of man’s instincts: his deep-buried pride and integrity and love of freedom and respect for truth—the very impulses which the Communists scorn and seek to stifle.”

*The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure  
that it is right.*

—LEARNED HAND

# DINOSAURS, PARKS, AND DAMS\*

by David R. Brower

*A major controversy over Dinosaur National Monument, in a remote part of Colorado and Utah, is putting to a crucial test a ninety-year-old concept of land-use planning.*

ABSORBED as he was with the climax of the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln could hardly have known how far-reaching a step he was taking when, in 1864, he signed the bill which ceded Yosemite Valley to California as the first park to be preserved for the nation as a whole.<sup>1</sup> This was a major step in the growth of the national park idea. Eight years later Yellowstone became the first national park per se, and more were soon added. Other nations, looking upon this idea and finding it good, followed suit, themselves setting aside some of the finest of their own scenic assets for the use and enjoyment, without impairment, of present and subsequent generations. Of this land they said in effect: This is a national park; to find as it was, to leave as it is.

The entire concept, and the National Park System which it bore, is now being challenged. The test is in a controversy seething over Dinosaur National Monument, astride the Colorado-Utah border between U.S. Highway 40 and Wyoming. The monument itself is named for an 80-acre fossil quarry set aside in 1915, by authority delegated to the President by Congress under provisions of the National Antiquities Act of 1906. The name gives no hint of what the present boundaries, today encompassing more than 200,000 acres, were extended in 1938 to preserve—the magnificent canyons of the Yampa and Green rivers, spectacularly carved through the front of the Uinta Mountains, part of the Rocky Mountain chain.<sup>2</sup>

The trouble, to put it one way, is that the Yampa and Green

\* References in verification of the statements made here are placed at the end of the article.

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are tributary to the Colorado, and that plans to develop the erratic Colorado's resources of water and power happen to include two dams within Dinosaur National Monument, at Echo Park and Split Mountain, which would flood all the 100-odd miles of the monument's unique canyon country beneath the waters of two fluctuating reservoirs. Echo Park dam, the more immediate threat, would be 525 feet high, would store 6,460,000 acre-feet of water in 107 miles of reservoir when full, would have an installed power capacity of 200,000 kilowatts,<sup>3</sup> and would irrigate nothing.<sup>4</sup>

Four bills—three in the House and one in the Senate<sup>5</sup>—are now before Congress to authorize five of the ten dams the Bureau of Reclamation thinks necessary in its Upper Colorado River Storage Project, devised to enable Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico to meet their commitment under the Colorado River Compact of 1922 and thereupon to consumptively use about half of the Colorado's waters in the upper basin states.<sup>6</sup>

The box score is a little perplexing. The upper basin states and the Bureau of Reclamation want ten dams (plus participating water-using projects). The current legislation calls for five dams. The Secretary of the Interior is currently favoring two—Echo Park and Glen Canyon—plus Navajo dam as a part of a participating project.<sup>7</sup> The Administration, through the Bureau of the Budget, has not yet agreed to any. Conservation organizations across the land do not object to a sound Upper Colorado storage project, but they insist that it must not encroach upon the dedicated lands of the National Park System, which the Secretary of the Interior is required by law to protect.<sup>8</sup>

The basic plan of the Upper Colorado Project, published in 1950 and not substantially altered since, has been reviewed by several agencies. Basically the upper basin states favor it.<sup>9</sup> California thinks the financial aspects are unsound and illegal, the engineering studies are vague and uncertain, Colorado River Compact interpretations are erroneous, and the quantity and quality of the lower basin's water are in jeopardy.<sup>10</sup> The Corps of Engineers calls the 1950 report "a preliminary treatment of a plan" and questions both the engineering and the benefits. The Department of Agriculture

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tactfully objects to having been left out of the agricultural planning, as well as to the incompleteness of the study and the accounting methods proposed.<sup>11</sup> A federal power engineer points out that the power output has been miscalculated and indicates that Echo Park power could only be sold at a loss; moreover, the upper basin is charged neither for the loss of power at Hoover Dam—the equivalent of what would be produced by about three and a half years' flow of the entire Colorado River that must be lost from the filling of the upstream reservoirs—nor for the subsequent loss from upstream depletions.<sup>12</sup> The Fish and Wildlife Service questions the alleged benefits to fish and wildlife. The Geological Survey states that water-resource data fall far short of presenting an understanding needed for the storage plan. And the National Park Service has said that the effect of the two dams in Dinosaur upon geological, wilderness, and related values of national significance would be deplorable.<sup>13</sup>

Conservation organizations (including the American Planning and Civic Association, the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Izaak Walton League of America, the National Audubon Society, the National Parks Association, the National Wildlife Federation, the Sierra Club, The Wilderness Society, and the Wildlife Management Institute) have argued that the Bureau of Reclamation's own figures show that alternate dams or combinations will fill the storage and power needs and at the same time spare the National Park System from an invasion that would set a dangerous precedent. They feel that the planned intrusion upon Dinosaur poses the gravest threat to that system since its creation in 1916, and that dams in Dinosaur would not only destroy the park value of one of the finest units in the system but would also speed the expressed desires of government and private agencies to dam the waters of other important park units—Kings Canyon, Mammoth Cave, Glacier, Yellowstone, Grand Canyon—or to cut redwoods in California and rain forest in Olympic, or to build aerial tramways at Rocky Mountain and Rainier.<sup>14</sup>

The Secretary of the Interior's own Advisory Committee on Conservation recommended in April 1953: "The Echo Park and

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Split Mountain Dams in Dinosaur National Monument should be eliminated from the Upper Colorado River Storage Project as violations of the National Park System. We recommend that all available data on alternate sites for these dams, including economic factors, be made public."<sup>15</sup>

The second part of the recommendation was the committee's suggestion for a way out. The conservationists' alternate proposals, most of them advanced by Major General U. S. Grant III, who had forty-two years' experience with major dams in the Corps of Engineers, were dismissed by the Bureau of Reclamation without adequate explanation. The committee therefore felt that if the public must pay to spare its park system, the public should know exactly what the cost would be, and should have a chance to check the accounting. Since the previous Secretary of the Interior had been convinced that Echo Park and Split Mountain dams "absolutely are not necessary,"<sup>16</sup> the committee thought this opportunity for review all the more important.

But they got nowhere, and on December 8, 1953, read a revised recommendation to Secretary McKay: "We believe that the Bureau of Reclamation has misunderstood our Recommendation . . . that in this type of situation a summary of the facts supporting the Bureau's viewpoint and a similar summary of facts warranting rejection of the principal alternate plans should be made available as a public document. The offer to make field data available at a regional office does not meet this requirement in the opinion of your Committee."<sup>17</sup>

The Secretary made no further comment.<sup>18</sup> Eight days earlier he had, it was discovered later, approved the recommendation of Under Secretary Ralph O. Tudor that Echo Park dam be built.<sup>19</sup> Testifying before the House Subcommittee on Irrigation and Reclamation January 18, 1954, Mr. Tudor put it this way: "In the final analysis, the increased losses of water by evaporation from the alternative sites is the fundamental issue upon which the Department has felt it necessary to give any consideration to the Echo Park Dam and Reservoir. . . . The difference in evaporation between Echo Park and the other most favorable dam site is about 108,000

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acre-feet [less per year at Echo Park].”<sup>20</sup> That was enough water, he felt, to supply all the needs for a city the size of Denver; and in a water-poor, scenery-rich land, the need for water should have precedence over the need for parks. “We can’t eat scenery,” a Utah delegation was telling congressmen; neither could they drink it. And they were thirsty for the National Park System’s acre-feet, although subsequent testimony showed that the Colorado River states (including California) were losing more than 20,000,000 acre-feet of water per year through wasteful irrigation methods.<sup>21</sup>

Other testimony pointed out something else—that one alternative, a higher Glen Canyon dam, could provide necessary storage with 185,000 acre-feet less annual evaporation loss than Mr. Tudor had testified would result. Indeed, there would be a net gain of at least 20,000 acre-feet per year, and possibly a lot more when the admittedly poor evaporation data used by the Bureau were refined.<sup>22</sup> Mr. Tudor’s mistake—or the mistake of whoever did the arithmetic—was just another, if spectacular, example of the incompleteness of the 1950 report—a report being used, General Grant has been forced to infer, to undermine the National Park System.<sup>23</sup> And to perpetuate, not the parks, but Reclamation’s expressed love of pushing rivers around.<sup>24</sup>

In spite of all this testimony, Secretary McKay was still out to save enough water for a city the size of Denver when he addressed the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce on February 2, 1954. He added something new: the Department wanted to do at Dinosaur what had been done at Lake Mead—give millions a chance to look at a dam and reservoir (a chance the millions already have in hundreds of places)—heedless of the great distinction between national parks and recreation areas. California’s Millerton Lake, Mr. McKay thought, was another splendid example of what Dinosaur’s destiny should be—the same Millerton Lake which his national park study team thinks could well be out of the system, its recreation administered by the state.<sup>25</sup>

If the test of a national park must be its popularity with automobileists, then Dinosaur may not fare too well—and the San Francisco Bay Bridge, Hollywood Freeway, and Holland Tunnel should

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become national parks (and the New York subway system, which saves automobilists from themselves, a recreation area). If, on the other hand, the test of a park lies in the quality of experience—unmechanized experience with the magic of the natural world—then an unaltered park at Dinosaur is, and can always be, as rewarding a source as any of the great national parks.

Implying that Dinosaur's quarry is its chief reason for being, the dam proponents monotonously reiterate that the dinosaur bones will be safe—a point conservation organizations have known all along, and which was never an issue. The proponents then advance other arguments.<sup>26</sup>

This problem has received careful consideration, Mr. McKay writes. But apparently not enough consideration to withstand the scrutiny his Advisory Committee on Conservation has twice urged be given.

"The beauty of the Monument will by no means be destroyed," Mr. McKay's form letter tells those who have protested to President Eisenhower (who, in his State of the Union message, promised to protect the national parks and monuments). But the Park Service has stated just the opposite. The beauty of the Dinosaur canyons would suffer just as much as the beauty of Yosemite Valley would suffer from a 500-foot dam and a fluctuating reservoir behind it; just as Hetch Hetchy's beauty and national-park usefulness were destroyed.

The canyons can't be seen by enough people without a reservoir, the next argument goes. Yet last summer alone, when for the first time people in numbers were at last learning of the ease and safety, and the inspiration, of drifting down the rivers, there was more river travel through Dinosaur's canyons than in all the years before put together. People of ages from four to seventy-seven floated through and enjoyed it, half of them taking six leisurely days for the trip, camping out along the river under the box elders and cottonwoods, exploring the side canyons and caves for evidence of prehistoric Indians, watching the wildlife, relaxing in a beautiful river wilderness beyond the highway's noise and exhaust. And the river trips were at nominal cost—about \$10 per day on the river, including

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prepared meals, leadership, and lodging in a sleeping bag on a grassy beach. These were only the vanguard of thousands upon thousands who could share the same resource—millions in the course of time, if it be left for them.

About 3,000 people drove the primitive roads that lead to a few key points—Echo Park, Castle Park, Island Park, Harper's Corner, and Round Top. Moderate improvement of the existing roads and trails would provide adequate conventional access; the river trail would—and should—remain the unique contribution of this park.

Probably 20,000 drove the short dusty road from U.S. Highway 40 to Monument Headquarters. Bumps and mud prosper where an irrigation ditch spreads wastefully over the road. What doesn't prosper is the Headquarters Museum, long appropriation-starved, with its meager exhibit of dinosaur bones, its shadeless and well-worked fossil quarry near by. In its hot and cramped interior there is scant suggestion that this place deserves monument protection at all, much less any suggestion of the great canyons far beyond the ken of the highway-fixed traveler. But for all its shortcomings the museum gives facts. In near-by Vernal, however, if the traveler hears about Echo Park, it is only as "Utah's last waterhole," although none of the reservoir would be in Utah, it would not bring water to Utah, and its parent project would give Vernal highly saline Green River water in exchange for the clear mountain water now running down its gutters.

Would the alternates result in a substantial loss of power? Some of them would, some wouldn't. But power, according to Mr. Tudor, isn't the criterion anyway. Steam generators, fired by the ailing coal mines (diesel locomotives don't use coal) of Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado, could supply power when, where, and as needed, probably at less cost, using up a resource no less renewable than the fast-silting reservoirs, which are all that can be built on the Colorado until upstream soil conservation and range-management practices are instituted in earnest.<sup>27</sup>

Some Utah congressmen strain hard at another point, that Echo Park dam wouldn't be a damaging precedent.<sup>28</sup> Chief basis for this

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point is that a Park Service employee swore in 1950 to having promised in 1936 that the enlargement of Dinosaur National Monument would not interfere with needed storage and power development in the area.<sup>29</sup> If that was his promise, it can be variously interpreted, and there was no authorization to promise Echo Park dam;<sup>30</sup> in any event it can be presumed to have been superseded by the presidential proclamation of 1938, which provided, in enlarging Dinosaur, only for a reclamation withdrawal below Brown's Park and within the northern four miles of the Monument, a site the Bureau of Reclamation has apparently now abandoned.

The hue and the cry. The claim and the counterclaim. What can the layman, who wants parks, but who doesn't want to see an area die of thirst, believe?

Perhaps he can believe that the national park idea, nurtured these ninety years, should not be abandoned without compelling reason. Secretary McKay stated this, in essence, in October 1953.<sup>31</sup> How to define "compelling"? The public can well join the Advisory Committee in asking that this definition be spelled out. When one Secretary has said Echo Park dam and the invasion are absolutely unnecessary, his successor, and the bureau which supplies his figures, should be expected to have something more compelling than an erroneous estimate of water loss and a wish to duplicate Lake Mead.

The intelligent layman could also ask for answers to the objections by other government agencies. He might further wonder how fervently the federal government should support, at financial risk to all the nation, a 1922 river-allocating compact which in 1954 emerges as a costly device to lift Colorado River economy by its bootstraps. Or to take what four Peters are using in the lower basin (population 12,000,000), and can continue to use at their own expense, in order to give it to one Paul in the upper basin (population 3,000,000)—a Paul who hasn't used it yet, but thinks he can if Uncle Sam will stake him to it and throw in Dinosaur free.

What are the stakes? A billion and a half dollars, give or take a few million, for the initial phase; as much again for the ultimate phase; and all this, using January 1953 prices in January 1954.

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Three billion then, multiplied by two, if the fifty-year record of the Bureau in exceeding its estimates is used as a reasonable multiplier.<sup>32</sup>

Yes, the intelligent layman, to whom parks are part of the full life, however intangible their value, is entitled to ask if there isn't some other solution, and to ask for the status quo until it has been clearly proved that there is no other solution.

There remains a vital question about parks and their relation to the solution. As our steadily increasing population, which we are reluctantly becoming mature enough to recognize for its potential jeopardy to our way of life, progressively trims our budget of natural resources, we shall have to seek a real solution if we are to balance our budget. Seek, or have poverty forced upon our children's children. The question, then, is this: Shall we use up the last one percent of land set aside in parks and wilderness and then seek a natural-resource solution, having postponed the reckoning a few decades? Or shall we seek sooner, and arrive at a solution with parks still on hand, for whatever they can contribute to the future of a culture?

The bones of those dinosaurs, hard by two of America's most superlative canyons, remind us that these were creatures whose bulk outstripped their brain. Now we are faced with a dinosaur's foot, with fair suggestion of the bulk to follow, right at the door of our National Park System. The least we can do is to push that foot back and to give the next generation a chance to choose whether its culture is to be of bulk or of brain.

<sup>1</sup> "Yosemite: The Story of an Idea," by Hans Huth, *Sierra Club Bulletin*, 33:3 (March 1948), 47-78.

<sup>2</sup> "River Journal," by August Frugé, *Sierra Club Bulletin* (in press; 1954 annual).

<sup>3</sup> Revised report on the Colorado River Storage Project and participating projects transmitted to the President by Secretary of the Interior McKay December 10, 1953. Consists of a letter of transmittal by Secretary McKay, a supporting letter from Under Secretary Ralph A. Tudor, a letter to McKay from Reclamation Commissioner W. A. Dexheimer, transmitting his supplemental report on the Colorado River Storage Project with twenty-two attachments. Principal attachment is Report of the Regional Director [Region 4], Bureau of Reclamation, Project Planning Report No. 4-8a.81-2, December 1950, including substantiating materials and reports of other agencies. Hereinafter referred to as Revised Report, 1953.

<sup>4</sup> Testimony by Under Secretary Tudor (page 33 of transcript), presented at hear-

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ing on the proposed Upper Colorado River Storage Project held by the Subcommittee on Irrigation of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, January 18-28, 1954.

<sup>5</sup> H.R. 4443, 4449, 4463; S. 1555. 83d Congress, 1st Session.

<sup>6</sup> Revised Report, 1953.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> National Park Act of 1916.

<sup>9</sup> Revised Report, 1953.

<sup>10</sup> Views of the State of California on Supplemental Report of the Secretary of the Interior. Department of Public Works, State of California, February 15, 1954.

<sup>11</sup> Revised Report, 1953.

<sup>12</sup> From statement by Major General U. S. Grant III, President, American Planning and Civic Association, presented at hearing by Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 26, 1954.

<sup>13</sup> Revised Report, 1953.

<sup>14</sup> See current issues of respective publications of the organizations named: *American Planning and Civic Comment*, *Western Outdoor Quarterly*, *Outdoor America*, *Audubon Magazine*, *National Parks Magazine*, *Conservation News*, *Sierra Club Bulletin*, *The Living Wilderness*, *Outdoor News Bulletin*.

<sup>15</sup> Minutes for April 20, 1953, of the tenth meeting of the Advisory Committee on Conservation, Department of the Interior.

<sup>16</sup> Oscar A. Chapman, in *American Forests*, February 1954.

<sup>17</sup> Minutes for December 8, 1953, of the eleventh meeting of the Advisory Committee on Conservation, Department of the Interior.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>19</sup> From statement by Under Secretary Tudor, presented at hearing held by the Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 18, 1954.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>21</sup> From statement by Joseph W. Penfold, Western Representative, Izaak Walton League of America, presented at the hearing held by the Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 26, 1954.

<sup>22</sup> From statement by David R. Brower, Executive Director, Sierra Club, presented at the hearing held by the Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 26, 1954.

<sup>23</sup> From statement by Major General U. S. Grant III, presented at the hearing held by the Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 26, 1954.

<sup>24</sup> From statement by Fred M. Packard, Executive Secretary, National Parks Association, presented at the hearing held by the Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 27, 1954.

<sup>25</sup> "U.S. May Shift Millerton Area to State Control," by W. Joynes Macfarlan, Washington (AP), January 9, 1954 (from *Fresno Bee*).

<sup>26</sup> Undated form letter signed by Secretary Douglas McKay, circulated beginning in January 1954; mimeographed letter from Congressman William A. Dawson (Utah) to his colleagues, dated January 6, 1954 (appears in *Congressional Record*, February 2, 1954, pages 1104 and 1105); prepared statement by Senator Wallace F. Bennett (Utah) entered into record of hearing held by Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 20, 1954.

<sup>27</sup> "Is Dinosaur National Monument Needed for Power?" by Alexander Hildebrand, licensed professional engineer, February 5, 1954, Sierra Club files.

<sup>28</sup> From statements by Congressman Dawson and Senator Bennett presented at hearing held by Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 18-28, 1954.

<sup>29</sup> Affidavit of David Madsen dated March 27, 1950, and entered into record of hearing held by Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 18-28, 1954.

<sup>30</sup> From testimony by Fred M. Packard, presented at hearing held by Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 27, 1954.

<sup>31</sup> See statement by Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, *National Parks Magazine*, October 1953.

<sup>32</sup> Statement by Congressman John Saylor (Pennsylvania) to fellow members of the Subcommittee on Irrigation, January 19, 1954.

## *Intaglio*

MILDRED WESTON

No feature specifies  
Where the enchantment lies.  
There is no guide to trace  
Appearances of grace  
By chart or master key,  
In mark of heraldry,  
Nor any voice to prove  
The residence of love.

Hidden from searching sense  
A surer eloquence  
Inheres within the form  
Beneath the outward charm  
And notifies the heart,  
But has no counterpart  
Except what is defined  
As the engraved design.

# SOUTH AFRICA VOTES FOR

by C. W. M. Gell

**T**O UNDERSTAND the result of the South African general election on April 15, 1953, it is necessary to know who were voting and what they thought they were voting for. The most recently revised figures for the 1951 census give the following population for the Union of South Africa:

Europeans (Whites) .....	2,643,187	20.8%
Coloreds (half-castes) .....	1,102,323	8.7
Indians (ex-coolies) .....	365,524	2.9
Africans (Negroes) .....	8,535,341	67.6
<hr/>		
Total .....	12,646,375	100.0%

But the total registered electorate in April was only 1,626,996, of whom all but 48,000 Coloreds in the Cape Province were White. In addition, some 12,000 Africans in the Cape elect three (White) representatives to the lower house of Parliament (the Assembly); but these seats are not contested during a general election.

The story of the Union's franchise goes back to 1853, when the British Cape Colony gave the vote to all males who fulfilled certain elementary educational and property qualifications, irrespective of race. British Natal followed suit a little later but gradually (through fear of its imported Indian laborers) made it impossible for non-Whites to register as voters. The old Boer republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State always confined the franchise to Whites only. When after the Anglo-Boer War of 1899–1902 the whole country came under British rule, each province retained its distinctive franchise. In 1909 the provinces agreed to amalgamate into the Union of South Africa in which the Union government took over all major matters of administration and the provinces were left with purely domestic powers, considerably less than most American states possess. But the National Convention, which decided upon Union and its Constitution, could not reconcile the liberal Cape electoral tradition with the illiberal franchises of the other three provinces. The

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compromise was, therefore, reached of each province entering Union with its own distinctive suffrage, and the Constitution provided that no one should be deprived of his franchise rights by reason of the color of his skin except by a two-thirds majority of both houses of Parliament sitting together. This clause and another enacting the equality of the English and Afrikaans languages were then "entrenched" in the Constitution by a further clause which compelled the two-thirds majority procedure for their amendment. Since the Cape itself supplied rather more than one-third of the Assembly seats and provision was made in the Senate for the representation of other stabilizing factors, this entrenchment satisfied the Cape delegates that their multiracial franchise was safe, unless a substantial body of Cape M.P.'s helped to create a two-thirds majority against it. In 1909 such a contingency was inconceivable.

But two factors completely altered the position. Forty years ago South Africa had scarcely emerged from her frontier and pioneer days. The population was fluid and mobile. The Constitution, therefore, rightly provided for a new delimitation of the 150 Assembly seats before each election, so as to ensure that each constituency contained as nearly as possible the all-Union average of voters; and, with more doubtful wisdom, it allowed for a loading of up to 15 percent in the urban constituencies and for an equal unloading in the rural seats (i.e., in extreme cases a country constituency might contain 30 percent less voters than a town one). The tremendous mining and industrial development in the Transvaal rapidly made that province with its illiberal tradition and Boer White majority numerically preponderant in the Union. This had the effect of drawing seats away from the Cape at each delimitation. And the loading of the rural constituencies, which was originally justified by the difficulty of canvassing a sparsely populated area in days of primitive transport and communications, also weighted the dice in favor of the most conservative element in the population, the backveld Afrikaners in their farming communities, which contained a high pro-

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portion of poor whites. Thus, when General J. B. M. Hertzog broke with the Anglo-Boer ideals of Generals Louis Botha and J. C. Smuts in 1912 in order to found a party based on Afrikaner nationalism, dedicated to the emotional revival of the historical grievances of the Great Trek and the Boer Wars, he found that time and the electoral system were his good allies.

When the Union declared war on Germany in 1914, many of Hertzog's friends and associates joined the Afrikaner rebellion, which Botha crushed before going on to conquer German South-West Africa. But this not very creditable episode served as a further stimulus to Afrikaner national emotions, which rallied to Hertzog after the war and enabled him to win the 1924 election.

The fear of being swamped by greatly superior numbers of culturally inferior peoples has always been particularly strong among Afrikaners. Hertzog won the 1929 election on a policy which has become known as "the Black Manifesto." Its main point was that, if the old Cape franchise stood, non-Whites would soon dominate that province and ultimately the Union. As a first precaution, Hertzog extended the vote to all White women in 1930, thus doubling the White electorate without changing the Cape non-White suffrage; and then next year he removed the lenient franchise qualifications for all White males but left them in force for non-Whites in the Cape. The 1931 economic blizzard destroyed his government, but Hertzog survived as premier in coalition with Smuts's party to rescue the country's economy. In 1933 the two parties "fused" into the United party and three years later this new party removed the 10,000 Cape Africans from the common electoral roll by the constitutional two-thirds majority. In exchange, the Africans were allotted three White representatives in the Assembly; this number to remain fixed, however many more Africans might qualify for the vote. White South Africa regarded this arrangement as a "final settlement" of the Black menace. The male Cape Colored voters were left with their old qualified franchise on the common roll, since they were then considered as "a loyal appendix" to the European population.

In 1931 Britain created her Commonwealth of independent sovereign states, including South Africa. Hertzog's acceptance of this

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status with its continuation of the British imperial connection, however tenuous, and of allegiance to the British Crown, offended the extreme republican soul of the Afrikaner "nation." At the time when Hertzog and Smuts were working toward their "final settlement" of the African question, Dr. D. F. Malan and nineteen Afrikaner M.P.'s hived off to form a "purified" Nationalist party pledged to the establishment of an independent republic based on a purely White franchise. These new Nationalists were anti-British and anti-empire; they were also anti the Colored vote and Hertzog's innocuous African representation.

The point to note is that, largely through that fear of the non-White majority which constantly reappears in the pattern of South African politics, both these new parties moved further to the Right. By agreeing to the disfranchisement of the Cape Africans and merging their identity with Hertzog's original Nationalist party, Smuts's followers surrendered their few liberal pretensions. The United party moved well right of center. A few men of principled integrity like Senator F. S. Malan, one of the great Cape liberals at the time of Union, and J. H. Hofmeyr, who was later to be Smuts's wartime Deputy Prime Minister and whom Smuts himself described as "the conscience of South Africa," fought the Representation of Natives Act to the bitter end and resigned temporarily from the party. But the great majority of the White electorate, both English and Afrikaner, considered it a measure well passed. At the same time Hertzog's extremely right-wing Nationalists were replaced by a purified Nationalist party of even more reactionary views, which quite shamelessly espoused the German cause in the early years of World War II.

The events of September 1939 divided Hertzog, who wanted to stay neutral, and Smuts, who won a narrow majority for war. When the next election was due in 1943, the turn of the military tide rallied the country solidly behind Smuts. But the rift in 1939 had revived Afrikaner suspicions of "British jingoism" and memories of the Rebellion of 1914. The defection of most of Hertzog's following back to Malan's Nationalist party, the swing of popular favor which ousted so many wartime governments, the too-confident optimism of

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his own party, and Malan's blatant appeal to the color prejudice and fears of the White electorate, all combined to turn Smuts out in 1948 by the narrow defeat of five seats in a house of 150.

On that day, May 26, 1948, a new era opened in South Africa, though we did not all realize it at the time. In the first place, Malan had won a majority of seats on a minority of the total poll. This was partly owing to the loading in favor of the rural constituencies, which were solidly Nationalist, but also to the fact that Afrikaner Nationalists are fairly evenly distributed over most of the country; whereas Smuts piled up huge, useless majorities in the main urban centers and Natal, both of which areas are dominated by British-descended Whites. Still, it looked as if the result was a fluke which could have been avoided by harder work and less complacence, and which was unlikely therefore to be repeated. Second, the Nationalist color policy of *apartheid* was so vague and apparently unpractical that surely, its opponents thought, its absurdities and contradictions would disappoint voters who had for the moment been fooled by its high-sounding promises. Both assumptions were wrong.

The history of the Afrikaner people has been that of a small, isolated community at odds with its environment. The original Dutch colonists landed with Jan van Riebeeck in 1652 and were reinforced just over thirty years later by two hundred French Huguenots, evacuated from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Both these groups brought with them a puritanical Calvinism which, because of its isolation and the rigors of its history, has survived to this day in very close approximation to its seventeenth-century form. Seeing themselves as a small frontier force advancing into a barbarian hinterland, the Afrikaners drew on their Biblical fundamentalism for parallels with the early history of the people of Israel—God's predestined elect surrounded by the black children of Ham who, "according to the pattern of inequality which He Himself has created," were cast for the role of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

When the British finally bought the Cape in 1814, after occupying it during the Napoleonic Wars, they began to introduce not merely European immigrants of different stock and religion to the

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Boers but more liberal ideas of handling the non-White races. Afrikaner resentment eventually took the form of the Great Trek (1836–38) into an interior partially depopulated by Zulu raids. There they founded the two independent Boer republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in which there was “no equality between the Europeans and the Colored population, either in Church or State.” During the Trek occurred one of the seminal incidents of Afrikaner history—the massacre of Piet Retief and his followers by the Zulu chief, Dingaan, and the Boer revenge at the Battle of Blood River (1838), whose anniversary is still celebrated with religious fervor as the Day of the Covenant (the vow sworn by Andries Pretorius and his army before the battle). The other great element of the Afrikaner past was the perpetual struggle of the Boer republics against the encroaching British power, which culminated after the discovery of gold and diamonds in their territories in the imperialist Anglo-Boer Wars of 1880 and 1899. Though they were not free from all blame, the Boers were more imposed upon than imposing, and their very gallant fight against greatly superior odds in these two “South African Wars for Freedom” (as Afrikaner history books describe them) remains a tremendous source of inspiration and residual emotional strength to this day. And it was from a combination of these two historical memories that Afrikaner nationalism was forged into a political party first by Hertzog and then by Malan.

It thus emerged nominally as a party within a democratic political framework; but since it appealed on grounds of race to the preponderant element within the enfranchised population, it contained in itself the probability that it would eventually nullify the ordinary process of democracy. This is the position we have approached today. On April 15, 1953, Malan’s Nationalists won a decisive majority of twenty-nine seats in the Assembly. The Opposition has made much of the fact that it polled 54.4 percent of the total vote. But this does not avail it much. In the first place, it is seats won, not vote totals, that count; and the loading and distribution will continue to favor Malan. Second, despite a higher percentage poll (87.8 against 78.9) in which the Opposition turned out more nearly its full voting strength than in 1948 when it was overconfident, Malan

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pushed his share of the vote up from 41.7 percent to 45.6 percent. The fact is that the Afrikaner community, which includes nearly all the one-tenth poor-white section and most of the White artisan class, is outbreeding the other White races. In 1936 it represented 56 percent of the European population of the Union; in 1951, 64 percent. Since at least 70 percent of the Afrikaners are Nationalists, the mere passage of time increases Malan's advantage, which will be further assisted not only by such obvious political success but by a deliberate process of indoctrination of Afrikaner youth in church and school. Out of the total membership of 3,460 in a secret Afrikaner politico-cultural society known as the *Broederbond* (Band of Brothers), which is the driving force behind Afrikaner nationalism and of which Dr. Malan, nearly all his cabinet ministers, and most of his parliamentary supporters are members, 2,039 are school-teachers and 356 ministers of the Dutch Reformed churches. This emphasis on the "missionary" professions is again reflected in the Nationalist policy of Christian National Education by which the State takes out of the parents' hands the decision as to which of the two official languages children shall be educated in; the insistence on "home language" instruction being designed to keep Afrikaner youth out of "unnational" English-medium schools.

To make quite sure that the demographic and educational trends continued to favor them, the Nationalists immediately after their 1948 victory canceled Smuts's policy of large-scale European immigration in favor of a very restricted "selective" immigration which consisted largely of Germans, the only European race that really supports the Nationalists' narrow racial front. Hence also Malan's incorporation of South-West Africa into the Union with six seats in the Assembly, about double what its German-dominated electorate numerically deserves. And he extended the period of residence that qualified Britons for South African citizenship and the vote from two to five years, thus excluding some 60,000 postwar immigrants from voting last April. Almost certainly the next five years will see another attempt to assert the "sovereignty of Parliament over the courts and the Constitution" (i.e., to disfranchise the politically unreliable Coloreds by a less than two-thirds majority)

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and further gerrymandering in regard to the delimitation of constituencies, favorable loading and the extension of the franchise to European eighteen-year-olds (of whom 75 percent at least are Nationalists), in order to make the Afrikaner "nation" electorally impregnable; to establish in fact, if not in form, a one-party, one-race dictatorship. The patriarchal ethic of Paul Kruger, Transvaal president at the time of the Boer Wars and a great "national" hero, is not especially scrupulous concerning constitutional proprieties or the independence of the judiciary. Assured of divine favor by their scriptures and their church, exhilarated by the final reversal of the defeat of 1902 and the re-establishment of triumphant Afrikanerdom "to rule for ever over the land of their ancestors now regained from the conqueror and his accomplices," Nationalists in their exultation do not see that the ground is opening beneath their feet.

For in order to assert their supremacy for the foreseeable future within the boundaries of the White electorate, they have invoked the violent prejudices of racial arrogance and fear which, if taken to their logical conclusions as Nationalists are only too prone to do, must eventually throw the White man out of South Africa. From Hertzog's early days Afrikaner nationalism set itself against any semblance of "Cape-British liberalism" in its relations with non-Whites. But after Smuts surrendered the Cape Natives franchise in 1936, no political party in fact stood for a liberal racial policy; and in order to maintain his advantage in appealing to the baser emotions of the White races, Malan developed his distinctive war cry of *apartheid*. This has meant many things to many different people, ranging from total territorial partition with exchange of White and Black populations to little more than South Africa's traditional color bars. But its general sense of "the fullest development of each race in its own sphere" has this precise significance for both White voters and the emerging non-White intelligentsia: that it stands for the permanent, uncompromising retention of White political control (the *baasskap*, or White domination, as the old master-servant race relationship is now blatantly called), the subordination and control of non-Whites in the "White areas" (88 percent of the country) and possibly, though there is yet no visible evidence of this, the grant

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of "a measure of self-government consonant with overriding White control" in the native reserves (12 percent of the country) which are to be the Bantu "national home and fatherland." These rural reserves at present house (but do not support) less than 40 percent of the Union's African population. There is not the remotest possibility that, however they are developed and rehabilitated agriculturally, they could house all or even the majority of an estimated African population of fifteen to twenty millions in fifty years' time. Yet this is the Nationalist theory which so conveniently denies any political rights or economic opportunities other than unskilled employment to African "visitors" from their homeland in the reserves and justifies all arrangements the Whites choose to make in regard to residential and social segregation for their own comfort and convenience in the "White areas." The electoral attraction of *apartheid* for a virtually all-White electorate is that it provides them with the maximum of cheap non-White labor with a minimum of trouble to themselves and without the necessity of making any concessions in the direction of the "detestable doctrine of human equality." For the whole structure stands upon the Calvinist variation of the *herrenvolk* doctrine of permanent human inequality. In the face of attempts by certain conscience-stricken sections of the ministry of the Dutch Reformed churches and the Afrikaans intelligentsia to argue that it is the only moral application of *apartheid*, Dr. Malan (himself a church minister) has refused to consider total partition on the widely agreed ground that total territorial partition is physically and economically impossible ("and it does not pay any party to try to achieve the impossible"); and at the same time he has sought to justify perpetual racial discrimination because of "differences between Europeans and Bantu that are permanent and not man-made" (i.e., are God-given).

This explicit assertion of a *herrenvolk* ethic has had two disastrous consequences for South Africa. In the first place, the United party concluded that it lost the 1948 election because it was too "liberal." It reasoned that if it took a stronger line on the various discriminatory policies of the traditional South African way—industrial color bars, segregation, pass laws, curfews for non-

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Whites, etc.—and suppressed the mildly progressive views of its liberal minority, it might be able to detach enough “floating” Nationalists to regain power in 1953. Throughout its five years of opposition the party, therefore, retreated steadily from its own slightly liberal tradition until it finally surrendered its soul by supporting two totalitarian laws designed to crush the non-White passive resistance campaign. Even where it fought a good fight in defending the Constitution and the Cape Colored franchise, the United party was more concerned with its own electoral interests in certain Cape constituencies than with asserting the principle of non-White representation. But this U.P. electoral strategy had two fatal defects. It failed to appreciate that the Nationalists were not so much a political party as a “nation” in arms; and that, therefore, Nationalist voters did not “float” in any perceptible numbers, even if they were dissatisfied with their leaders’ failure to tackle some bread-and-butter issues or with the impropriety of some of their more arbitrary legislation. Second, in a competition to “put the nigger in his place” the Nationalists have reserves of ruthlessness which enable them to outbid the Opposition every time. “White supremacy with justice,” to which the U.P. pinned its faith, is a far less effective battle cry than “White domination” (and, incidentally, hardly less repellent to non-Whites); and, while the United party’s objections to giving ministers immense powers over liberty and property, unsupervised by the courts, and its scruples in regard to the brutal administration of repressive measures do credit to its fundamental decency, they were only an embarrassment in an election fought to decide the leadership of the White minority in a race war that seemed already to have begun.

The second consequence of Nationalist racial dogmatism was the consolidation of a united non-White front of urban Africans, Indians, and a few Coloreds. All earlier efforts to secure non-White unity broke down in the face of fissiparous tribal loyalties, local and personal jealousies, the tiny proportion of educated Africans, and the scattered nature of the non-White population. But in the last twenty years the non-White urban population has doubled to close on three millions, living mostly under conditions of homelessness,

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rightlessness, disease, squalor, and crime that provide a solid basis of legitimate grievance for the agitator to work upon. Tribal loyalties almost entirely broke down under the formidable material and moral challenge of these terrible conditions. The African intelligentsia, still a tiny minority, has probably trebled or quadrupled and greatly increased its effective strength by alliance with the Indians. And, above all, the palpable injustice of many Nationalist measures and of much of Nationalist administration has finally welded a non-White front together under the leadership of the African and Indian Congresses, voluntary bodies of politically articulate non-Whites. Last year the Congresses staged the Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign in which 8,000 Africans and Indians and a handful of European sympathizers went to prison for passively resisting certain racist laws. The dignity and restraint of the volunteers as well as the degree of unity and organization shown earned the respect of the world as much as they scared the government and, indeed, the whole White minority. Hence, partly, the U.P.'s support of the draconic legislation to suppress the campaign. The renewed prosecution of Nationalist racial policies after the election will inevitably lead to an increase in non-White resentment and opposition. Since this is now denied a legitimate outlet in passive resistance as hitherto applied, its future method of expression cannot be foretold. But the historical record is only too clear that strong-arm administration begets strong-arm retaliation, of which South Africa had a premonition in the race riots of October and November, 1952.

And in any case the result of the election brought nearer that ultimately fatal polarization of the Union's political life between White and Black nationalisms, implacably opposed. Neither South Africa nor the one-fifth White minority could long survive that. One hope of avoiding it—a very slender hope—is that the emergence of two new political parties, representing the still, small voice of European conscience in racial matters and pledged to the doctrine of equal rights for all civilized men and equal opportunities for all men to become civilized, may provide a refuge from despair to Whites and non-Whites who from their different standpoints see no solution but the use of repressive or revolutionary force; and may

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also help win the U.P. back to the more progressive outlook it has been shedding since 1936. If this can be achieved, a substantial body of White opinion will stand firm against herrenvolkism, even amid the deteriorating race relations the Nationalists are sure to provoke. But since there is no immediate prospect of this body regaining power within the limits of the White electorate, the final factor for or against disaster will be the continuation of the hitherto heroically patient refusal of the African and Indian leaders to give way to a purely anti-White Black nationalism.

How long they can maintain this attitude in the face of Nationalist persecution under laws that allow them no redress in the courts and against the more extreme racialists, Communists, and criminal hooligans among their own supporters probably depends on the effectiveness of the White Opposition not merely in defending itself but in standing up for non-White rights and aspirations (there is a real danger that, if it does regain its liberal soul, much of the White Opposition may stampede to the Nationalists on the color issue), on the continued devotion of a few White missionaries and social workers in the urban locations (non-White shantytowns), and, possibly, on the willingness of more Whites to suffer the penalties of the law with their non-White fellow fighters, as Patrick Duncan and his companions have done. But when all this is said, the immediate salvation of South Africa really rests on the steadfastness of a handful of liberal non-White leaders who know that, while their people's unity and self-respect cannot be sacrificed by acquiescence in the Nationalist *herrenvolk* ideology, a blood bath now would immediately play into the government's hands and bequeath the country a legacy of hatred it would never live down. How these few, little known, much abused men steer their unhappy peoples between the Scylla of violence and the Charybdis of appeasement will decide the future of a continent which urgently requires White skills but cannot endure White arrogance much longer. South Africa is the testing ground of White good faith and Black response. No one should underrate the terrible nature of the predicament of these leaders or the degree of responsibility that the whole White population shares for thrusting it now upon them.

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And in any case they cannot hope to do more than hold out for the day (not yet in sight) that sanity will prevail among the enfranchised White electorate. If that day never dawns, South Africa must go down into the abyss she is now so fast approaching.

But, last, one word should be said in mitigation. If American readers will look to their own country's checkered record in regard to its Negro minority and ask themselves how much worse that story might have been if they had to deal with a majority of 80 percent instead of a minority of 10 percent, they will understand that mere condemnation is neither just nor helpful. Where the free world can assist—and since the stake is the African continent, that world is concerned in the outcome of the South African racial experiment even more than it is interested in the Union's gold, uranium, and harbors—is in steadily putting forward the view that civilization is not a matter of external material attributes or dependence on the survival of any particular race, but a system of spiritual, moral, and cultural values deriving from the recognition of the intrinsic merit of the individual human personality, regardless of race, birth, or class. It can assist further by putting that affirmation into practice by decisively reducing those other areas of racial and social discrimination that still remain today (and are only too often cited against the South African liberal) in circumstances where they are usually less explicable historically and even less defensible morally than in South Africa. When South Africa really feels herself isolated from the free world not only by words but also by its deeds, there will be some hope of her changing heart.

# NARGES

by Simin Daneshvar

**W**HEN Narges lay down on the bed, the girls who were studying nursing and practicing it in the public hospital gathered around her. After a while the young men, who were the students of the medical school, joined them. Her body was trembling all over, and all of a sudden she felt such a pain that she wanted to throw herself out of bed, but the students held her and she hit her head against the iron poster of the bed, and pleaded, shouted, and cried at the same time.

The students of the medical school came one by one and tested her. They set the sheet aside, smiled in a way she did not like, and then touched her with their hands, and she could not complain.

It seemed that the tests would never end. Narges was angry watching those young men touching her body. When the last student came along, Narges prayed to God to be kinder to His creatures and help them so that they might never be so poor as to give birth to their children in the public hospitals where strangers touched them as samples!

## II

Narges opened her eyes and saw a young nurse standing near her bed. The nurse came nearer and handed her a special kind of glass, touched Narges' heavy breasts, and ordered her to empty the milk from them.

Narges took the glass without trusting her and thought, "Why should I empty them! I will save the milk for my child!"

Then the nurse went to the patient who occupied the next bed. Narges followed her with her eyes and listened to her talking.

"How is our teacher today?"

"Your teacher is always fine. There is nothing wrong with her."

Narges was astonished. The patient who claimed that there was nothing wrong with her was as bony as a skeleton. She was pale, and when she put the thermometer under her tongue, she coughed so hard that the nurse took it and went to the third patient, leaving her to cough.

The third patient was a girl still in her early teens. "She will be beautiful when she recovers," Narges thought. The nurse handed her the thermometer and kept talking to the teacher.

"Have you had your drops?"

"Yes, but they won't help," the teacher answered, still coughing.

The nurse was talking to the girl now, and Narges was amazed to see that she was patting her. Could that cold face be kind and those hands pat? Narges doubted it.

The nurse left, and the room became hushed. Nobody moved or talked. There were two unoccupied beds in the room. The room was bare except for two windows that had nylon curtains and an electric

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fan that was set on a table but was not working. Narges looked at the teacher who was sitting in her bed leaning against the wall. The teacher gazed with her big eyes at the ceiling and was talking to herself. She was murmuring as if praying, and that made Narges say, "Sister, please remember me in your prayer." The thin lady did not answer. Probably she did not hear. Narges wished to talk about her baby and herself, but the lady did not look at her.

Narges tried to talk to the girl, who was watching the yard of the hospital. She had set aside the nylon curtain and the afternoon sun shone fiercely through the glass.

"What is your name?"

The girl turned back and looked at her. Her eyes seemed like two desperate holes in her pale face.

"Mahin," she answered.

"Come and sit beside me a while."

"No," Mahin said, and turned her back to watch the yard of the hospital again.

"She is waiting for her mother. Today is visiting day," the thin lady interrupted. "Are you too expecting your family?"

"No, I have nobody here. I am by myself."

Narges waited for further questions, because she was anxious to talk. She felt as lonely as the lone grasses that grow in the wilderness, which never bloom but easily wither and then, without anybody being concerned about them or conscious of their blooming or withering, die away.

"Where is your family?" the lady asked.

"In Kashan. I have no parents. I lived with my aunt and my sister."

"What did you do in Kashan?"

"I was a carpet weaver. My sister was the head of the weavers. Last year a big carpet became a little crooked. The master scolded her and blamed her. My sister became so upset that she got typhoid and gave up her life to God. It was last summer and the weather was as hot as nowadays. I could not stay in Kashan and see my sister's empty place so I came here." She sighed and added, "May God bless her and take her to paradise. May she be a companion of the Prophet's daughter, Fatemeh. Amen."

Both became silent. Narges did not like the silence. She felt as if she had an iron garment on that kept her from breathing. She was not in a mood to think about the past; besides, the past had nothing worth remembering. And she dared not dream about the future. So she spoke.

"Are you really a teacher?"

"I was a teacher."

"What are you doing now?"

"Dying in the public hospital!"

And again silence. In the evening the nurse came into the room again. Narges did not like her, but her coming was a change from those dull hours. And now her arrival brought a real joy, for she had Narges' son in her arms and handed him to her to feed him for the first time. When the baby pressed against his moth-

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er's breast, Narges felt the first real pleasure in her life, as if an unknown door was opened to her and led her to a happy paradise. That she was the owner of something dear and that she could love as much as she needed made her happy. Being always forsaken in her life, she needed to love, to pat, and to embrace. Now with her child, she could fulfill all her unsatisfied desires.

In twenty years of life, Narges had not the slightest pleasant memory. Her childhood joined to her youth so suddenly that she could not distinguish one from the other. And both were bitter times. Maybe God had given a son to her to make up for those bitter days.

Her arm was under the head of her child and she was watching him. His tiny lips were moving and his eyes were open. How small he was! She took his hands in hers and examined them. The nails, the fingers, the palm, all were complete. She could even see the lines of the palms, but they were so delicate that Narges murmured, "God's power! And then he will become a man!" They had wrapped him in a white sheet. Didn't the poor thing feel warm? And his hair was black and wet when Narges caressed his head. He had tiny eyebrows and black eyes that were like small beads, and Narges thought they were looking at her breast, thanking her. She even touched his ears. They were as delicate as petals or fresh leaves in early spring.

Narges was so absorbed in her

child that she did not notice Mahin rushing after the nurse when she left the room. Suddenly she heard screams echoing in the hall. "Where is my mother? I want my mother! Why doesn't she come? Why?" Narges heard footsteps and orders; she felt weak, her heart beating, and all her body sweating. The room with its violent light seemed dark to her. Black spots curtained her eyes. She felt dizzy and far from her child, having him still in her embrace, being so near him. . . .

"What is the matter? What is wrong?" The teacher rushed to her.

"Nothing." And Narges burst into tears.

"It's good to cry. You will get relief. Now don't feed your baby when you are unnerved." There was a spell in her voice that Narges did not hesitate to accept. She did what she was ordered. When she recovered, she asked the teacher, "What is the matter with Mahin?"

"She has heart trouble."

"How long is she in the hospital?"

"Two weeks. She came one week after me."

"What is the matter with you? May I ask?"

"Anemia and nervousness. Being a teacher for fourteen years turns one mad or crazy. But I struggle with it. I always struggle. I hate weakness."

Narges did not understand, but

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she was too shy to ask; therefore, she kept silent.

"Do you feel better?"

"Yes."

"Then go on feeding your baby."

Narges felt happy and calm again. She had no doubt that she deserved happiness after the hard times she had had. Being told that after tears always come smiles, she was convinced of a great joy, owning a treasure like a son. "I will make him an officer. The women are always fond of officers. . . . He will take care of me when he grows up! Surely he will. . . ." And Narges remembered her own past. It is true that there was nothing worth remembering in her past, but the past never left her. She always could see herself in that damp, semidark basement where she had spent most of her life. First, she was an aid to her older sister. She handed her scissors or knife or whatever she needed. She brought water for all the weavers, too. Early in the morning she went to the fountain and filled a big jar. The weather was fine and the children were going to school with their sacks in their hands. They had shoes on and neat aprons and the girls had braids woven with colored ribbons.

All the long way, from the fountain to the basement, Narges was bent by the heaviness of the jar, but walking barefooted on the stony streets, she dreamed. She dreamed about the gardens of Kashan, the pomegranate trees that had blossoms as red as fire or else had fruits and one could steal a few of them. She

dreamed about the fields and orchards where boys and girls gathered and played hide-and-seek. She dreamed about following the butterflies from field to field. A few times she dreamed about school, and now lying in bed at the hospital, her child in her arm, she remembered all her unfulfilled wishes and thought, "I will send him to school. I won't send him to work. Let him play in the fields. Let him have a good time. I will work and won't let him frown in all his life."

Mahin came in, went directly to her bed, and covered her face under the blanket. The teacher got up and went to her. She patted Mahin and handed her a glass of water.

"Drink it, and don't worry. Your mother will come. You know she has to wash and to iron all the day long. Probably she is tired and she has to drink a cup of tea to be able to walk to the hospital."

"She can come on the bus," Mahin sobbed.

"Maybe she has no money. Maybe the bus is delayed."

"No, they will pay her when she is through work. I helped her before my illness. She washed and I hung the draperies on the wire and ironed easy things. They paid us when we finished. No, there is something wrong with her that she has not come today." And she sobbed again.

Narges looked at Mahin, then looked at her baby who was asleep now, and shuddered to remember herself when she was as old as

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Mahin. "Yes, by then I was a carpet weaver myself," and she remembered those days. She remembered herself in the dark basement, kneeling in front of the gigantic four-poster skeleton of the carpet—the skeleton that occupied the width and the height of the wall, so that little Narges felt weak and small beside it. Narges was afraid of it. Sitting the whole day in front of it, Narges thought about the Divs of whom one could hear in every Persian folk story.

She could hardly dismiss from her mind the carpet and the basement. She usually studied the plan with her fatigued eyes in the morning. Then she divided the different colored wools and started weaving. The moment she began to weave she felt tired and bored. How could she finish that huge carpet? Wasn't she a weak peri (fairy) who had challenged the gigantic Div?

But she had to work. Patiently she worked stitch after stitch, watching the plan with her tired eyes. She dreamed and weaved, her desires weaving the warp and the weft of the carpet, and all the time it seemed that it never would end. Then after a week or two, she would have made a design or a flower and she felt a vague pleasure, but that was never comparable to her hard labor!

Narges tried to hand her baby to the nurse who came to take him away. She put her hand under his tiny neck and with the other hand touched his legs in the white sheet. How light and warm he was! Was

handing such a small thing to a young nurse reasonable? Could they take care of him? Do they rush to him when he cries? Do they give him water? And in such hot weather! She smiled at the nurse and expected a smile or a kind word from her, but none came. The room was silent and Narges felt uneasy again. She looked for the teacher, who sat on her bed, holding her face in her hands. Narges tried to talk to her to forget the old memories and get rid of their burden.

"Poor Mahin. Is she asleep?"

"Yes," the teacher said, raising her head.

"Why does she have heart disease?"

"Didn't you hear her saying that she helped her mother in washing and ironing? My God, a twelve-year-old pale child washing and ironing!" The teacher coughed while she talked, and Narges felt as if she were not talking to her, as if she were addressing some absent audience.

She said, "I was working, too, and my job was even harder. I wove carpet from early in the morning till evening without any days off."

"You were simply as foolish and as helpless as Mahin!"

"What else could I do? I had to earn money to give to my aunt to support me. Thanks to the master who paid us daily . . . We were nearly starving if he didn't. . . ."

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"How much did he pay you?"

"First, he paid me two tomans a day, but later I got five tomans. . . ."

"My God, such a payment for such hard labor! And you thank him! I cannot bear it. They kick you and you kiss their hands! You give your eyes to make carpets and then the carpet is on the floor of their houses and they step on it, they step on your eyes!" And she coughed. She coughed so hard that Narges thought her eyes would come out from her face. She did not understand what was wrong that made the teacher call her bad names.

The teacher poured a glass of water and drank it. Then she came and sat on the bed of Narges, at her feet. Narges tried to sit up, but she could not. She felt weak and, besides, she was still offended. The teacher asked her, "Did you like your job?"

"Well, it made me very tired, but I liked those flowers I made. If only those flowers could speak, if they could talk. . . ."

"What would they say except your slavery . . . except your hard labor, your spoiled youth and bitter days? . . . They ought to make it by machinery, not by hand." She was not talking to Narges any more; she was talking to herself.

"It is impossible. You have to weave stitch by stitch to make a carpet."

The teacher did not pay attention to her answer. She went and lay down on her bed. The light was not

as violent as before and the heat was lessened, as if both pitied the patients. Mahin was asleep. Narges was thinking about her lot and the teacher gazed with her big eyes at the ceiling, murmuring, "Poor unknown artists. Nobody knows you, nobody praises you, and you accept your lot with foolish contentment. Poor shepherdless creatures! Oh, God, so many shepherdless creatures!"

Narges thought that the teacher had a fever or else she was praying. She half raised her head and called to her:

"Do you need anything? Do you have a fever? Can I help you?"

### III

A month later Narges was in the garage waiting for the bus to Kashan. The sun was hot, but there were a few cotton bales in the corner of the bus station where the sun could not reach. Narges sat on one of them and placed her luggage, a big bundle and a jug of water, on the floor near her. A few other women were waiting for the bus, too. One of them had opened her bundle and was eating bread, cheese, and cucumber. Narges noticed the country woman watching her jug of water. But she was not in the mood to get up or talk to her. The heat had taken all of her energy.

"Maybe I could keep him. But where? How? In the house of the people? Didn't they say we will not hear the wailing of your baby all the time? And besides, who could

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work? I had to push my breast in his mouth every now and then or else he cried. And when he cried, my life was at an end. O God, take my life and free me. . . . When a teacher cannot manage such a simple thing, how could I, who am nobody? Didn't the poor teacher try? Didn't I go everywhere and knock on all the doors? Maybe. . . ."

A sudden suspicion came to her mind: "Maybe the teacher didn't want to help me. Maybe she knew my child was. . . ."

No. It was not fair to blame the teacher. "We will see. She promised to come and see me off today. The bus station is near the school where she works. It was only yesterday that I still had my poor child. Neither the teacher nor myself knew what would happen. I could not believe it myself. . . . The way she talked yesterday, 'Narges, you cannot imagine how sorry I am that I cannot do anything for you.' No. I can't doubt her. Is she rich? Not at all. Her salary is enough to keep her from starving. How could she help me?"

"Narges . . . Narges. I thought I was late. I am glad you have not started yet."

Narges raised her head and saw the teacher in front of her. She had a rubber toy, a red fish with shiny eyes, in one hand, and a box of candy in the other. Narges got up and said, "How glad I am that you came! I am sorry that these days I trouble you so much. But I had nobody else. . . . I am turning

mad. I am talking to myself all the time. I don't know how to face it." And she started crying.

"What has happened, Narges? Tell me! Where is your son?"

"Don't ask me! I will turn mad."

The teacher was still pale and her eyes were restless in her thin face. Narges felt like telling her all that had happened, to lessen her own grief.

"It was my fate. I tried hard, you know that, but nobody accepted me with my baby. I had nobody to care for him while I worked. I agreed even to be a mere maid. I, a carpet weaver of Kashan."

"Then what happened to him? Where is he?"

"I could not find a job. Didn't I try? Didn't I rush on the hot asphalts of the avenues, to find a place to work? Didn't I, like a dog with the burned feet, run on the stony streets to find a job? I went five times to the orphanage. I begged them to accept my child so that I could work and have a morsel of bread. I agreed to see him only once a week. But alas!"

"Why didn't they accept him? I wrote a card to them, didn't I?"

"Yes, but they said, 'You need a real recommendation.' They did not even look at the card you wrote. These are all mere talks. They want to support their own illegitimate children, so they establish the orphanage. But my child . . ."

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Narges bit her lips. She did not want to give up this secret. The bus was being prepared. The women were hanging their jugs of water, tin pots, and kettles to its window bars. The country woman came back and knotted her bundle carefully. But Narges and the teacher were still sitting as if nailed to the cotton bale. Narges continued:

"You don't know how much I miss him. Sometimes I feel as if I hear him crying and I listen carefully. Then I remember, and I say, 'Woman, are you crazy? Don't you know that you will never again see him?' Oh, I loved him. When I left him, I felt as if the whole world whirled round and round and then exploded over my head. I felt as if the mountain of Ohod fell down on my heart. I . . ."

"Tell me, when did you leave him? Where is he now?"

"Last night I left him. I left him at the front door of the mosque. I put on him the best dress I could manage to make, with my last pennies. I pinned the only silver token that I had to his apron. I wrapped him in a blanket, and all the time he kept smiling. He did not cry at all. I fed him, too, from both the nipples of my breast for one hour. It was the last time I could feed my baby. It was dark when I left my hired room near the bazaar. I saw a policeman on the high road and I started to run. My child was in my arms. I was as afraid as a thief. When I reached the mosque, I left my child on the first platform and

fled. I did not even dare to kiss him. I fled like a thief. And all the way I was crying. I couldn't go back to my room. I wandered in the streets like a mad woman."

The bus was nearly ready to start. Some of the travelers had friends who came to see them off and they were kissing and embracing each other. The country woman brought out a small Koran from her bosom and kissed it three times. She handed it to Narges for her to kiss, too. Narges kissed it and pressed it to her hot forehead. The Koran had a damp green cover. Narges handed it to the country woman and said, "May God bless you!"

"May God give you patience, sister," the country woman answered.

"Couldn't you take him to Kashan with you?" the teacher asked Narges. "Yesterday when you said that you wanted to go to Kashan, I thought you were planning to take your baby, too."

"No! No! . . . What could I say? People would ask me, 'Where did you get that baby? You went a bud, you have returned a flower!' Could I say I married? They would ask, 'Where is your marriage contract? Where is your husband?' No, I could not take him to Kashan. It is impossible." Narges was talking to herself again. She had forgotten the teacher and the trip to Kashan. She was thinking that she would never forgive herself if there were any possibility of keeping her child that she had not tried. But she convinced herself. "If that cursed ani-

SIMIN DANESHVAR

mal was here, if he had not left me, if I could find him, I could make some arrangement for my baby. But where? How? May God revenge me. May . . .”

The teacher held Narges' hand in her bony hands. Narges looked at her and noticed that her eyes were red. She started to talk.

“Don't grieve, Narges. Maybe a good family happened to notice your child and take him home. Maybe a couple who have no children adopted him and will raise him and send him to school. Who knows?”

Narges became silent. Then she bent down and kissed the teacher's hand and murmured, “Who knows! Maybe they would teach him to pray. Maybe the prayer could wash his sin and his mother's sin.”

“You have no sin, Narges!”

The assistant to the conductor was shouting, “Travelers to Kashan! Hurry!” The teacher and Narges got up from the cotton bale. Suddenly Narges was free from suffering.

“I will go to Kashan and weave carpet again. Maybe I could find

an honest man to marry. Maybe I can have another child. But how much I wish to have my baby with me. . . .”

The teacher kissed Narges' forehead. “Good-bye, Narges! I hope you will have a better time from now on.” And she handed her the box of candy. The red toy fell from her hand to the floor. It jumped up once and made a few movements. Then it lay there with shining black eyes and dusty body.

Narges was looking at the rubber toy with a feeling of pressure all over her body. At last she controlled herself, took the box of candy, and said, “Thank you, dear lady. I was glad to see you, as if you granted me the whole world. I will always remember you in my prayers. If God accepts . . .”

She took her bundle and started to go. An echo sounded in her ears, “Shepherdless creatures!” She tried to remember where she had heard that, but she could not.

# THE VASE

M R. FUNG came out of the bathroom feeling refreshed after his morning bath. It was Sunday, and he reminded himself that he must go to church early because he wished to see the Reverend Yip about a donation before the service started. In the past ten years Mr. Fung had not missed going to church on a single Sunday. It was a record of which he found just cause to be proud. Even during the Occupation he would show up unfailingly every Sunday for the eleven o'clock service at the Church of the Holy Trinity. The Reverend Yip was always saying: "Without seeing Mr. Fung it would truly not be Sunday."

In the bedroom, Mrs. Fung was still asleep, while Ah Ying, the *mu-tsai*, was standing by the mahogany dressing table. Ah Ying was a plain-looking girl about seventeen years old. She occupied a status in the Fung household somewhere between a bondmaid and a slave. Mrs. Fung had bought her from a peasant woman when she was a child. Later, as she grew older, she was put to work attending to Mr. Fung, doing all the things that Mr. Fung did not like to do for himself. She went about her duties so efficiently that Mr. Fung found it increasingly difficult to do without her. Mr. Fung had by now seated himself on the stool in front of the dressing table, and Ah Ying had begun her customary task of combing his hair for him.

Mr. Fung liked Ah Ying better than any of his other servants. She always anticipated his every wish. In return for her devotion to him, he saw to it that the older servants did not bully her too much.

While Ah Ying combed his hair, Mr. Fung picked up a nail file from the dressing table and started to clean the nail on the little finger of his left hand. It was a long nail. More than an inch long. He had purposely cultivated it to symbolize his gentry upbringing. After a while, he glanced up at the mirror during his operation and saw his wife stirring in bed. "You are prepared to go to church, are you not?" he said. There was no answer. Ah Ying had just finished combing his hair. "Go to see if *Nai-nai* is awake or not," he said.

Ah Ying went to Mrs. Fung's bedside and called softly: "*Nai-nai*." "What is the ado?" Mrs. Fung answered sleepily.

"*Lo-yeh* wishes to inquire if you are awake or not," Ah Ying said.

Mrs. Fung sat up and blinked her eyes. Mr. Fung looked at her through the mirror and felt inwardly happy. In spite of her forty-nine autumns she was still a creature of beauty, he thought. She had lost none of the poetry and picturesqueness of her youth, although some of the freshness and delicateness were gone. Mr. Fung remembered well the first time he saw her in her

by David T. K. Wong

father's garden, which was called the Abode of the Butterflies. She was as slender as a shoot of young bamboo, and she had the grace of the willow in the wind. Her eyes were like the eyes of a gazelle in love, while her teeth were like white jade kissed by the dew. He saw in her eyebrows the crescent moon at its earliest appearance and in her lips the bursting of cherry blossoms. He knew from that moment that he wanted her, and when he got her, he prized her more than anything he possessed.

Mr. Fung dropped the nail file and turned his portly body around to face his wife. "You are prepared to go to church, are you not?" he repeated.

"What hour is it now?" Mrs. Fung asked with a yawn.

"It is ten minutes past the tenth hour. If you are going, there is need for haste."

"Perhaps if I do not go it would be better." Mrs. Fung stretched herself. "I am tired to death. Last night we played mah-jongg until three o'clock. It should have ended quite early, but they wanted to play four rounds more. Since I alone was winning it was difficult to refuse."

Mr. Fung was not pleased with his wife's decision, but he did not say anything. He reminded himself that he must speak with her about the need for greater regularity in her church attendances. The Reverend Yip might think that something was wrong. Mr. Fung scratched the up-

permost of his three chins with the long nail of his little finger—which he had a habit of doing when he was annoyed—and got up to finish dressing.

"If you see Mrs. Lum, tell her that the material I ordered from Shanghai has arrived," Mrs. Fung said from the bed.

Mr. Fung nodded in reply as Ah Ying helped him into a white silk long gown. Although Western-styled clothing was fashionable among the well-to-do in Canton, Mr. Fung preferred Chinese clothing. He felt that the long gown had much more graceful lines than Western suits, which only served to make people look awkward and angular. After the *mui-tsai* had finished helping him button his long gown, Mr. Fung looked at himself in the mirror and then left the room. Mrs. Fung slid back into bed and returned to sleep.

Mr. Fung walked down the stairs and went into his study on the ground floor to pick up a collapsible fan that he had left there. On his way out he paused to admire the Ming vase which stood on a pedestal in one corner of the room. The vase was decorated with blue plum blossoms on a white background. It was one of those fifteenth-century vases produced in the famous kilns of King-tuk Chun in Kiangsi Province. Its brilliance in color indicated that the cobalt used in its production

## THE VASE

came from the Middle East rather than from Sumatra. How perfect and beautiful a work of art it was, Mr. Fung thought. It reminded him of his wife. And yet, perhaps, it was too much like his wife.

On reaching the front door, Mr. Fung found Ah Ying already there holding it open for him. Outside, the June sun was beaming pleasantly upon the neat rows of foreign-styled houses. An azure sky stretched cloudlessly into the infinite. There was no wind, and the day promised to be hot. Mr. Fung, fan in hand, walked with short, deliberate steps along the shaded walks of Shameen, which once formed part of the French and British concessions. He crossed the West Bridge, which was one of the two bridges linking Shameen to Canton, and found his private ricksha waiting for him.

"*Lo-yeh*, good morning," the ricksha puller said. Mr. Fung nodded and climbed into the ricksha, fitting himself snugly into the seat. The ricksha puller picked up the shafts and broke into a trot. Mr. Fung sat back and rested his hands on his well-rounded stomach. Mr. Fung was very fond of his stomach. It was a sign of prosperity. Sometimes when he was sitting cross-legged on his study couch composing couplets to exchange with his friend, Li Po-yang, his ample stomach made him look like a Buddha in meditation.

The ricksha puller took Mr. Fung down the narrow Canton streets, flanked on either side by cheerless tenements, and soon deposited him

in front of the Church of the Holy Trinity.

"As usual, you can wait here," Mr. Fung said, alighting from the ricksha.

"Good, *Lo-yeh*," the ricksha puller said. He wiped the sweat from his face with the sleeve of his cotton jacket and sat down on the curb of the street.

Mr. Fung passed behind the red brick wall that surrounded the church and made his way to the vestry. In the vestry he found the Reverend Yip tasting a piece of biscuit to see if it was fresh enough to use for Holy Communion. As he entered, the Reverend Yip hastily swallowed the biscuit.

"Please come in and sit down, Mr. Fung. Please come in and sit down," the Reverend Yip said.

Mr. Fung bowed and said: "The Reverend Yip, I am hindering you, am I not?"

"Not at all. Not at all," the Reverend Yip said.

"Perhaps you recall I and my wife spoke to you earlier about making a small donation toward the new church." Mr. Fung took out his wallet and handed a cheque for five thousand Hong Kong dollars to the Reverend Yip. "We thought it best that we make our donation in Hong Kong currency as the national currency is so unstable these days."

The Reverend Yip accepted the cheque with a profusion of thanks. "Mr. Fung, you are truly generous. You are always helping the church. Without you, the Church of the Holy

DAVID T. K. WONG

Trinity would not be what it is today. For all your kindness you must certainly find your reward in Heaven."

"It is a small thing."

"How are your two sons in America? How is Mrs. Fung? Is she outside? I must thank her too."

"Today Mrs. Fung did not come. She feels not too well."

"It is not something serious, I hope?" the Reverend Yip asked with concern.

"Nothing, nothing. It is of little importance," Mr. Fung said.

"In that case it is good. When we congregate we must say a prayer for her health. We must ask God to bless her."

Mr. Fung felt momentarily uncomfortable. He unfolded his collapsible fan and began fanning himself. Just then, the church bells started to ring, and Mr. Fung used that as an excuse to leave the vestry. He walked toward the front of the church, exchanging greetings with several people on the way. He entered the church through a side entrance and found himself a seat near the aisle.

Shortly afterward, Mrs. Lum came in and took a seat beside him. "Where is the wife?" she asked.

"She did not come," Mr. Fung replied cautiously. He gave her his wife's message, and Mrs. Lum in turn asked him to tell his wife that she would visit the Fung household later on in the day to see the material. She was about to say something else when the opening chords of the

organ drowned her out and heralded the coming of the white-caped choir and the canonically robed clergy. The eleven o'clock service began.

To Mr. Fung the service seemed unduly long. The hymns, the Holy Communion, the prayers, all seemed more time-consuming than usual. It was especially true of the period devoted to prayers for indisposed members of the congregation. The Reverend Yip must have spent a full five minutes praying for the recovery of Mrs. Fung from her illness.

"What is not right with the wife? Is she really sick?" Mrs. Lum whispered from the next seat when the prayers were over.

"She has nothing wrong," Mr. Fung whispered back, somewhat agitated. After the service he made a point of getting away as quickly as possible in order to avoid questions about his wife from well-meaning friends.

Upon reaching home, Mr. Fung found Mrs. Fung in the sitting room entertaining two of her friends, showing them the new clothing material that she had received from Shanghai. Her friends, Mrs. Wong and Mrs. Liu, were both cracking melon seeds as they listened to Mrs. Fung explain what she intended to do with the material. Mr. Fung bowed and exchanged greetings with the guests. Ah Ying brought him a cup of tea and helped him out of his long gown.

## THE VASE

"Did you see Mrs. Lum?" Mrs. Fung asked.

"She said later on she would come," Mr. Fung said.

"Good," Mrs. Wong said. "If she is coming we have enough legs for mah-jongg after all."

"That is right," Mrs. Liu answered.

"You can always depend on her," Mrs. Fung said.

Mr. Fung picked up a small handful of melon seeds from the dish on the table and started to crack them. The women went back to talking about the clothing material. Mr. Fung was not particularly fond of his wife's friends. What useless people these so-called modern women were, he thought. You let them out of the home and they can think of nothing but clothes and mah-jongg all day long. He could not understand why even his wife was becoming like them. She used to be different. When he first knew her she used to love to do embroidery and needle-work. She would even compose an occasional poem. Now she would do neither.

Mr. Fung, finding that he had finished his handful of melon seeds, begged leave of the guests, saying that he wished to write a letter to his elder son, Paul, before lunch was served.

"If you have the leisure, write one to Peter for me too," Mrs. Fung said. "Tell him that I have already sent him his birthday present, and ask him when he and Paul expect to return here from America."

"Please say that I ask after their health," Mrs. Liu said.

"Most certainly." Mr. Fung bowed and left for his study.

The study, where Mr. Fung had gone earlier to get his collapsible fan, had the appearance of most Chinese studies. Furnishings in it were very sparingly used, and, consequently, the room had about it the charm which so often accompanies simplicity. Apart from the porcelain vase which stood in one corner of the room, there was a black teak-wood desk where Mr. Fung kept his business papers and where he sometimes practiced his calligraphy. Above it hung a scroll with a pair of finely painted mandarin ducks. The couch where Mr. Fung did his reading was half-hidden behind a lattice screen. Next to the couch, on a small table, some narcissus bulbs were growing in a dish of white pebbles. Bookcases lined one side of the room.

Mr. Fung seldom invited anyone into his study. He wanted to keep it to himself, free from unappreciative eyes. It was the one place in the world where he could be completely at his ease. As he moved toward his desk, the vase in the corner caught his eye again. He stopped to admire it once more, and while so doing, he recalled that he had once invited an English missionary into his study and that the Englishman too had admired greatly the delicate lines of the vase.

"Undoubtedly the blue and white onion pattern of European vases was

DAVID T. K. WONG

copied from Ming vases such as this," Mr. Fung recalled the Englishman saying.

"Perhaps that is so," he had replied.

"You know, a Scotsman once said that he thought the English were fundamentally a nation of poets. But if we are a nation of poets, then you Chinese must certainly be a nation of artists. Of course, I don't mean that you all go out and paint the whole day long. What I mean is that you can appreciate beauty in all its forms, be it in nature, in a woman, or in a work of art like this vase," the Englishman had said, after he had stood for some time looking at the vase.

Mr. Fung now recalled that he had been greatly pleased with the English missionary's observation. He moved away from the vase, smiling to himself. He settled himself behind his desk, picked up his writing brush, and then remembered that he had not really intended to write to his son when he excused himself from his wife's guests. He pushed back his chair and went over to the couch. He inspected his narcissus bulbs and found that they were not blooming yet. They have been there for a long time, he thought. Why have they not bloomed?

## *Madonna of the Long Winter*

LoVERNE W. BROWN

She read her Bible in the still  
Hours when the light was dim.  
There was only one miracle  
She ever envied Him—

That of the loaves and fishes  
That fed the multitude.  
Setting broken dishes  
With insufficient food,

Doling out each ration  
Of unsubstantial stuff,  
She prayed with purest passion,  
“Let there be enough!”

And somehow everyone was fed.  
I know, for I was there  
When tuna fish and heels of bread  
Were leavened by a prayer.



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## THE AUTHORS

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sixty-one years of life, during which, in the words of its vice-president, it has consistently helped to provide "concurrent enjoyment and protection of our national resource of the places that are beautiful and inspiring, whether in the Sierra Nevada or farther afield." An active member of the club for more than twenty of those years, Mr. Brower comes now to the defense of a beauty spot and play place in immediate danger of destruction.

**MILDRED WESTON** ("Intaglio"), whose poems have appeared earlier in *The Pacific Spectator*, is now a member of the English faculty at Holy Names College in Spokane.

**C. W. M. GELL** ("South Africa Votes for White Domination") entered the Indian Civil Service in 1940, served as Under-Secretary to the Government of the Punjab, Political Department, through 1944-45. During 1945 he contracted polio and was invalided out of the service in

1947. Since that time he has lived in South Africa for reasons of health. Beginning writing in 1950, he has published widely in the South African press and in many American and English periodicals.

**SIMIN DANESHVAR** ("Narges") publishes here her second story in *The Pacific Spectator*. As noted in a preceding issue, Mrs. Daneshvar is a native of Iran, most of her life having been spent in Tehran. She deals here, as also in the earlier story, with conditions among the poor of that tormented country.

**DAVID T. K. WONG** ("The Vase"), now resident in Hong Kong, records in his story one phase of the continuous conflict between two sets of habits, two attitudes of mind, as they exist in today's Asian countries.

**LOVERNE W. BROWN** ("Madonna of the Long Winter") appears here for the third time in *The Pacific Spectator*. Her first appearance was with "The Venomous Toadstool" several years ago.



**L**ONG before this issue of *The Pacific Spectator* is in the hands of readers, news of the Supreme Court decision against segregation in schools will have spread to every nation the *Voice of America* can reach. As swiftly and even more widely, news of proposals for nullifying that decision will also have spread.

The two, moving across the world together, underline the sharpest and most dangerous of America's many contradictions: On the one hand, collective gestures of amity toward that dark-skinned three fourths of the world whose support we desperately need; on the other, individual acts of insult and outrage leveled day by day and almost hour by hour at such of the dark-skinned as are within our reach—and reported day by day and with exaggerations to those out of reach.

Overt outrages, it is true, are carried out mostly by the scum of a community. Americans know this, though foreigners may not. But it is not the scum which makes outrage possible. John Doe's father, solid, respectable, does not originate the petition against allowing a Japanese family to enter his neighborhood—but he signs it. John Doe's mother moves over companionably when a white shopper comes to share her seat in the bus—she sits stony when the shopper is black. Either of them would consider it the wildest romancing if they were told that, between them, they had brought their son one step nearer to fighting in Asian forests.

And yet just that they are doing. It is dangerous to rebuff three fourths of the world, even though the rebuff is by proxy. It has always been dangerous, and radio has made it trebly so. A host of denials and repressions, of half-unconscious evidences of scorn—these cannot be wiped out by court decisions or government action, only by individuals. As the world now stands, there are not many places where the individual can feel himself important in his impact on history. Here, though, is one. As perhaps nowhere else so effectively, here is a place where the citizen who wishes his country well can do well by his country.

*Edith R. Mirelees*

# THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

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## THE AUTHORS

**ROBERT V. HINE** ("Cult and Occult in California") is a member of the humanities staff of the newly opened college of liberal arts of the University of California at Riverside. He is the author of *California's Utopian Colonies*, which received the Pacific Area award of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association.

**MARGARET K. WEBB** ("The Changeless Plain"), now living in California, has written widely for East Coast magazines. The present article is her first in *The Pacific Spectator*.

**G. ROBERT STANGE** ("Browning and Modern Poetry") teaches English literature at the University of Minnesota, his work being chiefly with the English writers of the nineteenth century. This essay is his first in *The Pacific Spectator*.

**EDITH FRISBIE** ("Wind Across a Sierra Slope"), when she published her first poem in *The Pacific Spectator*, defined her poetry as "light and serious." It earns the same definition still. Miss Frisbie lives in Hollywood and acts as well as writes.

**JULIE SLOANE** ("Nous n'irons plus au bois . . . Without a Hatchet") lives and writes and does her civic duty in New City, New York. Her

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essay springs from an experience shared yearly, often with the same timidity and sometimes with the same reward, by thousands of American women. Mrs. Sloane's previous contribution to *The Pacific Spectator*, "Love's Husbandry," a poem, appeared in the Summer 1950 issue. **FRANCES HALL** ("The Lake Remembered") is consultant in secondary education, Office of the Los Angeles County Superintendent of Schools; is on the advisory board of the *California Journal of Secondary Education*, and a member of the group which produced *Creating a Good Environment for Learning*. In addition to these duties, "For my

own enjoyment during these past twenty-five years," she informs us, "I have written verse and prose, which have been printed sporadically in various national magazines."

**BERTRAM D. WOLFE** ("Memories of Yusuf Meherally"), free-lance writer and historian, is perhaps best known to readers as the author of *Three Who Made a Revolution: A Biographical History of the Russian Revolution*. Mr. Wolfe, a Senior Fellow in Slavic Studies of the Russian Institute of Columbia University, is now at work on the second volume of his historical study, *Three Who Took Power*.

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# CULT AND OCCULT IN

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*by Robert V. Hine*

ONE of the most lionized figures at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893 was a Hindu from Bombay, Swami Vivekananda. The newspapers called him the "orange monk," but they might more accurately have described his robes as saffron, for he wore the traditional Hindu color of renunciation. With his bronze face surmounted by a yellow turban, he presented a striking picture during the opening sessions of the parliament. And the reception he received presaged a wave of Oriental cultism which even into our own day shows little sign of subsiding.

The organizers of the Parliament of Religions could hardly have foreseen the forces they would unleash. Many of them viewed the convocation as no more than a variation of missionary activity—somewhat unorthodox in bringing the benighted heathen to America but nevertheless aimed at the extension of Christian truth. What actually happened was missionizing in reverse, for beginning at this time the swamis, who found America pleasant and ready to listen, attempted the Hinduization of America.

The soil was not wholly unprepared. Half a century earlier, American transcendentalists had eagerly assimilated whole schools of Oriental philosophy. Emerson's theory of compensation reflected karma; Atman and Brahma were building blocks for his doctrine of the oversoul. And Thoreau could write: "To some extent, and at rare intervals, even I am a yogi."

Spiritualism, too, paved some of the way. After the 1840's spiritualists, banding together to affirm the mastery of the psychical over the physical, ushered thousands of mystically inclined Americans into the realm of the occult. But spiritualism failed to provide an adequate philosophy to explain its trances and tappings; Helena Blavatsky came to fill such a need.

Madame Blavatsky founded in 1875 the modern cult of Theosophy, destined more than any other single movement to popularize

# CALIFORNIA

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for Western peoples the ancient teachings of the Orient. It bridged the gap between spiritualism and Eastern philosophy, allegedly guiding its work by ethereally transmitted messages from the Masters of the Great White Brotherhood in remote Tibet.

Still other religious currents of the late nineteenth century deepened the channel for Oriental cultism. Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, follower of Emerson, founded in the 1860's a nebulous movement which by the 1890's had congealed sufficiently to hold national conventions under the name of New Thought. Its adherents affirmed that "man is made in the image of the Good"; that evil is but the failure to reflect this ideal; that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, and all life is one with God. They freely admitted drawing from the sacred writings of the East along with other religious systems, and with such a creed, it is not surprising that New Thought conventions came to include Oriental philosophers. The Hindu representatives at the World's Parliament of Religions, left adrift as missionaries in America, found eager audiences among the New Thinkers. The key words of New Thought—Realization, Affirmation, Poise—were suddenly revealed as only free translations of terms the Hindus had used for centuries.

Thus when Swami Vivekananda appeared in saffron robes at Chicago in 1893, America was not wholly unprepared. But how did he come to be there?

Vivekananda as a boy in India had lived a wealthy and unfettered youth, even enjoying an advanced English education at the University of Calcutta. In his late teens through family vicissitudes he found himself suddenly destitute. Hungry and in rags, he joined the disciples of an inspired and transfigured ascetic, Ramakrishna. By 1886, when his saintly master died, Vivekananda had become the acknowledged spiritual leader of the Ramakrishna cult. With an intense mysticism combined with education and a keen mind, he organized missions throughout India, and when followers and friends learned of the projected Parlia-

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ment of Religions, they collected funds to send their guru to the West.

Following the parliament, wealthy society women took Vivekananda in hand, presented him at religious meetings, women's clubs, and New Thought conventions. By the next year, 1894, the penetrating eyes of the "orange monk" had seen enough of America to know that the Hindu message would not go unheard. In that year he established the Vedanta Society in New York. As converts multiplied, he initiated as swamis two of his more ardent followers, a French woman and a Russian Jew, and called for assistance from his brother monks in India. By 1930 seventeen Ramakrishna swamis had been summoned to America.

The invasion of California, led by Vivekananda himself, came in September 1899. For six months he lived in the Los Angeles area, lecturing in churches and public halls and captivating audiences at the Pasadena Universalist Church and the Shakespeare Club. During the same period disciples organized centers in the San Francisco area where they early received as a donation 160 acres of forested hills twelve miles from the present Lick Observatory. Here rose the Shanti Ashrama, a monastic retreat for communion and meditation. Wealthy converts came forward with handsome endowments, and from these beginnings the group grew in California to include three active churches, two monasteries, a convent, and nearly one third of the 1,021 active American members.

Vedanta, the first direct effort at Hinduization of America, appealed primarily to the intellectual. Other Oriental cults which were more willing to compromise with American custom and inclination, like Theosophy, Self-Realization, or Baha'i, attracted much larger followings, especially on the Pacific. During the 1890's, when the Vedantists first moved into California, the Theosophists already counted over one hundred American chapters with California leading the list. Toward the turn of the century, Katherine Tingley's Theosophical community on Point Loma began its forty years of Oriental influence on San Diego. Early in the twentieth century another group, unhappy over the accession of

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the iron-willed Katherine Tingley, formed the Temple of the People, tracing its own line of succession directly from Madame Blavatsky. In 1903 these religionists followed vibrations from Oriental masters leading them to Halcyon, California, a sheltered valley behind the dunes near Pismo Beach. A few years later, in 1911, still another Theosophical schismatic bought twenty-five acres on the Hollywood hills and established Krotona, a latter-day communal brotherhood dispensing Oriental and Pythagorean mysteries in the manner of the Italian Kroton five hundred years before Christ. In 1924 Krotona moved to a hilltop near Ojai where some thirty-five middle-aged and elderly Theosophists still live and study the ancient writings.

Even before Krotona had come, the cultists of Ojai had welcomed a more direct representative of Hinduism. Annie Besant, Theosophical leader in India, had noticed the unusual spirituality of an Indian boy, Jeddu Krishnamurti, but was not fully convinced of his divine nature until 1925 when in a sacred grove she witnessed an unearthly light descending about his head. Thereafter she exhibited her new Messiah through the capitals of Europe, escorting him eventually to California where at Ojai she ensconced him on a lovely rural estate. In time Krishnamurti denied his Messianic nature, but continued to hold a large following on the strength of his teachings. He still draws weekly crowds of from one to three hundred people to his oak grove during summer months.

The Hindu cult which has been most willing to compromise with American traditions, the Self-Realization Fellowship, had its American debut in 1920 when Swami Yogananda stood before the International Congress of Religious Liberals meeting in Boston. He was fresh from a life of asceticism in India, but like Vivekananda, Yogananda was an educated man, clever enough to see the possibilities for Hinduism in America. After a period observing the methods of Christian Science and New Thought in Boston and New York, he journeyed westward, arriving in Los Angeles with his secretary and two disciples in January 1925. Within that same year, having attracted a sufficient number of wealthy disciples, he purchased a small, hilltop hotel, the exact manifestation of a

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vision he had seen years before in Kashmir, and dedicated the international headquarters of the Yogoda Sat-Sanga Society. Here his following, under its more popular name, Self-Realization Fellowship, supervises a monastic retreat and celebrates annual convocations, where, with yoga postures, flutes, and steaming curries, its thousands of members revel in the spirit of a glorified India.

The Self-Realization Fellowship, like Theosophy, has been ready to adapt American customs to its purposes. Yogananda himself enlightened merchants' clubs with such topics as "How to Recharge Your Business Battery Out of the Cosmos"; the fellowship's various centers feature restaurants serving vegetarian health foods, mushroomburgers and carrot cake; and its practice of yoga, intended by Hinduism as a method of release from the body, ironically suggests the health-giving qualities of sun bathing and proper exercise. With such attractions, Swami Yogananda was able to claim 25,000 followers before his death in 1952.

With Vedanta and Theosophy as the pioneers and the Self-Realization Fellowship the most conspicuous example, at least twenty Hindu and Hindu-like cults have sprung up in California. A partial list would include the Krishna cult, Yogi Hari Rama, Yogessar, the Peace Center of Swami Omkar; less Hinduistic but nevertheless Oriental movements such as Baha'i, Rosicrucianism, the Institute of Mentalphysics, and Mazdaznan; and the peripheral cults of the Mighty I Am, the Liberal Catholic Church, Yahweh, the Aum Temple, and the Messianic World Message of A. K. Muzumdar. What do these cults hold in common and how can we explain their following and their place in the California scene?

If Christianity on foreign shores, as Thoreau said, "has hung its harp in the willows, and cannot sing a song in a strange land," Hinduism, by contrast, proves a most adaptable religion. And its pliancy has been one secret of its success in America. Just as Christianity concentrated on the loving and immanent nature of God in contrast to the vengeful, powerful attributes of the Hebrew Jehovah, so Hinduism in America tends to emphasize the monistic elements in its tradition, those proclaiming the importance and glorification of the individual soul and the inner life. This per-

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sonal, mystical approach, vital in the teaching, is hardly foreign to Western ears which know St. Augustine and St. Francis. Christian prayer itself provides a familiar introductory counterpart to Hindu meditation. In line with the Hindu concern for the inner life, social service plays little part with the cults, but applied psychology assumes major proportions. Krishnamurti under the oak trees is continuously answering questions of right thinking, understanding oneself, the control of anger or mental depression. The trend of Hindu teaching in America from Vivekananda to the present has progressively moved from escaping this world to escaping anxiety. Vegetarian diets and yoga exercises are practiced more for bodily longevity than as preparations for the supreme mystical experience. And meditation in America appears occasionally to be little more than faith healing.

The cultist seeks comfort in the Hindu concept of reincarnation. He frequently finds karma wedded to Darwin, for in America Hinduism has discarded its older deterministic, fatalistic wheel of life for a more purposeful ladder upward to the final bliss of Universal Spirit. And even more immediately agreeable to the individual is the Hindu assurance that within every man is a segment of the Universal Soul and that all life is one with God. Like the Christian transcendentalist revolting from his Calvinist tradition, the cultist finds it more pleasant to be labeled a god than a sinner.

Most of this concern for the individual could conceivably have been found in other denominations: monasticism with the Roman Catholics, the inner light with the Quakers, health and healing with the Christian Scientists. But the Hindu faiths added another dimension by insisting that all religions are true, as "different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their water in the sea." This universality has proved appealing to nondogmatic temperaments.

Thus American Hinduism constantly adapts itself to the Christian West. Vivekananda and Yogananda were both trained in Christian schools and were deeply aware of Western traditions long before they reached American shores. The interrelation between the two cultural backgrounds is nowhere more apparent than in the

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Ramakrishna Order, which has branches in both India and America. In India the mission has devoted itself largely to worldly works and social service; in America the same order concentrates mystically on spiritual attunement. And most of the cults have adopted methods which reflect Western influence. They observe Christmas and Easter celebrations. They flagrantly contradict the Hindu doctrine that the pupil will seek the teacher. Aware of all the techniques of publicity, they frequently call conventions, organize paying memberships, sell books and pamphlets, and advertise with blatant zeal.

California, the capital of most cultism, is a notable center for the Hindu movements, where even the early forerunners of Hinduism were well represented. New Thought, in the words of Gaius Glenn Atkins, "flourished there like roses and bungalows." From the days of Madame Blavatsky, Theosophists have looked to California as the locale for the rise of the next, Sixth Race of mankind, and as early as the 1890's California claimed more Theosophical chapters than any other state. By 1936 some 30 percent of the national membership of the Vedanta Society lived in California; 20 percent of the Liberal Catholic Church; and from 14 to 18 percent of the Baha'is. And the cults which originated in the state, such as Mentalphysics or the Mighty I Am, have even more dramatic, if more understandable, percentages of Californians.

Transient and unrooted populations are likely to foster unorthodox religions. So it was in the religiously burned region of upstate New York during the early nineteenth century when Mormons, Millerites, and incipient spiritualists all clamored for attention within the span of a decade. So it has been in California where men coming into a new area, one already infested with strange beliefs, find it easy to forget the traditional for the exotic. And the Hindu cult, conveniently at hand, offers much. To the introspective and broodingly patient it presents the splendor of speculation; to the conscientious, the gentle, the humane, it advances the oneness of all life; to those in sickness or sorrow, it offers consolation with a comforting answer to the problem of evil; to the nervous and distraught, it administers the balm of meditation. Its

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concern for the control of the body fits easily into the health-consciousness of the area. Theological drifters find another shoal for landing. The social thinker who has lost faith in organizational reform turns to an emphasis on change in the individual soul. And the upper-middle-class and well-to-do discover a novel and bizarre escape from the prosaic and familiar.

Unfortunately, the love of the exotic and distant often results in an unreasoning glorification of Indian culture, closing eyes to famine and poverty and disease. On the other hand, in emphasizing the spiritual and the cultural, groups like the Theosophical community on Point Loma with its public pageants and Oriental studies have notably widened the intellectual horizons of their areas. And along the Pacific where "the long migrations meet," interest in Asia finds an appropriate reception. At any rate, the cults have encouraged the social intermingling of the white, black, and yellow races. And the movement clearly echoes within contemporary literature. Theosophy and Vedanta have attracted large numbers of widely recognized writers, men with mystical voices deepened by Hinduism, speaking to a spiritually hungry generation.

Thus the Hindu cults have with many Californians been eminently successful in fulfilling Emerson's advice "to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is." Undeniably they represent another manifestation of California's sect appeal; yet, like Emerson's teachings in an earlier day, they also satisfy spiritual needs which are deeply felt in an age predominantly materialistic.

# THE CHANGELESS PLAIN

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*by Margaret K. Webb*

THE familiar jolting stopped abruptly. I opened my eyes. It was only eight o'clock, but already the hot sun of Russian Turkistan was pouring through the cracked blind of the train window. My tongue felt dry: dust hung heavy in the air. But it would be hours before our porter, the insignia of the Soviet railroads on his blue cap, came shuffling along the corridor with our glasses of tasteless, amber-colored tea.

Glancing up at my husband's bunk, I saw it was empty. Wearily I turned my face to the wall and tried to sleep, but flies buzzed angrily on the pane, and just outside I could hear voices. A Russian was talking to Paul. "American, eh? Traveling for your government? We don't see many foreigners down here. Papers in order? If they're not, you can get in trouble."

The voices droned on. I strained my ears. The minutes dragged by. In our compartment the heat was growing oppressive. My pajamas stuck to me in wet patches. Suddenly I heard the Russian's shrill laugh and Paul's chuckle. Then I knew things were all right—for a while longer.

It was June of 1947. After a year as accountant in the American Embassy at Moscow, Paul had been ordered to Australia. Instead of flying, which was customary, we thought we'd like to travel overland via Afghanistan and India. We asked our Counselor of Embassy about it. In 1947 relations between the Soviet Union and the United States were still fairly good; we anticipated no difficulty, yet he shook his head. "To reach Afghanistan you have to travel almost a week on the Soviet railroad—down through Russian central Asia, and the Russians just don't like foreigners wandering around down there."

But we were determined. Every day for six weeks we presented ourselves at the Soviet Intourist Bureau. Nothing happened. Then, two hours before train time, when we had finally abandoned the project, our exit visas were delivered to us.

## A TRAIN RIDE THROUGH SOUTHEASTERN RUSSIA

Those two hours were a nightmare. Somehow we managed to throw our clothes together, check out of the hotel and race to the depot. Before we reached the train, it started lurching down the tracks. I still remember the panic I felt as I clutched for footing on a car that had already begun its long trek into central Asia—a journey that was to take six days from Moscow to Termez on the Afghan border.

For the first two days our trip was uneventful. Not until that third morning when I heard the Russian questioning Paul had anyone ventured more than a perfunctory "good morning." Yet we had enjoyed our trip. As we passed fertile fields of wheat and potatoes south of Moscow we were reminded of North Dakota or western Illinois in the early summer. On the second morning we reached Kuibyshev, about five hundred miles southeast of Moscow. After that the countryside grew constantly more arid.

Shouts from Paul aroused me. "Come on out, Peggy. You're missing the best part of the trip."

Hastily I washed in the brown soupy water which trickled out of the spigot. With relief I left the sticky atmosphere of our compartment and hurried outdoors. I was not prepared for the blast that met me. Heat was all around; it shimmered off the cars and recoiled from the metal belly of the station water tank. And out beyond the lonely little village which hugged the railroad track stretched endless miles of sand, with here and there a clump of tarweed or sagebrush withering in the sun.

I looked for Paul and saw his blond head sticking up from among dark, grinning faces. I started to join him, but was impaled against the train by a tall, black-bearded Persian brandishing a smoking stick strung with greasy scraps of mutton. When I tried to sidle away from him, my way was blocked by a sturdy Kazakh girl selling unleavened bread, and then by a Kirghiz herds-woman offering mare's milk.

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I was rescued by a dark, intense-looking little man. His voice was high-pitched, and I recognized it immediately as that of the man I'd heard talking to Paul. Now he was all friendliness. After introducing himself as Mr. Efremov he guided me through the shouting, sweating crowd to a little pool of shade under the station roof. There Paul joined us. To the right was the village—a single street bordered by low houses of sun-baked clay, and behind the first row a second one, comprising the older village—the huts all but deserted now and moldering back into the dust. Beyond this small encampment of the living and the dead stretched the endless desert. In the distance a string of camels, perhaps from Kashgar in China, ambled across the waste, their bells tinkling faintly on the still air.

"In America you have fast cars that span your country in a matter of days. Is that not true?" Mr. Efremov bent his smiling face with its slight trace of beard close to mine.

I nodded.

"You look at those camels and these backward people and think these Russians they are primitive, like beasts in the field. They will never catch up with our great America. But it's not true! In a few short years we will have equaled and surpassed you. Already we have done so much. Let me tell you about our tractors."

"What about them?" Paul was interested and I knew why.

"You saw them then? Those big babies in the wheat fields south of Moscow?"

Paul shook his head, "That's just it—my wife and I were amazed at the heavy work your people do by hand. The first two days out of Moscow we saw only three tractors."

Mr. Efremov scratched his armpit vigorously in search of a flea. After a moment he conceded, "W-e-ell, perhaps there aren't so many now. We lost a lot in the war. But just wait. After the next five-year plan, we'll have a big surplus, so big we'll be shipping Russian tractors abroad by the hundreds of thousands. Oh, just a minute . . ." He cupped his hands to his mouth and began hallooing at the top of his lungs. Thirty yards away, in the thick of the crowd stood a tall, rawboned man who, having just downed

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a scoopful of mare's milk, was wiping his lips on his shirt sleeve. Slowly he ambled over to us.

Mr. Efremov was obviously proud of his friend. "Mr. and Mrs. Webb, here's a fellow who knows everything there is to know about production and statistics. Comrade Peskov is an engineer. He's the one to tell you how the Soviets are changing the face of this country."

"What sort of thing do they want to know?" Mr. Peskov inquired.

"Why, tell them about our oil fields and our big chemical plants and about all our irrigation projects."

"Oh, of course! Were you two awake early this morning when we went through Aktyubinsk?"

"You mean that big dusty town full of whitewashed clay houses?" Paul asked.

"That's right. Perhaps you don't know it, but just outside Aktyubinsk is a huge chemical plant. And, believe it or not, that one plant produces more phosphate fertilizers than all the chemical works in Tzarist Russia put together. And you've seen all the trains going north loaded with oil?"

"I've seen a few," Paul was noncommittal.

"They're from our big new oil fields between the Caspian and the Aral seas. We'll be at the Aral Sea tonight. Too bad we can't take a side trip to the oil fields. I don't think anything in the United States can match us when it comes to derricks and oil drilling equipment." He smiled. "You really have to live in the Soviet Union awhile to appreciate how fast she's changing."

"That's absolutely right. Take my case, for instance." Mr. Efremov pounded his barrel chest. "Who am I? Foreman at the Stalin Electric Plant in Moscow with a hundred machinists directly under my supervision. Who were my parents? Poor farm folk scraping their livelihood from a tiny farm near Smolensk. Couldn't even write their own name."

"I don't mean to brag," he went on; "still, we Russians haven't been standing still these last thirty years. Take my daughter there." He pointed to a pale plump girl of thirteen, standing diffidently

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on the train step. "My wife died when Olga was two. I brought her up alone. She'll enter high school next year. Wants to be a teacher. And she can. Nothing's going to stop her. I'll see to that!"

He waved to Olga, who blushed and smiled faintly.

"She's got the world before her, my girl has. She can have the finest education in the Soviet Union. All she has to do is get in and work for it. And what would she have been if the Tzar was alive today?" He spread his hairy hands, "Nothing! Just an ignorant farm girl."

Just then the train whistled. Mr. Efremov's face brightened. "What about breakfast?"

"I've eaten," said Mr. Peskov.

"And we have our own rations," Paul told him.

"Haven't you tried the diner?"

I shook my head.

"You two stick to yourselves too much! I'll tell you. Lunch is the best meal. We'll stop for you around noon."

Promptly at noon, Mr. Efremov appeared at our door, his daughter trailing behind. "All set? Comrade Peskov is just down the way."

We found Mr. Peskov sitting in his compartment, paring his nails. He got up briskly and joined us in the corridor.

To reach the diner we had to leave our "international" or "soft" car and pass through three "hard" cars. They were well named. Up to that time I had been inclined to complain about our compartment with its hard springs and worn red plush, but we rode in unbelievable luxury compared to the people in the hard cars. There, thirty wooden bunks without mattresses were jammed so close together that passengers had to crawl over a row of bodies to get to their own beds. And there, in the heat and stench of thirty-odd human beings, these people dressed and washed and prepared their meals.

In the dining car nearly an hour went by before our food was served. A single harassed waiter was trying to care for twelve different groups—all clamoring to be fed.

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Our train stopped at a village of four mud houses with flat mud roofs. A leather-skinned herdsman and a one-eyed boy held up pails of blue-white goat's milk. There was nothing else for sale. After a few minutes we were in motion again, our train wheezing across the flat, interminable desert. Here and there we saw nomad *yurts*—beehive-shaped hide tents—and flocks of goats, karakul sheep, and immense cows with horns two yards from tip to tip.

Paul and I would have been content simply to look out the window and draw our own conclusions, but Peskov and Efremov would not leave us alone. While we watched a woman on a mangy donkey ambling down a dusty street, they spoke of the great irrigation projects and the mass production of automobiles, both temporarily suspended because of the war. "Soon," Peskov assured us, "this whole area will bloom like a rose."

As time went on, we began to notice a certain pattern in the two men's speech. They talked in the future tense: not what had been done, but what would be—some day.

To our relief, their harangue was interrupted by the arrival of lunch. With a resounding thwack, the waiter set heavy china plates and innocent-looking bottles down on the table and departed. Mr. Peskov picked up a bottle and began pouring out the first round. There was nothing else: bottle after bottle of vodka, mountains of salmon-colored caviar, and a huge platter of black bread. We were all feeling a little tipsy by the time the waiter appeared with the bill.

When we rose to leave, I wanted to know where we were.

"This city's called Emba," Mr. Peskov said, holding open the heavy door. "It's one of the important railroad centers in the state of Kazakhstan."

In the hard cars the passengers were rushing to get off and buy provisions. Alongside the dusty tracks trade was going on. Some passengers from our train were systematically selling off their clothes in exchange for food. We watched while a fifteen-year-old girl from the car ahead of ours knelt down to untie her shoes. Then she shoved them across the ground to a brown-cheeked giggling Kazakh girl. A few minutes later the barefoot passenger clambered

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aboard, clutching a chunk of unleavened bread and a pail of clabbered milk.

All around us were Sarts, Turks, Persians, Mongols, Afghans, and Kazakhs calling out their wares in awkward Russian or shouting in their native tongues.

Perhaps nowhere in the world does a greater diversity of people come together than here on the plain of central Asia, in what is loosely called Russian Turkistan. Since before the days of Alexander the Great, this has been the meeting ground for nomads from East and West; the crossroads for merchants from Persia, India, China, and as far north as the Baltic. And though there has been intermingling of races for centuries, each tribe, each group, clings to its vague beginnings. These men here from the fabled Moslem city of Bokhara proudly call themselves "Bokharese." Those tall fellows wearing robes of brilliant colors are Sarts, an ancient Aryan tribe. The stunted horsemen are Kirghiz, of Turko-Mongol origin; they live among the mountains which stretch from the Pamirs to Mongolia. Their close relatives, the Kazakhs, are also nomads, as fierce as they. Even today a little of the Hun is still recognizable in them; they have squat powerful bodies, Mongol features, and shrewd slanting eyes.

All these groups are now gathered under the banner of the Soviets but the memory of independence is still fresh in their minds. As a result, the Communists have probably had more trouble with them than with any other people in the USSR. Diverse as their origins and backgrounds may be, one factor unifies the vast majority of them. In large part they are Mohammedans, and they take their religion seriously, as the Russians have learned from bitter experience. In the first years of Soviet rule, Moslems were exhorted to leave their religion; when they resisted with arms, they were allowed to go their own way. However, sporadic flare-ups continued here and there throughout Russian Turkistan until 1931 when the leader of the insurgent group, Ibrahim Bek, was captured and imprisoned in Tashkent.

Perhaps the USSR is not yet sure how completely it has subdued these warlike peoples, for even today the Soviet newspapers

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hint at trouble in this area. Over and over the natives are chastised because they have not fulfilled the cotton quota; or they are reported to be resisting collectivization of small farms and garden plots, or to be grumbling because they have not received their grain allotment from Siberia. No wonder Soviet officials are reluctant to have foreigners push far into so turbulent a country.

Back on the train the two Russians continued their tireless eulogy of the USSR. All afternoon they were jammed into our hot little compartment, and the indoctrination went on until night.

When everyone had gone and Paul was asleep, I raised the tattered shade and looked out. High above, the sky was alive with stars, and on the ground were endless answering lights—the cook fires of Kazakh herdsmen camping in their hair tents with their wives and their camels and their goats on the windy plateau of central Asia. A thousand years ago similar lights flickered on the same plain. A thousand years from now, I wondered, will anything have changed?

The next morning, hoping to avoid our overzealous friends, Paul and I made a point of speaking to other passengers on our car. There was a straw-haired doctor's wife and her seven-year-old daughter, a one-armed bookkeeper, and the jolly manager of a department store who sat playing endless games of cards in sweat-stained orange undershirt.

More interesting than any of these were the passengers from the hard cars. At every stop they hurried off to bargain with swarthy Uzbeks in gay skullcaps or with stocky Mongol tribesmen with beardless faces and long queues. Buying and selling went on between them at a breath-taking rate; there was always loud laughter and slapping of thighs. With us too, the natives were friendly. Paul and I were curiosities and they crowded around us, examining our shoes and watches and exclaiming over the rayon material in my dress. But these Asiatic people seemed to distrust the Russian officials from Moscow who traveled "soft." They bargained with them, but almost wordlessly and with dignity, as if there was a gulf between them.

While their parents haggled for food, the children from the

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hard cars ran and shouted in the short grass along the tracks. There was one unkempt little girl of five or six, however, who spent most of her time crouching on the train platform watching the crowd anxiously. The instant the train gave its warning whistle, the child sprang into action, screaming: "Mama! Mama! Hurry! Hurry!"

You couldn't blame the child for worrying. Her mother, whom we at first mistook for her grandmother because she looked so old and ill, was forever foraging along the tracks for scraps of food. On the first morning we had given her some crackers and chocolate. Every day after that, she sought us out, her hand outstretched. Others trailed along after her, children and tired old men and women. With them came an attractive young fellow whom they called Kostia. Though we urged him several times, he always refused to take anything. "I've got enough," he grinned, shaking his wild mop of brown hair. "Give it to the little ones." From a distance Mr. Efremov and Mr. Peskov watched the scene with disapproving eyes, but did nothing about it.

We passed the Aral Sea in the night. Early the next afternoon we were on a siding outside the town of Novokazalinsk. The desert stretched beyond the tracks for untold miles, barren and gray. The peculiar odor of wormwood hung in the air.

While we waited, a train of flatcars stopped opposite us laden with cottonseed cake. In less than a minute it swarmed with passengers from our hard cars, who quickly broke off and began munching large slabs of the stuff.

No sooner had that train gone than another pulled in. No one went near it. The hard-car passengers took one look and hurried back to their own places. Only Paul and I continued to stand watching it, although the machinist and engineer called impatiently from the platform that the porter wanted to give us our tea.

The train was made up of boxcars with small iron-barred windows. Each car, bolted and padlocked, was guarded by a Red Army man with a rifle and mounted bayonet. In one car Paul heard the voices of women, but I saw only half-naked men in the one opposite us and in another the thin faces of boys. There must have been forty or more crowded into each car; and on the outside at intervals

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were emblazoned the letters M.V.D.—the initials of the Russian secret police. There seemed little question that it was a prison train. Once we were on board again, I went to Mr. Efremov for confirmation.

"You Americans!" He shook his head in mock despair. "Always jumping to conclusions! That's not a prison train at all—just a trainload of families that the government is transporting. They travel in boxcars so they can take their household goods with them. That's what the guards are for, to protect their belongings. You see, the USSR is developing so fast, workers are needed in a hundred different places. So the government helps them move and pays them an extra bonus."

At the next stop, a forlorn way station in the desert, Kostia, the wild-haired young man from the hard cars, came over to us.

When he was sure no one was listening, Paul turned to him. "Say, what about that barred train we just passed? Were those prisoners on board?"

Kostia squinted at Paul and chuckled. "What else?"

"Just now we were told they were workers being sent to other jobs. Mr. Efremov says the government gives them extra compensation."

Kostia muttered something about "strange kind of compensation," but quickly changing the conversation, he soon had us laughing at the incongruous figure of an immense black-bearded Tartar aboard a spindly white ass.

At last on the morning of the fifth day we began to leave the endless aridity of the desert. Efremov and Peskov could hardly suppress their excitement. Wherever we went, they sought us out. "Just wait!" they kept saying. "We're coming to the Tashkent area, the great oasis of southern Russia. Just wait till you see how modern it is. 'The Moscow of the South,' that's what it's called."

Slowly the train puffed through vast fields of cotton. For centuries cotton has been a staple of this area, but only since the revolution has it been grown in such quantities. As a result there is no room for grain and rice, which have to be shipped in by rail. In the good years the system works well enough; in years of drought

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when food shipments fail to arrive, there is wide discontent. At such times the Kazakhs start drifting back to their nomadic life, for they have always been uneasy farmers. To keep them happy, the Soviet government boasts of the fine brick houses it is erecting for them. Yet from our train window we saw a great many mud huts and only a few brick buildings. And once again we saw no mechanized equipment. The endless fields of cotton were being cultivated by oxen dragging plows or by men and women with hoes and scythes.

The station at Tashkent was a low, white stucco building with the familiar plaster of Paris figures of Lenin and Stalin. As we wandered through the streets, the sun beat down on us. We were in the "new" town with its raw modern buildings, as distinct from "old" Tashkent, which is a maze of winding alleys and windowless two-story clay houses. Yet despite the wide streets and Western-style buildings, Tashkent seemed to me more like a city in India than Russia. Veiled women felt their way along, carrying market baskets full of apricots and deep-green cucumbers. At small outdoor tearooms beneath huge poplars sat bearded Uzbeks in bright skullcaps and long candy-striped robes, quietly smoking, or sipping tea.

After we left Tashkent the country became semidesert once more. It was late afternoon. We stared out the window at the flock of goats dotting the flat land. Opposite us sat Mr. Efremov, his nose against the dusty pane.

"It's amazing," said the little machinist, "the changes you see everywhere. Take those goats there. We've passed thousands of them since yesterday, and every one of them is sovietized."

"What does that mean?" Paul asked.

"It means the herdsmen tending those flocks are united now on a collective basis, and that the herds are actually owned by the government."

"And does that make a difference to the goats?"

Mr. Efremov waved his hands helplessly. "It's hard to explain. But believe me, this country is a lot different than it was under the Tzars."

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For a moment we were all silent. Mr. Efremov scratched the black hair at the neck of his sweaty T-shirt. Then leaning forward, he started on a new tack. "I hope you'll pardon me. There's something I'd like to ask you."

"Go ahead," Paul said.

Mr. Efremov ran his hand through his wiry hair wondering how to begin. "You're nice people. Not at all the way I imagine most Americans. Why don't you stay here in the Soviet Union? Make a new life!"

"What do you mean?" I asked weakly.

He looked uncomfortable. "I don't want to offend you. Maybe you don't see it the way I do. Still, take Olga, for instance. Frankly, I'd rather see her dead than growing up in the tainted atmosphere of the United States."

"What makes you say that?" I was shocked, and Paul, who had been lounging on the bunk, was sitting bolt upright.

Efremov sighed, "I see you don't agree. You've lived there too long. If only you could see your country with the eyes of an outsider, you'd realize how rotten the system is. Everything—newspapers, movies, magazines."

"Wait a minute. Let's take one thing at a time," Paul said.  
"What's wrong with our magazines?"

"*True Confessions, Real Romances, True Love,*" he shuddered.  
"Ugh, America is sex crazy."

Paul shook his head, "That's just a small group. We have lots of fine ones, too."

The machinist waved his hands, "That's beside the point. Only a minority reads the good magazines—if there are any good ones—while the majority wallows in magazines about sex and crime."

"Oh, you're all wrong!" I was getting impatient.  
However, there was no stopping Mr. Efremov. "I could never exchange my healthy clean life here for America." Suddenly he was practically on his knees: "Why don't you forget all that? Stay here, join the ranks of the class struggle. What greater good is there than to awaken others?"

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Shortly before midnight we reached the outskirts of Samarkand where the one-armed bookkeeper and the store manager got off after enthusiastically shaking hands all around. At the same station a red-faced doctor boarded the train. He was very drunk. When he heard we weren't going to see Samarkand, he almost wept. "Do you know what you're missing? The great tombs of Tamerlane, the incomparable blue mosque built to his beloved Bibi-Khanum. Get off the train—before it's too late! This far and no farther came Alexander the Great with all his cohorts. Now the whole city is dark; tomorrow the turquoise domes, the golden minarets—it will be a dream city. Get off now. Never again will you see such sights!"

Efremov and Peskov laughed at him, yet Paul and I were impressed, for we had read of the splendors of Samarkand and ached to see them for ourselves.

"Go on, go on!" the drunken doctor hiccupped. "There'll be another train in three days."

There was one wild moment when we were ready to follow his advice. We raced to our compartment.

"We'll get to the border somehow!" Paul said, stuffing shirts and shoes helter-skelter into the duffel bag.

Just then there was a knock and Peskov's bald head appeared at the door. "You're not serious, are you?" he asked, looking very serious himself.

"Why not?" Paul laughed. "We think it's a wonderful idea."

"You can try it. Maybe you'll get away with it." Mr. Peskov toyed with the brass knob. "Still, you might as well realize if you leave this train without authorization, every official in Samarkand will be on the lookout for you."

We stayed on the train; the risk was too great. And perhaps Mr. Peskov was right, for a few weeks later our first secretary from the American Embassy traveled along the same route on his way to India. He reached Samarkand with all his papers in order, only to be turned back to Moscow—without explanation.

Disgruntled at missing "Golden Samarkand," Paul and I could hardly wait to reach Termez and cross the Afghan border.

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"You Americans are always in a hurry!" Mr. Efremov chided us. "Why should anyone want to leave a modern mechanized country like the Soviet Union for a place like Afghanistan? You'll wish you were back with us inside an hour."

On reaching Termez at three-thirty in the morning, we were routed from our beds. Cross and sleepy, we gathered up our belongings. However, we were heartened when we found that everyone on our car was up to say good-bye. They must have wakened a good half of Termez as they leaned over one another's shoulders on the train platform shouting advice about the mysterious, backward country across the border. Mr. Efremov in his familiar soiled undershirt was in front, Mr. Peskov just behind. A minute later as we walked toward the station, we noticed a piece of cloth flapping from one of the hard cars. We came nearer and saw Kostia grinning broadly and waving farewell with his drawers.

After a grueling three hours in customs, we were finally allowed to cross the river Oxus which separates Russia from Afghanistan.

As we clambered up the steep bank toward the friendly Afghan officer who waited to greet us, a wave of relief swept over us. Actually, we were luckier than we knew, for soon after leaving Termez we heard the Russians had closed the border indefinitely. As far as I know, no Americans have made the journey since.

*Whosoever would be a man must first be a non-conformist.*

—EMERSON

# BROWNING AND MODERN POETRY

ÜBERHAUPT," said Ezra Pound, "ich stamm aus Browning. Pourquoi nier son père?" The language of this statement leaves something to be desired, but the literary debt it acknowledges is of great importance. For whatever may be our judgment of the achievement of Mr. Pound we must accept the truth that many modern poets stem from *him*. His acceptance of Browning as poetic father defines a significant connection between the verse of our contemporaries and that of the great Victorians.

In the minds of the readers of our century Browning's image has—not precisely lived, but—lingered in two quite separate guises, one as unfortunate and misleading as the other. The younger readers of poetry tend to think of him as a long-winded, knotted, and gritty versifier whose language is hardly worth penetrating. Older readers, however, remember the caricatures of the philosophical poet celebrated by the Bacchantes of the Browning Clubs or the boyish enthusiasts who called themselves the T.B.I.Y.T.B.'s ("the best is yet to be"). To recognize Browning as a germinating figure of serious modern poetry is frankly to rescue his image from his most clamant admirers, to refurbish it and enshrine it in the modern pantheon.

It was probably necessary for the growth of our literature that modernist critics should reject Browning. Now, however, we have grown beyond that need; we can afford to see what spirit and intelligence the old man had, and can take pleasure in discovering that his influence was working all the time, shaping the achievement of even the most rebellious of his artist sons.

A realization of what elements of Browning's art have fructified in modern poetry and what aspects of his thought and practice have been rejected can clarify our knowledge of the literature of the last hundred years. The complete subject could only be realized in a long study; I intend here merely to suggest how one would begin to examine Browning's influence on the twentieth century. The natural point of departure is in the work of Ezra Pound; he has been the most assertive admirer of Browning and, in spite of his idiosyncrasies, has had a greater effect than any other contemporary on such poets as Eliot, Yeats, and the imagists. Pound and Eliot are the two who seem to me most representative of the modern movement; a brief look at their poems and critical statements can give a fair notion of the viability of Browning's poetic achievement.

It is necessary to begin with some

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dangerous generalizations about the poetry of our time. Let us agree first that the distinguished English and American poets of this century have been concerned with technique to an unusual extent; they have continually examined and theorized upon the instruments and resources of their craft. In respect to technique modern poetry displays three main characteristics. The leading poets emphasize the necessity of a dramatic treatment, with the objectification that that term implies; Pound sought the novelist's method of dispassionate presentation; Eliot spoke notoriously of his "objective correlative" to a personal emotion; Yeats labored to create a poetic mask, to write poetry that was "hard and cold as the dawn."

Another striking technical quality of modern verse is its simplicity of diction. Pound said that his apprenticeship was an attempt "to find and use modern speech." And as Eliot put it, the influences to which both he and Pound responded were those which insisted upon "the importance of *verse as speech*." In their manifesto the imagists too demanded the language of common speech and the *exact* rather than the decorative word. This search for simplicity and naturalness does not carry over, as the average reader would be quick to point out, to total poetic expression. In creating a structure of thought and imagery—and this

would be a third notable characteristic—most modern poets try to achieve extreme economy, to use an elliptical method which leaves the task of supplying transitions to the reader himself. This technique is familiar to anyone who knows Eliot or Pound or the later Yeats, but it has been most neatly described by an older poet who lectured a puzzled reader as follows:

I know that I don't make out my conception by my language. . . . You would have me paint it all plain out, which can't be; but by various artifices I try to make shift with touches and bits of outlines which *succeed* if they bear the conception from me to you. You ought, I think, to keep pace with the thought tripping from ledge to ledge of my "glaciers," as you call them; not stand poking your alpenstock into the holes and demonstrating that no foot could have stood there; suppose it sprang over there?

The impatient poet who speaks here is Robert Browning; his chastened reader is John Ruskin.

Each of these salient characteristics of modern verse is at the heart of Browning's contribution to English poetry. The growth of his poetic powers from his first published work, *Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession*, on up to *Men and Women*, to their culmination in *The Ring and the Book*, might almost be described as the achievement of a dramatic method in poetry. It could be said that in developing the form

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of the dramatic monologue Browning performed in his own career the kind of redirection of poetic interest that, repeated by twentieth-century poets, was defined as a revolution in taste. The hero of the young Browning was Shelley, whom he apostrophized as the "Sun-treader" and defined as the model of the subjective poet. In his *Essay on Shelley* Browning remarked that the subjective poet does not "deal with the doings of men (the result of which dealing, in its pure form . . . is what we call dramatic poetry)," but that his study is himself, and he selects as subjects those silent scenes "in which he can best hear the beating of his individual heart."

The weakness of *Pauline* is precisely in the tender attention the poet pays to the beating of his own heart. As Browning matured he advanced toward dramatic—what he called *objective*—poetry, and though he never lost his admiration for Shelley, he was increasingly influenced by the later Shakespeare and by Donne. Certainly the soliloquies of Shakespeare and the dramatic poems of Donne are the two main sources of the monologue form displayed in such poems as *My Last Duchess*, *The Bishop Orders His Tomb*, and *Andrea del Sarto*.

In Shakespeare's soliloquies Browning found the technique of concise revelation through speech. Particularly in the later plays the soliloquies are in sharp contrast to the lengthy self-analyses and lyrical effusions which mark Browning's

earliest poetry. A good example of Shakespeare's method is Edmund's soliloquy in Act I, scene 2, of *King Lear*. (*Lear* was Browning's favorite Shakespearean play.) Edmund reveals himself unwittingly, not through statement, but through the connotations of his language:

Thou, Nature, art my goddess. To thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The curiosity of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard?  
wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,

My mind as generous, and my shape  
as true

As honest madam's issue?

The character speaks the truth as he sees it; the dramatist's method of exposure is indirect, ironic. Only by penetrating the tone of speech and attitude, the rhythm of the language, the casuistic use of words (as, for example, Nature) do we perceive Edmund's villainy. This is the technique of objectification, the command of the nuances of revelatory language, that Browning learned from Shakespeare, and that modern poets were to learn from both masters.

The Shakespearean soliloquy, however, involves no suggested interlocutor, no precise localization of scene or time. The character is perceived within a known plot situation, but there is no emphasis on realistic

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historical moment, on nation, or milieu; these specifying features Browning supplied in creating his compressed form of drama. Some of the characteristics of the nineteenth-century dramatic monologue can, however, be found in the poetry of Donne. The dramatic poems of *Songs and Sonnets* and some of the elegies are set in a particular time and place, and in addition to the speaker, one or more subsidiary characters are suggested who help to define the situation or to reveal a conflict of attitudes. Browning, as well as his modern successors, might also have learned from Donne the use of natural speech rhythms, of idiomatic language, of concentration on psychological complexity and strong feeling. The moment in these poems of Donne's is usually one of crisis. Browning frequently followed Donne in conceiving a dramatic monologue as a passionate outburst that consummates a long train of action, in beginning his poems with shocking abruptness, in revealing the details of his setting so indirectly that the reader cannot perceive it as a whole until he has finished reading the poem.

Browning's continued and clearly expressed admiration for Donne should interest a generation that believes Donne was "discovered" in the twentieth century. Browning was attracted to Shakespearean and metaphysical poetry because he found in it those very features which were to excite the poets of our time. He, like

Donne, I suppose, was such another  
Who found no substitute for sense,  
To seize and clutch and penetrate.

The description is T. S. Eliot's.

But a general interest in dramatic poetry, and the particular achievement of a monologue form flexible enough to accommodate a wide range of psychological and historical interests, are obviously the bases of Browning's appeal to modern poets. The dramatic monologue, it can justly be said, has become the dominant form of twentieth-century poetry. And it has become so, not accidentally, but as a result of Browning's practice.

Pound was particularly influential in drawing the attention of his co-workers to Browning's poetry. His most explicit statement is an early poem that is not as well known as it should be. Pound's title is taken from Browning—*Mesmerism*—and his epigraph is a line from that poem, "And a cat's in the water-but."'

Aye you're a man that! ye old mes-  
merizer  
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swade-  
lin's,  
One must of needs be a hang'd early  
riser  
To catch you at worm turning. Holy  
Odd's bodykins!  
"Cat's i' the water-but!" Thought's  
in your verse-barrel,  
Tell us this thing rather, then we'll  
believe you,  
You, Master Bob Browning, spite your  
apparel

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Jump to your sense and give praise as  
we'd lief do.

You wheeze as a head-cold long-ton-  
silled Calliope,  
But God! What a sight you ha' got o'  
our in'ards,  
Mad as a hatter but surely no Myope,  
Broad as all ocean and leanin' man-  
kin'ards.

Heart that was big as the bowels of  
Vesuvius,  
Words that were wing'd as her sparks  
in eruption,  
Eagled and thundered as Jupiter  
Pluvius,  
Sound in your wind past all signs o'  
corruption.

Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop o' the  
accents,  
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dis-  
sector,  
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no  
need to pack cents  
Into your versicles.

Clear sight's elector!\*

It is a tribute Browning might have  
liked.

As this poem suggests, Pound immersed himself in the idiom of Browning, though he was aware of the dangers of imitation. In a letter of 1916 he complained, "The hell is that one catches Browning's manner and mannerisms. At least I've suffered the disease." But he continued to regard Browning as a poetic model: "Above all, I stem from Browning. Why deny one's father?" He defined his program

\* The quotations from the poems of Ezra Pound appear in *Personae*, copyright 1926 by Ezra Pound and published by New Directions.

for the reform of English poetry as having two aims: the first, which he claimed to have derived from Browning, was the elimination from poetry of all superfluous language; the second was based on Flaubert's ideal of the *mot juste*, and of *présentation ou constatation*—a procedure which is related to the practice of dramatic poetry. Pound's frequent advice to struggling poets was to read *Sordello* (something that Browning's most devoted contemporaries rarely did), and in the *ABC of Reading* Pound quoted at length from that poem, commenting: "There is here a certain lucidity of sound that I think you will find with difficulty elsewhere in English. . . . It will be seen that the author is telling you something, not merely making a noise. . . . The 'beauty' is not applied ornament, but makes the mental image more definite."

Early in his career Pound seems to have set out to school himself in objectivity—an exercise for which the dramatic monologue was well suited. Some of the early poems are evident imitations of Browning or variations on his themes: *Fifine*, *Paracelsus in Excelsus*, *Scriptor Ignotus* (*Ferrara* 1715). Though the more interesting of the early monologues are in Pound's own poetic language, he uses the form much as Browning did. His dramatic poems are sometimes the means of objectifying his speculations on the nature of art, and almost always attempts to apprehend the spirit of a past age through a created character. In suc-

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cession to Browning's magnificent gallery of portraits Pound presents his lovers and troubadours, *Marvoil*, *Pierre Vidal Old*; in *Sestina: Alta-forte* it is Bertrans de Born who speaks, and in *Famam Librosque Cano* a Browningesque unpopular poet. *Cino* may stand as an example of Pound's early monologues. It is set in the "Italian Campagna 1309, the open road," and begins:

Bah! I have sung women in three cities,  
But it is all the same;  
And I will sing of the sun.

Lips, words, and you snare them,  
Dreams, words, and they are as jewels,  
Strange spells of old deity,  
Ravens, nights, allurement:  
And they are not;  
Having become the souls of song.

The most complete realization of the possibilities of Browning's method is to be found in one of Pound's major poems, *Near Périgord*, which was published in *Lustra*, 1916. The poem is again a revelation both of a Provençal poet and of his age. As in Browning's Renaissance studies we find a suggested auditor, an objective tone, startling leaps of thought, strange juxtapositions of ideas or images, even a fascination with varying approaches to the same set of facts, with the blurred distinction between "truth" and fiction. *Near Périgord* differs from Browning's monologues chiefly in its melodic quality. Pound attempted to capture the rhythms of early Provençal poetry. One of his poetic aims

was "to resurrect the art of the lyric, I mean [he said] words to be sung." But even in respect to melody he was willing to regard Browning as a worthy model. He believed that no true lyrics had been written in English since the time of Waller and Campion, except by Browning.

The subject of Browning's influence on Pound's *Cantos* can hardly be discussed without lengthy exegesis of the work itself. One might begin an investigation by observing that the *Cantos* have been interpreted as an enormous dramatic monologue. The flux and reflux of this complicated work can be regarded as a series of extraordinarily compressed self-revelations delivered by a host of historical personages—a kind of many-voiced monologue. Certainly the ghost of Browning hovers over the poem. He is specifically invoked in the opening lines of the second canto:

Hang it all, Robert Browning,  
There can be but one "Sordello."  
But Sordello and my Sordello?  
Lo Sordels si fo di Mantovana.  
So-shu churned in the sea.

Pound's most thorough critic, Mr. Hugh Kenner, has explained these lines as suggesting "the artist's struggle to bring form (Browning's Sordello, Pound's *Cantos*) out of flux (the Sordello documents, the sea)." So-shu, it has been explained, was an emperor who created order by building roads.

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Readers who are not convinced by this stated similarity of aim might at least agree that the *Cantos* resemble *Sordello* both in their obscurity and in the critical reception accorded them—a correspondence that is not meaningless in considering the relations of these two technical innovators to the poetry of their times.

In the case of Eliot, Browning's influence is more difficult to discover. It is not unjust to say of T. S. Eliot that the denial of his Victorian fathers is one of his chief poetic gestures. While the form and texture of his verse continually remind us of Browning, Tennyson, and even Swinburne, he has insisted on rarer and stranger poetic debts, recalling chiefly his transactions with the metaphysicals and Laforgue. In a famous passage in his essay on *The Metaphysical Poets* Eliot denied to Tennyson and Browning the "unification of sensibility" which was the glory of metaphysical poetry. And in a recent statement he announced that there was no American or English poet who "could have been of use to a beginner in 1908. . . . Browning was more of a hindrance than a help, for he had gone some way, but not far enough, in discovering a contemporary idiom."

These opinions reflect Eliot's later poetic development. The influence of Browning, and the acknowledgment of it, belong to the poetry up through the period of *The Waste Land*. In an unpublished lecture on the late nineteenth-century background of modern poetry (written presumably in

the early 'thirties) Eliot spoke of Browning as the only poet of that period "to devise a way of speech which might be useful for others," to teach the possibility of using "non-poetic material," and to reassert "the relation of poetry to speech."

In the essay *Donne in Our Time*, published in 1931, Eliot made a connection which students might well have pursued. Rejecting the "school of Donne" as leading to a blind alley, he asserted that

. . . for the technique of verse, and for its adaptability to purposes, Donne has closer affinity to Browning, to Laforgue and to Corbière. The place of Browning in this group is obscured by several accidents: by the fact that he is often tediously longwinded, that he is far less a wit and ironist, and perhaps more than anything by the fact that his knowledge of the particular human heart is adulterated by an optimism which has proved offensive to our time, though a later age may succeed in ignoring it.

Eliot concludes by remarking that "the verse method, in all these four men, is similar: either dramatic monologue or dramatic dialogue."

The fact need not be emphasized that Eliot, the self-styled pupil of Pound, whom he called "il miglior fabbro," practiced the dramatic monologue form for nearly twenty years. *Pruferock*, *Portrait of a Lady*, *Gerontion*, *Journey of the Magi*, *The Waste Land* itself, are, if not in the precise manner of Browning, variations on the form he created. Browning's monologues are designed to proceed from one fragment of narra-

tive or thought to another; the complete poem achieves a coalescence of these fragments into a consistent psychological whole displayed in a real action. Eliot, in his early monologues at least, substitutes for this narrative and ideological base the flow of fragmented images which by opposition, analogy, and repetition produce a vision of character in its moral *ambiance*. The arrangement of Eliot's images in the poem has been compared to the arrangement of musical sounds, and indeed it was his intention to assimilate the language of dramatic poetry to the language of music—"speech as song."

*The Waste Land* may be considered a cluster of dramatic monologues, some of them extremely fragmentary, but all of them meant (the poet tells us in his notes) to cohere in the vision of Tiresias, "the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest." "What Tiresias sees, in fact, is the substance of the poem." Eliot's handling of the conventional monologue may be compared to an abstract painter's rendering of an object in nature. The form is broken down and reassembled according to an expressive or analytic purpose. The locutor of Eliot's poem is Tiresias, who belongs to both past and present, contains multitudes, and speaks in many tongues. The attempt is to present an age and to reveal its nature through living speech; Eliot is a dramatic poet. However, the central figure of *The Waste Land* is not attached to a time or a place. Indeed, his appearance is so exiguous that

without the help of Eliot's notes his presence in the poem might not even be perceived.

It may be objected that once a poetic form has been so radically altered it has become another genre. But I think the structure of Eliot's poem cannot be fully understood without reference to the conventions of the dramatic monologue. It is worth our while to observe how distinctly Browning's example lurks beneath the intricate pattern of *The Waste Land*, and how vital the inspiration of that example has been in modern literature.

Eliot several times remarked that Browning had nothing to teach him about poetic diction. Perhaps one example will be sufficient to show that the younger poet has not been entirely deaf to the language of the "old mesmerizer." Here are some lines from Eliot's *Fragment of an Agon*:

When you're alone in the middle of the  
night  
and you wake in a sweat and a hell  
of a fright  
When you're alone in the middle of the  
bed and  
you wake like someone hit you on  
the head  
You've had a cream of a nightmare  
dream and  
you've got the hoo-ha's coming to  
you.

This is slightly reminiscent of the verse of W. S. Gilbert, but I think

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it is more like this passage from Browning:

If at night when doors are shut,  
And the wood-worm picks,  
And the death-watch ticks,  
And the bar has a flag of smut,  
And a cat's in the water-butt—  
  
And the socket floats and flares,  
And the house-beams groan,  
And a foot unknown  
Is surmised on the garret-stairs,  
And the locks slip unawares—

The influences I have discussed so far have operated on the techniques of dramatic poetry, and to a lesser extent on the creation of poetic diction. It is in such matters that Browning's inspiration has been most strongly felt. At first sight it would seem that very little common ground could be perceived between the poetic attitude and subject matter of Browning and those of the distinguished moderns. Modern poetry (and again the generalization is reckless) has been marked by a tendency to pessimism, by the antirationalist bias of most modern thought, and by what can only be called a neoclassical approach to the nature of art. Now in spite of certain contradictory evidence (a few passages in *La Saisiaz* and elsewhere), it is difficult to prove that Browning's poetry displays a leaning toward pessimism. And in spite of the extraordinary discipline and devotion he brought to the practice of his art, he cannot be aligned with classic tradition. Browning's positions in both these respects have been rejected by most modern poets and by many readers.

The "thought content" of his work, his "philosophy," is at a very low ebb of respectability. The picture of Browning as thinker does not appeal to the modern imagination, and the poems of his that are now most generally admired are those that contain the least philosophy.

And Browning was not, even as Victorian poets go, a very consistent thinker. In his crafty dissection of the truth he preferred leaps of logic, sudden pounces and illuminations, to consecutive reasoning. He explicitly suggested (primarily in *The Ring and the Book*) that the process of ratiocination could not carry one far toward perceiving the truth of a human situation. In this sense—and this connection must be made very tentatively—he anticipated that distrust of abstract reason which is so marked a characteristic of the modern mind. What Browning substituted for a reasoning *about* man or history was a profound instinct for life, a magnificent sympathy for the rich energies, whether confused, disciplined, or misdirected, which inform the vital gestures of men and women. His subject was emotion, emotionally perceived. The object of his scrutiny was man in history, and he showed us not so much how men *thought* in certain epochs as how they *felt*, and how that feeling makes for the continuity of the human story.

No modern poet can equal Browning on this ground. Again, though, the course he marked out has been followed. Pound said the primary purpose of his "assaults on Pro-

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vence" was to use the region as subject matter, "trying to do as R.B. had with Renaissance Italy." In one of his essays on Pound, Eliot praises his treatment of the Middle Ages: "If one can really penetrate the life of another age, one is penetrating the life of one's own." Pound, he feels, sees his subjects as "contemporary with himself, that is to say, he has grasped certain things in Provence and Italy which are permanent in human nature." Eliot's comment applies to Browning as well as to Pound. It may be used to combat those supercilious critics who disparage Browning for having made all his historical figures contemporary to himself. The criticism is irrelevant. To the extent that Browning realized his conceptions he made his personages contemporary to us all, to the extent that he brought his characters to life he endowed them with his own emotional energy. Pound, as a practicing poet, could recognize such a virtue where an *avant-garde* critic would fail to perceive it. Like Browning, Pound did not attempt an objectivity devoid of feeling. In answer to the question, "Do you agree that the great poet is never emotional?" Pound answered, in part, "The only kind of emotion worthy of a poet is the inspirational emotion which energizes and strengthens, and which is very remote from the everyday emotion of sloppiness and sentiment. . ." The comment is, once more, appropriate to Browning.

If, in examining the parallels be-

tween Browning's poetic practice and that of Pound and Eliot, we can discover debts so specific as conscious imitation and so tenuous as a common attitude toward emotion, we are clearly beginning a useful investigation. The inquiry could be extended almost indefinitely. To run through the list of artists who went to school to Browning would be to utter most of the great names of twentieth-century poetry. Hardy, whose work has been seminal to younger poets, expresses his obligation in most features of his practice. In Yeats's poetry Browning's influence is more difficult to trace; it is not central to his accomplishment, but I think there is a stronger parallel than has usually been suspected. The famous manifesto of the imagists did not go much beyond Browning's innovations in diction and dramatic concentration. E. A. Robinson and Robert Frost, masters of dramatic poetry, have built on Browning's discoveries. John Crowe Ransom has unexpectedly said, "It is a fact that Browning started me on my own, and no other poet did." And Robert Lowell has recently turned to an intensive study of Browning and to an exploration of the monologue form.

In discussing the effects that Browning's poetic principles have had on modern poets I have tried to avoid suggesting that tracing an influence is the same as finding a

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"source," or drawing a set, confining line which encloses and, somehow, reduces the object to which it leads. A great critic has remarked that it takes at least two to make an influence—the man who exerts it and the man who experiences it. By seeing how Browning's achievement has fertilized the imaginations of poets who followed him, Victorian poetry

can be brought closer to us. If we know some of the roots of modern poetry we may examine the plant more curiously. The method of comparison is natural to criticism; it illuminates more than one age of literature, and more than any other method it increases one's sense of delight and wonder at the progress of poetry.

*Hesitancy in judgment is the hidden door to wisdom. Reason moves haltingly, re-examining every premise, no matter how well grounded. Nothing is better established than prejudice, hatefulness, and superstition, and nothing sounds more convincing than an old lie.*

—DAGOBERT D. RUNES, *Letters to My Daughter* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1954)

## *Wind Across a Sierra Slope*

EDITH FRISBIE

I turned my face  
to the immeasurable grace  
of living lace:  
where high astir  
pine and fir  
together were,  
there sheared to ground  
a sifting sound  
as of surf sand-spent,  
and the riving scent  
of balsam, blent  
in the netted screen  
green billowing  
against the sky.  
No one was by—  
staid trees and I,  
our hearts unpinned  
by a hurrying wind.

# NOUS N'IRONS PLUS AU BOIS . . .

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*by Julie Sloane*

**B**EING currently in the throes of a voluntary experience, shared by thousands of families and communities, the most I can hope, describing it, is to let its values speak for themselves.

My husband and I, having launched our first two children into the world, a boy into the Army and a girl to college, found ourselves with a seven-year-old daughter: a postwar baby born to middle-aged parents. Now, a little girl of seven is eligible to be a Brownie Scout; and in a rural township like ours, the sisterhood of Girl Scouts has already sighted most of the mothers who might be persuaded to volunteer as leaders. If the unsuspecting female doesn't give an immediate "No" when approached, that means she has volunteered. After which a training course, all set up and waiting for her and a few dozen like her in the community, is mandatory.

With the two older children away from home, I had told myself the time had come to indulge my own interests: to read more, to garden more, and to write a little. Some outside pressure to join a community project came from friends who knew I had more leisure. Inside pressure, too, hinted that a personal contribution to the general welfare was in order. But I resisted, and it was a luxury to look ahead and see not one commitment.

But after I had looked ahead, I took another look, a long one, at some others of my friends who had refused to become involved outside their homes. With their time occupied only by their childless households and their gossip about each other, they were actually courting tragedy. They never quite included me in their dolor, because, as they kept reminding me, I had a child at home still. It was almost an accusation.

So when my "call" came, it found me, like a Girl Scout, prepared . . . well, partially. A new neighbor—I'll name her Gretchen—telephoned me. I had talked with her a couple of times and liked the way she treated her children, and the way she treated mine.

# WITHOUT A HATCHET

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"Hello," she said. "Your Sally is old enough to be a Brownie, isn't she?"

"She is," I said, heading for the trap, "and she's begun to talk about it. If there's to be a troop around here this autumn . . ."

"There is, and I'm taking it," said Gretchen, "if you'll be my assistant. Will you?"

"Yes," I heard myself say, "I will." And then I laughed, "But this is ridiculous. I don't know a thing about it; I never was a Girl Scout myself."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," she reassured me. "You told me you grew up out west, didn't you?"

"I did, and I rode horseback and climbed mountains and camped out and slept on the ground. But always with my family, Gretchen. And I must tell you honestly I don't care if I never sleep under another tarpaulin. As for doing it with other people's little girls, my mind recoils."

Gretchen laughed. "At their age we don't have to do much more than take them on nature walks. But you will have to take a training course: one day a week for six or eight weeks; do you think you can manage?" I guessed so. "Actually," she went on, "you're supposed to finish the course before you handle a troop, but I'm getting the second and third grades together after school on Thursday, so maybe you'd like to be there. I could use an experienced mother."

The trap closed around me. "All right," I said, "but you're going to be sorry you thought of *me* for the job." I said it gaily.

"Never," said Gretchen, just as gaily, as she hung up.

On the following Thursday, before I had had an hour of formal training, I was helping Gretchen welcome fourteen little girls into what was to become Brownie Troop No.—; trying to make them feel that what they had heard about from older sisters and friends was going to be as much fun as they had hoped. As they learned

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the Brownie Promise I learned it: "I promise to do my best to love God and my country, to help other people every day, especially those at home." Gretchen's two daughters and my one were with us, and as they made the Brownie salute for the first time, soberly facing their own mothers, I felt an unexpected tightening in my throat. Then some of the eight-year-old veterans told us what they had done the year before, with a different leader, and what they wanted to do this year. We elected patrol leaders and munched homemade cookies. We learned one song, and we made a wishing circle, and then we "vanished" (which is just a quiet way of getting together sweaters, lunchboxes, etc.). As I drove six little girls to their homes afterward, the October afternoon was a mellow one.

Although we had committed a technical violation by permitting an untrained person to assist on that first afternoon, it was well I had the children's faces in mind when I drove the eight miles to my first training period. We met in the basement of a church in a near-by village, some thirty of us, having rushed through our morning chores to get there by ten o'clock. As they chattered around me, women from all the county districts, I sat on my folding chair in the front row, feeling coerced, ridiculous, and antisocial.

Our instructor, in her immaculate green Girl Scout uniform, her hair just done, stood up. The noise of conversation lessened, but did not stop. She waited another moment, and then she held her hand up above her head. So did her assistant, so did a few of the old scouts. Finally, all of us did. The room was still. She smiled. "You'll find you cannot go on talking when your own hand is up," she said, "a good thing to remember when you're facing a noisy group of girls." As an old dramatics coach myself, I was more than half won over to her side. And I admired the way she went about getting us acquainted—with each other and with our subject. She drew from each of us some reason for being there, and some of our own hesitations. Then, not for public information, we wrote down what we considered our potential contributions, specific ones like crafts or cooking or singing or storytelling.

"Take your chairs," she said, when this was done, "and form

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a large circle, so we can all see one another.” Her assistant handed us strips of paper. “Make a list of every word that comes to mind when you think of little girls.”

After some hesitating and looking around, we started: three or four words, six words, then faster, ten, twenty, twenty-five . . . “All right, that’s enough. Now, let’s compare.” As we went around the circle, reading our lists out loud, smiles of recognition turned into chuckles, and then into real laughter. Where one mother had written “blue-jeans,” another had “ruffles,” and where one read “curls,” another had “pigtails,” but snaggle-tooth, giggles, tears, dolls, horses, riddles, comics, ice cream, hugs, father, games, dirt, kitten, cookies, Band-Aids, boys—the basic words—were there. And as we read and listened, the lighted basement was gradually filled with little girls, very much alive and craving affection. I know many mothers besides me must have relaxed.

In November, before winter closed in on us, the powers that plan these things arranged for one of our leader classes to be held outdoors, in an upstate Girl Scout camp, abandoned now until the following summer. There we were to be initiated into some of the rudiments of scouting under expert tutelage: a sort of field day with female Daniel Beards. We had been told to bring a knife, a length of rope (being housewives we brought clothesline), a compass (what searching among sons’ and husbands’ treasure chests!), and a box lunch. The car in which I was a passenger was among the first to arrive, but the experts were there ahead of us. (“A Girl Scout is prompt.”) My first view of the chief expert was a broad expanse of corduroy slacks, from the rear, as she bent over some equipment. She straightened and turned to welcome us. Her short, curly gray hair had a narrow green ribbon holding it out of her eyes, and the skin on her big features was weather-beaten. As she smiled and shook hands, she put me in mind of a sea captain, and I liked and trusted her right away.

Several younger women in blue-jeans and T-shirts and old jackets came and went, setting up the day’s projects. My senses told me I was now among the initiate. By their way of handling themselves, by their remarks to one another, and by their attitude to their work,

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they obviously knew and liked camping. And they knew and liked each other. They were a world to themselves, and for a moment I wondered what I had been doing all the past twenty years.

One of them walked over to us, laughing. "What do you think?" she asked. "Forgot the tent pegs. Some camper I am. Oh, well, just have to cut some more." She turned to me. "Want to come along?" Feeling like a new girl on the first day of school, I nodded.

She got a small ax out of her station wagon, and off we went, over a small bridge and toward a clump of saplings about fifteen feet high. She selected one, a little apart from the others, slightly over an inch in diameter. Then she went to work, hacking at it in an accurate circle, until it looked like a large sharpened pencil pointing down into its own stalk. "My first lesson in Scouting," I thought to myself, impressed. When she had the little thing nearly severed—it was teetering gently on its base—I assumed she would give a twist and pull. But no. She stood up and backed away, and standing very straight, with me slightly behind her, she called into the distant void, "TIMBER!" And our future tent pegs settled slowly onto some near-by witch-hazel bushes.

I picked "timber" up, while she was smoothing off what was left of the stump, and together we carried it back to the camp site, where by then the others had arrived, and roll was being called.

I hope she mistook my silence for admiration. For in a way it was: I had just witnessed a neat job, quickly done, and I had learned something about the skill required. I was also incredulous and delighted with her self-seriousness and looked around for someone to share it with, but we were being herded into groups for compass-reading, for fire-building, for knot-tying, and for tent-raising. I wasn't quite ready to face my tree-cutting companion in the last group again so soon, and I slid in with the knot-tyers.

While the training course proceeded according to outline, some of our Brownies were demanding all the ingenuity and affection Gretchen and I could muster. Most of them were easy to get on with, but we had Kathy, who cried over everything; Nancy, who was suspicious of laughter; Jeanie, who never wanted to do what the rest

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did; and Ellie, whose family didn't approve of Scouting because the word "leader" was reminiscent of the Hitler Youth. The continuous response, they to us and we to them, consumed the energy of two women every Thursday from two-thirty to four-thirty. They welcomed us at the helm, with squeals and hugs and faces full of anticipation, but neither of us had any doubts where the real impetus came from. You might say the Brownies were the winds and we merely steered. There were fourteen of them, and as the weeks went by we took in five more from a near-by orphanage; nineteen little girls, straight from classrooms, and starving . . . likewise, thirsting. They were amazingly satisfied with a game and an apple to get them under way, but restless and outspoken about it when we misgauged their abilities. After four or five meetings most of them had been processed: had brought their dollar (which makes them members of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America), and their parents' permission in writing. Some kept on forgetting to bring these necessary items, no uniforms could be bought until they did, but early in December the last straggler had been reminded often enough, the membership cards distributed, and the little brown dresses and "beanies" and socks all purchased, and it was time for our Investiture.

The *Brownie Scout Handbook* says, "You make your Promise at the troop meeting. Then your leader *invests* you. She pins your Brownie Scout pin on the right-hand side of your collar as soon as you have made your Promise. After the leader and you salute each other or use the Girl Scout handshake, the troop may salute you. Or they may show in some other way what an important day this is for the troop. This is a ceremony and is called the *In-ves-ti-ture*. Now you are a Brownie Scout." At our Investiture, the old Brownies held lighted candles and the new candidates held unlighted ones. After they made their Promise in unison, and after Gretchen had put on their pins, they lighted their candles from the already burning ones, and all together sang a Brownie song. There were some wet eyes among the six or eight mothers who came. The two fathers present scraped their throats, and several little brothers and sisters looked solemn. Afterward we consumed grape juice and most of a large

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cake decorated with a green icing trefoil, the world emblem of Girl Scouting.

Occasionally during the winter months we had to cancel a meeting because of icy roads. Gretchen and I were still doing most of the driving, but a troop committee of mothers gradually formed itself and sometimes came to our rescue. We doubtless should have been tougher about this from the beginning, but we were feeling our way. Once or twice Gretchen had to miss a meeting, once or twice I did, but usually we were both there. Often when we had much to do at home, there was only time for a hasty consultation on the telephone the night before: whether to give a certain child a certain responsibility, whether to make posters for the Girl Scout carnival, should we skip the refreshments for once, and would we have time for the Brownie Story? But it worked. We made potato puppets and gave a play with them. We made scrapbooks for a children's hospital. We did the freak show, and sold cider at an ambitious district fair, and took in more than our quota of money, with no tears shed and no nickels lost. We read *Charlotte's Web* out loud, and *The Adventures of a Brownie*. We held frequent elections of officers, because that way "more people got to be more things." The girls themselves conducted the meetings, and we abided by Mr. Robert's *Rules of Order*.

As spring came we followed paths in the woods and learned not to pick the trailing arbutus and the lady slippers. We had a marshmallow roast in Gretchen's back yard, and when I looked up from the fire at one point, I counted five little boys who had mysteriously joined the Brownie Scouts for the afternoon. "Have we enough marshmallows?" I asked Gretchen in an undertone. "Plenty," she said. "They're feeding their uninvited guests from their own sticks." And it was true. Even fat Ann, who could never say no to food, was force-feeding her last four to a neighbor's little boy, who had come in over the wall. I lifted my eyebrows at Gretchen. "A Brownie Scout learns to share," I quoted.

Having two adults for each troop is an excellent idea, almost a necessity. Gretchen and I were seldom simultaneously discouraged.

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When we were, it was because we could get no real help from the mothers, no help in telephoning, none in transporting, both time-consuming occupations. On such occasions we usually reverted to complimenting each other on the way one of us had handled a situation. "It's a good thing we know we're so wonderful," Gretchen would give a rueful laugh, "because I don't think the community is aware of it." But came the time for the last meeting before our district picnic in June. It was held in the high-school auditorium, and all the troops were there to see colored movies of Girl Scout summer camp life. When the director had shown the last picture, she asked how many would like to go. It was still dark in the big room, but the section that was our troop was a swoosh of movement as nineteen small arms shot up into the air. I saw Gretchen's head turn to me, and I knew she was smiling, too.

Now a year has passed since I first "volunteered," with time off last summer during July and August. As September approached, I vowed I would not do it again. I told my family so; I went out of my way to tell my friends so. Gretchen and I would call each other on the phone and list our complaints against society. We reminded each other of the effort involved, we admitted we had dreaded every meeting (until it was actually in progress). "If we could just get *some* help," we repeated over and over to one another. "And there's a whole new bunch of second-graders coming into the troop," I wailed. "It shouldn't *be* so difficult," Gretchen would declare. And always we ended by asking, "Well, what do *you* think?" We consulted county headquarters, and they sent a field representative to a meeting of "interested mothers" and Gretchen and me. Three mothers showed up, and the two who offered to do transporting for us were both very obviously pregnant. The representative admitted we had a problem. Then we adjourned.

With heavy hearts we scheduled the first meeting in September. Gretchen was to take the old Brownies, the third- and fourth-graders, and I was to take the new second-graders. As I walked up the slope to the schoolhouse, my dominant emotions were resentment and unwillingness. A yell greeted me. There were the old Brownies in

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their clean uniforms running down to grab me, and, hanging back behind trees and automobile fenders and the school steps were fourteen new little persons: each one holding on to herself, but ready to run toward me if I gave the signal. I stood still and held out my arms.

So we're rushed and we're crowded, and we have more children than we feel we can handle wisely. But the second-grade mothers are already appearing at our meetings, smaller children tagging along beside them. "You shouldn't have to do it all," one says. "It means so much to the girls," another says. "Geraldine never used to help with the younger children, but now she does." "Why, it's testimonials we're getting," I cried to Gretchen one evening in front of our husbands. "About time," they agreed. And we've even persuaded a couple of mothers to volunteer for the leader course. Another is running the transportation pool, and a third has actually been a leader elsewhere, and is helping us both. It's beginning to look as though next year Gretchen and I can turn our jobs over to younger hands, and devote ourselves to . . . let's see, what was it I was going to do more of before I became a Brownie leader? I wonder if we will.

## *The Lake Remembered*

FRANCES HALL

The lake remembered is no more the lake  
Lying in wholeness under noontime sun,  
Bearing the pattern of the wind's broad wake,  
Drawing the streams to soundless unison.

The lake remembered hangs in air, defined  
Like a precipice that wears day's final mark.  
The lake remembered warms the winter mind  
As sun warmth holds in stone long after dark.

It colors dreams as wood smoke colors sky,  
Turning the stars to sparks and sparks to stars.  
It has the sound of pack trains winding high  
To bed in meadows free from pasture bars.

Deep in the mountain country lies the lake,  
Its blueness locked in ice and wrapped in snow,  
But high in the mind's bright land its waters make  
A summer image intricate with slow  
Oar sound and heron cry and hushed wave break,  
With pebbles cast on shores known long ago.

# MEMORIES OF YUSUF MEHERALLY\*

I FIRST met Yusuf Meherally in the 1930's at the home of V. F. Calverton, the editor of *Modern Monthly*. He was dressed then in a close-fitting gray linen coat of Indian cut with stand-up collar. He wore a Gandhi cap. He seemed slight, slender, frail, but full of the breath of life. Writers kept coming and going all afternoon and he held eager conversation with each of them on a wide variety of subjects: literature, art, politics, sociology, international relations, India's struggle for freedom, structural changes in America as a result of the depression, history of England's conquest and brutal domination of India, the Indian Congress party, the Congress Socialist party, the Socialist Youth movement—of which I believe Yusuf was the secretary—and a multitude of other matters. He seemed to be able to converse with anybody on anything which interested his companion and eager to question each person on any subject on which that person seemed to be informed or expert.

\* Yusuf Meherally, who died in 1950, was one of the founders of the Congress Socialist party and one of its best-loved leaders. Until India won her freedom, he lived alternately as Mayor of Bombay and as a resident of one of the British Government of India jails. He visited the United States twice and had many close friends in this country.

I spent several hours with him then, after which I did not see him again for many years. I forgot his very existence until he reappeared in New York some time in the late 'forties. He was already in extremely poor health, was suffering from a bad heart, and his doctors had stringently ordered him to rest and do nothing. He spent many hours of the day flat on his back in bed, but it was impossible for him to be idle. Calverton had died long before, and this time he used Louis Fischer as a means of communication with the people in New York whom he wanted to meet.

Louis Fischer was living at the Duane Hotel at 237 Madison Avenue, and Yusuf took a room in the same hotel. He had a list of people whom he wanted to meet and Louis Fischer kept inviting them to his own rooms. When Yusuf was interested enough he would then get the guest to leave Fischer's rooms and come to his. There he would lie on his bed and spend hours in ardent conversation, exposition, questioning, and exchange of opinions. It could be truly said of him that nothing human was alien to his interest.

The circumstances of his wanting to meet me touched me deeply. He said: "One of the tasks I was given when I set out for America was to bring you the greetings and the thanks of my cellmates who shared

by Bertram D. Wolfe

imprisonment with me. We spent many happy hours reading your *Portrait of Mexico*. We read it, studied it, and discussed it together, and I have come to thank you on behalf of all of us for the pleasure and enlightenment you afforded us in our prison cell."

"But how did you get my book in a far-off prison in India?"

"It started this way," Yusuf explained. "We had no decent books to read in prison. I asked the jailer to lend me a copy of the Old and New Testaments. He refused, saying: 'You are a Mohammedan, you must read the Koran.' 'But I want to read the Bible.' 'No, you read the Koran.' 'If you do not give me the Christian Bible to read, I will go on a hunger strike and so will all my friends, and we will not end the strike until you give us the Bible.'

"The hunger strike began and all my comrades in prison joined me in the strike. In a few days the jailer began to worry about the situation and went to consult his superiors. They told him: 'This is impossible. We cannot let the world know that men are starving themselves to death because we refuse to let them read the Holy Bible.' So the jailer came to me and said: 'OK, here is the Bible.'

"'It is too late now,' I responded. 'We will not call off the hunger strike until you agree to get us all the books we want for study while in prison.' He went away and the hunger strike

continued. A few days later he came again and asked for a list of books we wanted to read. We put our heads together and made out a list of everything we had always wanted to read and had no time to read.

"After I left New York the first time I met you, I went down to Mexico and saw the beautiful paintings being done on the walls of communal buildings by Diego Rivera, Orozco and other great Mexican painters. Then I heard of your book dealing with the Mexican art movement and with Mexico. I wanted to read it, so I put it on the list which we handed the jailer. There were many other books we wanted to read, and the authorities had great difficulty assembling them. In the end we got every book which was on our list, including yours. Your book was all I had hoped for. We not only read it, but studied it and discussed it and discussed all the questions it raised. That is why I have come to give you the thanks of all of us for the happy hours you gave us in our prison cell."

I gave Yusuf the books I had written since his prison days, among them my *Life of Diego Rivera* and my biographical history of the Russian Revolution entitled *Three Who Made a Revolution*. Yusuf was enthusiastic about the latter book. He attempted to arrange for its publication by Padma Press, with which he had some connection, but his grow-

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ing illness prevented him from completing the arrangements.

He, in turn, gave me copies of his own writings, both books and pamphlets. He had a bad heart, which grew steadily worse, but his mind never slowed up for an instant. I urged him to do more writing and less traveling through India, less speaking at mass meetings, and less of the other things that were obviously taxing his frail body beyond its power. Even his incessant zeal to talk with people and to question them was visibly draining his strength. He had become so frail that his spirit seemed to shine through his diminishing body like a wild bird beating its wings against a cage.

I persuaded him that summer to go up with my wife and me to Provincetown, Massachusetts, a fishing village lying between Massachusetts Bay and the Atlantic Ocean at the extreme tip of a peninsula of sand dunes and pine woods known as Cape Cod, which juts out about ninety miles into the Atlantic Ocean. There he took a room at the Colonial Inn and spent most of the time in bed with the windows tight shut, because he was catching a succession of colds, which put an extra strain on his heart. But whenever the weather was fine and his health a trifle improved, he visited the local artists and writers and entered again into the interminable discussions of all the things in his heart. He loved the sand dunes, the pine forest, and the sea, but was not strong enough to plod through the sand to reach them.

One day I arranged to take him in a station wagon which had specially deflated balloon tires in order that it could run over the sand dunes. In it we toured the entire tip of the Cape, both the inner shore of the great bay and the outer shore of the Atlantic Ocean. When we reached the extreme tip of the peninsula I explained to him that it was known as Race Point, because a great tide raced around it where the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the waters of Massachusetts Bay came together.

"Would you stop here for a while?" he asked shyly. We stopped, and he walked down to the point where ocean and bay waters came together, took off his sandals, and waded into the swirling water. When he came out, his face was lighted up with an expression of happiness that I had not seen before.

"We Indians believe that every confluence of water is a sacred place," he explained to me.

I realized then that in his spirit was a blend of socialist internationalist philosophy with the ancient faith of his own people. His reaction had not been Moslem, but Hindu, and that impulsive action gave me a fresh and deeper insight into his mind.

Through Yusuf I met Minoo Masani and his wife, Shakuntala, who passed through New York on their way to Brazil, where Masani was to serve as ambassador. In an effort to restore Yusuf's health, the Masanis took him along with them. Later he returned to New York once more.

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Through him, also, I met Raja Rao, Sushila and Rajeshwar Dayal, and many others of his compatriots. All of them showed a peculiar affection for Yusuf Meherally and a profound concern for his health.

From Yusuf I learned the story of Masani's break with the Congress Socialist party and of the popular front experiment between the Congress Socialist party and the Indian Communist party. As a student of the international Communist movement, I was familiar with the story of these popular fronts and united fronts in many lands, but I realized there was something unique in the Indian scene which made the experiment there turn out differently.

During the early 'thirties after Hitler came to power, Stalin made several vain attempts to come to an understanding with Hitler. When these failed and the anti-Comintern axis developed, Stalin became alarmed and made one of his sudden turns to seek support in the League of Nations (till then called by him "The League of Bandits"). At the same time he made an alliance with France in the Stalin-Laval Pact and opened a big drive for a popular front with Socialist and Democratic parties. Up till then the Socialists had been called "Social Fascists" and democracy and socialism were "the main enemies." Now the Communist parties offered the "hand of brotherhood" to all progressive liberal, democratic, and Socialist parties. Many of these were deceived, infiltrated, and later disrupted by

this maneuver, which lasted until Stalin betrayed his democratic Allies by signing his pact with Hitler.

The Congress Socialist party of India was also taken in by the fair words of friendship and not only accepted the Communists into its ranks but helped the Communist party to enter into the Indian National Congress. The Indian Communists were under secret instructions to penetrate and try to capture the Congress Socialist party and above all to discredit and destroy Mahatma Gandhi. Though the Indian Socialists, Meherally among them, were as candid and unsuspecting as the socialists of other lands, yet they proved to possess an antitoxin which saved them from destruction.

The only person, according to Meherally, who sounded a note of warning that the Communists were not morally fit to enter the Socialist party or the Indian National Congress was Minoo Masani. "Minoo was in jail with the rest of us at that moment," Yusuf told me. "We spent long hours and days and nights trying to convince him but we did not succeed. He insisted upon resigning from the Congress Socialist party if it accepted the Communists into its ranks. When we failed to convince him, we decided to help him with his letter of resignation so that he would make it a really worthy document. All of us had a hand in helping him

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with an explanation of his reason for breaking with us."

Again I realized that Indian socialism had some strange quality missing from political life in other countries, for I had never heard of a factional controversy in which members of one faction tried to help the spokesmen of another faction to put their position as clearly and worthily as possible. I was mystified as I listened and pondered what this strange ingredient in the Indian spirit could be.

"Minoo was right, of course, although we did not know it then," Yusuf continued. "Some time later when I got out of prison I discovered that the Communist party was guilty of double-dealing and had constituted itself as a hostile conspiracy within our movement. They kept up a faction of their own, slandered our movement and its leaders, secretly worked for the defeat of some of our candidates in the elections, made undercover alliances with opponents of socialism against us. Finally someone brought me copies of a secret Communist circular which they had sent out to their members, giving instructions to support reactionaries against Congress Socialist candidates in certain districts. I called a number of the top leaders of the Communist party faction within our ranks to come to visit me and I accused them of moral duplicity. Their answer was a barefaced denial. Thereupon I took out a copy of their circular and said: 'How do you explain this?'

"I was alone with their leaders;

they snatched the circular out of my hand by force. 'Are you such fools,' I asked, 'that you think you can undo a moral crime by destroying a document? Do you think I am such a fool as to trust you after this has come into my possession? Naturally I have other copies in a safe place. You have proved unworthy of membership in a socialist movement. You have proved unworthy of membership in the Congress party, and you have proved unworthy of the moral principles of Gandhiji. What you aim at is power for your Moscow masters. What we aim at is the freedom, the well-being, and the regeneration of our people. You and we cannot travel together, for our roads diverge. I give you one week to withdraw all your members from our party or we will expel every one of them.'

"'We will not give up the Congress Socialist party,' they answered. 'It is our party now. We belong to it and we will have control of it in a showdown.'

"'I give you one week to withdraw,' I responded, 'or we will expel every last one of you. It will be more honorable if you resign, for your continued membership in a party you do not agree with dishonors you and us. But if necessary we will expel you.'"

Once more I realized that there was some strange principle at work in the Indian Socialist party which saved them from the deadly vacillation of other socialists and liberals in other lands.

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"Our National Committee," Yusuf continued, "sent circulars to all our branches and locals and provincial committees throughout India, exposing the whole affair and directing the immediate expulsion of all known Communists and all those who had sympathized with them, voted with them, fellow-traveled with them, or joined in any way in their conspiracy.

"Do not be afraid to commit an injustice," we wrote. "If anyone is wrongly expelled, he will find it easy to prove his good faith and can be reinstated, but if any morally corrupting element remains, it will corrupt our party."

"Within the time limit set by us, our party was purified."

"How many sections, branches, locals, and provincial committees did you lose as a result?" I asked, remembering how many parties were wrecked by such splits.

"We had no serious losses," he replied, "because the moral principle on which we acted was clear to our membership."

Suddenly I knew the answer. It was the influence of Gandhi within the Congress Socialist party which had immunized it against the moral corruption of the Communists. However much the Congress Socialists differed with Gandhi and he with them, they felt a kinship of moral purpose, and therefore they were close together in the questions which mattered most. No other party anywhere in the world suffered such insignificant losses as the result of this

unhappy experiment of working together with the Communists.

I never heard Yusuf speak at any length of Nehru or Patel, but he spoke frequently to me of his earlier relations with Mohammed Ali Jinnah, under whose tutelage and in whose chambers he had read law, and of Mahatma Gandhi, with whom he had had arguments on industrialization and socialism and other topics, but for whom he felt the love of a son for a father and of a disciple for a revered master.

Yusuf had been born a Mohammedian, and to Jinnah he owed much of his early training, but when Jinnah broke with the National Congress party and began his movement for a separate Pakistan, Yusuf remained loyal to India and the Congress party.

He spoke of his former master, Jinnah, in tones of resolute rejection but without bitterness. On the whole, Yusuf preferred to talk of things which inspired his enthusiasm rather than matters which he felt called upon to condemn.

Only when he spoke of the negative aspects of British rule in India, and of the monstrous moral corruption spread by the Stalin regime among intellectuals and workers, did I ever hear him become eloquent on negative things.

On British rule in India, he was tireless. When he learned that I had

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spent much of my adult life working with the Indian independence movement in the United States, he found a fresh reason for closeness to me.

I told him stories of an earlier generation of Indian independence fighters whom I had known in the United States. During World War I some had tried to get arms and help from Germany, but their movement had been unsuccessful. Others had tried to work for Indian independence by influencing American public opinion, which in general has always been anti-imperialist.

The great test of America came when, contrary to her whole tradition, she engaged in a brief imperialistic spree in Latin America during the first two decades of the twentieth century. But we had long ago won that battle against an imperialism that went against our entire tradition. By the time Yusuf came to the United States, we had withdrawn our troops from all the Central American republics, and the "Good Neighbor Policy" had completely replaced the "Big Stick" policy, which had briefly marked our attempts to establish "order" in the turbulent Central American republics and to secure the approaches to the Panama Canal. Yusuf found the United States its old anti-imperialistic self and free from even a shadow of controversy on the matter. He also found a sympathetic ear in every circle into which he entered when he spoke of Indian independence.

Yusuf plied me with questions concerning earlier Indian independence

fighters who had found refuge in the United States and, unable to return to the homeland, were dying in lonely exile on the West Coast of this country or in Mexico, with no prospect of seeing India again. I was particularly close to a group of Sikhs who lived on the Pacific Coast in California and who had founded an independence movement known as the Hindu Gadir party, for in the early 'twenties I had edited a newspaper partly owned by the San Francisco labor movement and partly by the Irish republican movement and the Hindu Gadir party.

In turn he told me much about the earlier British rule in India, about the great textile industry which India possessed when the British came and how the British crushed it, in part by competition from cheap Manchester textiles and in part by laws against native spinning. Some of the stories he told me about ordinances which provided for cutting off the fingers of people who insisted on continuing their spinning and weaving were new and startling to me in spite of my life-long interest in Indian independence.

I realized that Yusuf's picture of a once great Indian textile industry must be a true one, for my philological bent taught me to notice that many of the words for textiles in the English tongue came from India: madras, calico, cashmere, etc. Thus the frozen history of language bore witness to the truth of his incredible words. He instantly added my insights from linguistics to his arsenal

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of arguments in his talks to other Americans.

When England finally decided to withdraw from India, I watched Meherally's bitterness suddenly ebb away. There was no rancor in him. Thenceforward he talked very little about British crimes in India, though he had spent much of his life in prison because of British rule. Now he spoke rather of the good things the British had contributed to Indian civilization and culture—above all, the sense of justice and safeguarding of individual and civil rights that are inherent in the British tradition. He jested about the fact that in the vast subcontinent of India there were so many peoples and dialects that often the only common language in which Indian intellectuals could communicate with each other was the "language of the oppressor." That language, he told me, opened to the Indians a great literature and tradition which might be used to enrich their own.

I teased him about the "British sense of justice" which had kept him so long in jail. He answered in deep earnest: "Even while they oppressed us, they were uncomfortable about it. A hunger strike in a British jail could get me the Bible and your book to read. In Hitler's jails or in Stalin's it would only have gotten me before a firing squad. Gandhi's whole code of nonviolent resistance to the evil of foreign rule was predicated on the unspoken assumption that the English had a better nature to which we could appeal. In the land of blood

purges and concentration camps that Stalin has built, the great organized campaigns of nonviolent resistance to evil could never have started. At Gandhi's first word of protest, he would have disappeared forever from view. The English at least felt that they had to report his defiance, even while they ridiculed it and imprisoned him. And they were always terrified lest he die in one of his protest hunger strikes. That is why he taught us to hate the evil things the English did but not to hate the English, or ever to despair of their regeneration or ours."

As Yusuf talked to me about Gandhi, I began to realize that there was a warm bond of affection and good-humored intimacy that bound Yusuf to him in a relationship that was compounded of father and son, master and disciple, friend and friend, in unequal parts. They had obviously argued much, for Yusuf told me of Gandhi's reservations about the class-struggle aspect of Yusuf's socialism and the socialist habit of treating some classes as virtue incarnate and others as incarnate evil. The dogmatic violent amoral side of Yusuf's socialist creed had been tempered by Gandhi's philosophy. And Yusuf had his reservations on the "homespun" aspects of Gandhi's economics. But these were superficial differences, while in their hearts there was a tie of common moral principle, deep affection, and

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the warm bond that links a devoted disciple to a great teacher.

When he left our shores to return to India, I helped him pack his bags and was shocked by the massiveness and weight of his baggage. He had accumulated hundreds of books, magazines, and manuscript articles, including some of mine, which he intended to try to publish in India. He had had too much baggage when he came. Every Indian, it seems to me, carries too much baggage. Perhaps because, unlike us, they are accustomed to many servants, and human labor power for personal service is cheap and plentiful in India. But Yusuf's bags were laden far more than any others with the dead weight of books. They contrasted strangely with his frail, slight person. With his bad heart he could not lift the lightest of his bags. For that matter, I with my good heart couldn't either. It was as if he had tried to pack all our art, all our literature, all our culture, and all the mementos of all the men and women he had known and the places he had seen into his baggage to take them all back with him to India. I secured the help of three men in and around the hotel, and the four of us managed to get the slight Yusuf and

the massive baggage into a single cab.

My last words to him were an earnest admonition that he should slacken up on his party work, his endless journeys and speeches, and endless giving himself to all and sundry. I urged him to conserve his strength and to communicate his thoughts through books and articles.

He half promised, but then he began to talk of the great eagerness of the Indian masses to hear and learn and the great need to teach what one could. "How can I deny myself to anyone," he asked, "at any place or at any hour? There is so much to be done. And there is such joy in doing it."

I was not surprised when mutual friends wrote me from India that Yusuf's frail heart had ceased to beat. He had given it to his people to the very end.

It only remains to say that he has left so profound an impression on so many people that the mention of my friendship with him to almost any new arrival from India serves as a credential. People seek me out because they have heard that he was my friend. And I am sure that if I ever get an opportunity to visit the land of which he revealed so much to me, his name will serve as my passport there.

# SPRING BIRDS\*

by Doppo Kunikida

A BOUT six or seven years ago I was teaching English and mathematics at a middle school in a certain district. There was an eminence called the "Castled Mountain" here on which, though it was not high, grew many trees, and the view being very fine, I often took a ramble there.

On the top of this mountain there once stood a donjon, but now only its ruins remained. In autumn, when ivies and vines mantled the stone walls there with their red leaves, the sight was beautiful. On the level ground where once the donjon stood had grown small pine trees sparsely, and in autumn tall grass grew rank and thick there. They reminded us strongly of the past glory.

Lying on the grass, I often enjoyed a distant view of the neighboring landscape, peeping over the thick forest where hardly any human feet had printed their marks.

One Sunday afternoon, if I remember rightly, when the sky was clear as crystal with a strong wind rattling through the forest, I went up, as usual, to the top of the mountain. There, gazing often at the beautiful landscape brightened by the sun inclined a little to the west, I was reading a book I had brought, when suddenly I heard people talking not far from me and coming to the edge of the stone walls. Curious to know who they were, I looked down

and found three girls gathering firewood. They seemed to have gathered much wood, but with a large bundle of it on their shoulders they were still intent upon their gathering business. They were engaged in this work, singing and talking cheerfully. They were about twelve or thirteen years old and seemed to be the children of the neighboring peasants.

For a while I looked at them and then again returned to my book. By and by I had completely forgotten about these girls. Suddenly I heard sharp cries. Alarmed, I looked down and saw them scampering off, though I did not know why, with large bundles of firewood on their backs. They soon disappeared beyond the stone walls. Wondering, I carefully looked further and found in the dark depth of the forest someone coming up here, forcing his way through the brushwood. I did not know who it was at first, but when he came beneath the stone walls, coming out of the forest, I found he was a boy about eleven or twelve years old. With his dark blue clothes on, and with a white sash round his waist, he seemed to be neither a farmer's son nor a townsman's.

With a thick stick in his hand, he was looking around. Looking up at me on the top of the stone walls, his eyes met mine. He looked at my face for some time and then smiled a strange smile at me. Indeed it was a very queer smile, and at once I

\* Translated by Tsutomu Fukuda.

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knew he was not a normal boy, with his pale round face and his staring eyes.

"What are you doing, Sir?" he called out to me, in an intimate tone, to my great surprise. But it was quite natural that he knew me well, for the town in which I lived and taught English and mathematics was a very small castle town. Therefore, almost all the people of the town knew a young teacher from the capital, though on my part I scarcely knew anyone except my pupils. So it was no wonder that he called out to me in this familiar tone. Remembering this fact, I said to him gently, "I am reading a book. Won't you come up here?" On hearing these words, the child began to climb up the stone walls as nimbly as a monkey. As the stone walls were more than ten meters high, I wished to stop him, much alarmed, but before I could do so, he had climbed about halfway up the walls, and with the help of the ivy, he came up to me in an instant. He stood still before me, smiling a strange smile as before.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"My name is Rokuzo."

"Rokuzo? Do you call yourself Rokuzo?"

The child gave me a nod, fixing his eyes upon me, still smiling a queer smile with his mouth open.

"How old are you?" I asked, but he looked perplexed. I asked again the same question. Then his lips parted in a queer way and were moving in a strange manner, and then suddenly opening his hands, he be-

gan to count "One, two, three," on his fingers and omitting the intermediate numerals, he counted, "ten, eleven. I am eleven years old." Judging from his manner of counting, he might be said to be a five-year-old boy who had just begun to know how to count things. I said, "Oh, you can count very well," as if to a mere child of five.

"My mother taught me."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, I don't."

"Why don't you go to school?"

As the child was looking before him, with his head inclined to one side, I thought he was thinking hard and waited some time for his answer. Suddenly he began to run away uttering something inarticulate as a dumb person does. Taken aback, I called out to him. "Rokusan! Rokusan!"\* But not paying the slightest attention to my words, he kept on running without even looking back, and soon disappeared out of my sight.

## II

I had been living in lodgings for some time since I came to this town, but finding such a life very inconvenient to me, I had been looking for a house where I could entrust everything connected with daily life to its master. Fortunately, through the kindness of one of my acquaintances, I found I could rent two upstairs rooms in a house whose owner was called Taguchi, with the conditions

\* "Master Roku." "Rokuzo" is often shortened into "Roku." "San" is Mr., Master, Miss, or Mrs.

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I mentioned above. Mr. Taguchi had once been a principal retainer of a feudal lord and had a fine old mansion at the foot of the Castle Mountain and lived happily and comfortably, so I owed it to his generosity and favor that I could lodge in his house.

What surprised me most, however, was that on getting up very early on the day after my removal to this mansion, I found, while I was going out for a walk, the idiot boy I had met on the mountain, sweeping the garden.

"Rokusan!" I said to him, but he only grinned at me, and without speaking a word, he continued to sweep on, in the garden covered with fallen leaves. As days passed I came to know everything about him. Perhaps it was because I was very curious to get information about the boy.

This child was called Rokuzo and he was a nephew of Mr. Taguchi. He was an idiot. His mother was about forty-five or forty-six years old. She was divorced from her husband when she was still young and went back to her parents' home with her two children, and they were under the care of her brother. Rokuzo's sister was called Oshige and was seventeen years old then. She also seemed to be weak-minded. Mr. Taguchi at first seemed to try to conceal the fact from me, but finding it impossible, called me to his room one day, and after giving his own opinion about education, told me that his nephew and niece were im-

beciles, and asked me if I knew any special means to educate them.

According to him, the father of the poor children was a heavy drinker. This habit naturally led to his shortened life and the loss of his property. Though the imbecile brother and sister attended the primary school for some time, neither of them became wiser. All the efforts of the teacher came to nothing. They could not keep up with the other boys and girls. They were only the butts of their derision and contempt. Naturally their mother withdrew them from school. Thus, by Taguchi's account, I came to know everything about these weak-minded children. Though he did not tell it to me, his sister, the mother of these children, was also somewhat weak in her mind. Thus I knew that the cause of the idiocy of these children might be traced partially to their father's drinking habit, but that their weak-minded mother was also responsible for their imbecility.

Of course, I knew the existence of a special kind of education for idiots, but it required special talents, so I did not give an affirmative answer then, in spite of his earnest request with regard to his nephew. I only talked of how difficult it was to educate the idiotic children.

Many days passed in this way, but the daily sight of these children filled me with an increasing sense of pity. The mute, the deaf, and the blind are

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miserable people, but they are happy when compared to these idiots, for they can think and they can feel, but idiots are mentally dumb, deaf and blind, so they might be called beasts. Of course, they have a human shape, so we cannot say they cannot feel at all, but what they think or feel is far below what normal people think or feel, one-tenth of the ordinary mental activities. How much it would have been better for them if their mental chords had been comparatively harmonious, even if they were imperfect; but their mental chords were very unharmonious. Naturally their manner was different from that of ordinary people, and it made us feel all the more pity for them. Especially Rokuzo made me feel a greater pity than Oshige, as he was a very simple and innocent child, which made me wish to develop his intellectual power as much as possible. Two weeks after my talk with Taguchi I was about to go to bed at ten, when Rokuzo's mother came into my room, saying, "Are you going to bed?" She was a short, thin, small-headed, convex-faced, old-fashioned woman with dyed black teeth. She was beaming with a good-natured smile, with her lips parted a little.

"Yes, I am thinking of going to bed," said I, but before I finished it, she sat before the brazier and said hesitatingly, "I would be much pleased if you would grant my request."

"What is it?"

"It is about Rokuzo. As he is an

idiot, as you see, I am very anxious about his future. Though you might say I had better think of myself, such a fool as I am, before I think of my son, but my anxiety about Rokuzo makes me think only of my son."

"What you say is quite true, but you had better not worry too much about your son," said I by way of comforting and solacing this poor mother, and you might think it was quite natural.

### III

That night she gave me a full account of this son, and it made me feel very keenly what parental love was. As I said before, one could tell that this woman was rather weak-minded, but her affection for her son was as strong as ordinary people. This fact, coupled with her night-upon-idiocy, caused me to feel a greater pity for her and her child. I shed tears in spite of myself from deep sympathy. I gave her my promise to do my best for her son and sent her back. Then I thought over the means of improving the boy intellectually. What I thought of was always to have him with me and develop his intellectual powers, as the occasion might arise.

What I noticed, first of all, was he had not the least idea of numbers. He could not count from one to ten. Repeated teaching made it possible for him to count from one to ten for a moment, but when I picked up three stones and asked him how many, he thought and thought but could not give any answer. When I

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pressed him further, he at first smiled the strange smile but soon it gave way to a wry expression, and he almost burst into tears. In spite of these discouraging circumstances, I devoted my whole energy to his improvement and tried with great patience. Once I went up the stone steps of the Hachiman Shrine, counting up to seven and then stopped. I asked him how many steps we had come up. He answered to my greatest disappointment, "Ten." When we counted the number of pine trees or when I told him to count candies when I gave the candies to him as a prize, the result was always the same.

Figures were meaningless signs to him. I knew well that idiots had not the sense of number, but I did not realize that he was utterly hopeless, so I often felt like crying, thinking of my fruitless efforts, and in reality sometimes shed tears. While Rokuzo was such an imbecile, he was a very naughty boy. He often took others by surprise by playing practical jokes upon others. He was a good climber of mountains. To him the Castled Mountain was a playground. He ran about the mountain at will. He did not mind at all whether there was a path or not.

It often happened that when all the members of Taguchi's family were worrying over missing Rokuzo he suddenly made his appearance in the back garden in the evening, climbing down the steep side of the Castled Mountain. I now came to understand why the firewood-picking girls ran away at the sight of Rokuzo.

It was because Rokuzo had often scared and frightened them.

Though Rokuzo was such a naughty boy, he was given to crying. His mother often scolded him severely, sometimes striking him with the palm of her hand, considering the feelings of her brother with whom they lived, when Rokuzo was too unruly. Then, holding his ducked head in his hands and shrinking himself up, he cried out. But soon he would give up crying and begin to smile as if he had forgotten having been beaten, and then to sing. It made me feel a greater pity for him. I had thought he did not know any song, but in fact he knew a popular song sung by firewood-picking girls. He often sang it in a low voice.

One day I went up to the Castled Mountain by myself. I wished to take Rokuzo with me, but then I could not find him. Even in winter, Kyushu is a warm land, and when the weather is very warm and the sky is clear and limpid, you will find winter is the best season for mountain climbing there. Treading on the fallen leaves, I came to the top of the mountain and went to the place where once the donjon stood. It was very quiet and still there, and breaking the silence, someone was singing sweetly. Looking up, I found Rokuzo singing the popular song, sitting astride the projected edge of the stone walls and swaying his feet like two pendulums.

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The serene sky, the bright sunshine, and a little child, with the ruins of the castle as the background—these made a superb picture. The boy looked like an angel. To my eyes Rokuzo did not seem an idiot. An idiot and an angel, what a great difference there was between the two! I felt then that Rokuzo was not an imbecile, but a child of nature. If I give you another thing that characterized him, it was his great fondness for birds. In spite of his liking for feathered creatures, however, he could not learn their names by heart, however hard I might try to teach him. Shrikes and bulbuls were alike crows to him. What surprised me most was that he called a white heron a crow. The expression “to talk white into black” was quite applicable to his case.

When he saw a shrike twittering on the top of a tall tree, he looked up at it with his mouth gaping wide, and when it flew away, he followed it with wondering eyes in blank surprise. To him birds flying freely high up in the sky seemed to be soaring miracles.

### IV

In spite of my hard and patient labor, Rokuzo did not make any perceptible intellectual progress. Thus days rolled on and spring came back again, when a fatal accident happened to Rokuzo. One morning at the end of March we missed Rokuzo. When noon came he had not come back yet. The afternoon waned with no news of him. Evening came with-

out his return. Naturally all the Taguchi family were in great alarm. As for Rokuzo's mother, she was frantic with apprehension. I was no less apprehensive, and determined to search all over the Castle Mountain. Taking a servant with me, I went to the place where the donjon had been, along the mountain path to which I was well accustomed. Fearing the worst, we lighted our way with a lantern. When I reached the place, I called out, “Rokusan! Rokusan!” and listened for his answer. In this silent and dreary scene, we felt a bloodcurdling terror shake our bodies. Coming up to the place where once the donjon stood, and looking down from the top edge of the stone walls along which we walked, upon the lower level ground we found Rokuzo lying dead just under the highest edge of the stone walls on the north. Something had told me, though you might say it was too fanciful, that he must have closed his tragical life by falling from the walls. The light movement of birds hopping from one branch to another must have induced him inevitably to imitate these birds.

Two days after the burial of Rokuzo, I came to the stone walls, and when I thought of Rokuzo, I could not help thinking about the mysteries of life. When I thought of the relations of men with nature, or the question of life and death, my heart was filled with a deep sorrow. I know a poem written by a famous English poet. Its title is “I Was a Child Once.” The poem describes

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a touching life of a little boy who used to stand on the shore of a lake, when evening came, with the fingers of his hands locked together, and imitate the hooting of an owl, which was answered back by an owl living in the woods on the other side of the lake. It was the only source of pleasure of his solitary life. When he died he was buried in a quiet corner, his soul going back to his merciful mother's breast. I used to read this poem, it being my favorite poem. When I thought of the short life of the idiot boy, Rokuzo, death seemed to have a deeper meaning.

When I stood on the top of the stone walls and saw spring birds flying freely, I thought one of them might be reborn Rokuzo. Even if it were not so, what difference could you see between the two?

The poor mother, after her child's death, passed her days in great sorrow and tears, though she said he was happy in his death. One day I went to the graveyard in the north of the Castled Mountain with the intention of praying before the grave of Rokuzo, when I found his mother going round the grave saying something to herself. She seemed not to notice my presence.

"Why did you try to be a bird? Why did you jump from the stone walls? Well, your teacher said so. He said you had jumped down from the top of the stone walls. You ought not to have done such a foolish thing, even if you were weak-minded." And

then after a short thinking, she said, "But you are happy in your death. You are fortunate in your death."

Noticing my presence, she said, "Sir, I think he is very happy in his death," and shed tears.

"We might say it is otherwise, but there was no help for it. An unfortunate accident shortened his life."

"But why did he try to fly like a bird?"

"It is only my supposition. We can't be sure whether he actually did try to fly, believing himself to be a bird."

"But you said so once." The mother fixed her searching eyes upon me.

"As Rokuzo was very fond of birds, I concluded in that way," I answered.

"Yes, he was very fond of birds. When he saw a bird, he spread his hands like this ———," she spread out her hands, imitating the wing-flapping of birds. "He jumped like this. Yes, and he could imitate their songs very well," she told this in an animated tone, like one inspired.

Then when she saw a crow flying in a leisurely manner toward the beach, cawing two or three times, she suddenly stopped talking about her mentally deranged son, who was no more, and with undivided attention followed the crow with her eyes.

What might have been her feeling at the sight of this crow?

## *Her Fear*

JOHN THAYER OGILVIE

Flung by tall rocks the sullen sea-roar booms  
Upon the inlet and strikes her where she stands;  
The woman looking down from her white age  
Remembers fear in childhood, when the same  
Huge-throated sound tore flowers from her hands  
And drove her back with unabating rage  
Against the cliffs, until her father came  
And found her trembling there and led her home.

The terror hovered in the narrow rooms,  
And, left alone to contemplate its being,  
She tempted it to see what it might do.  
At night she brought it out to jutting ledges  
And made it stay and listen to the foam  
Lashing below; and where the east wind blew  
Strongest at dawn and sent the small birds fleeing  
She took her fear, holding it to the edges  
Of the massive force which hurtled from the shore.

She was not strong enough to crush the thing  
Which fattened slowly on the wind and spray  
And blotted out a portion of the sun.  
Each day she felt the heaving ocean reach  
Higher and nearer, measuring her small form;  
Running, she felt the writhing seaweed cling  
Tighter about her legs upon the beach.

There was no peace behind the bolted door,  
Watching the corner shadows fluttering:  
She still could see the flashing rip-tide run;  
She heard the hungry breakers muttering.  
One evening, finally, she went away.

But through her empty inland years the roll  
Of distant thunder echoed endlessly,  
Recalling her. Once, in a summer storm,  
A gull came screaming out of the mist and dropped  
Expiring at her feet: it seemed to her  
The agony of some transfigured soul,  
Pursued by dread and lost.

Now once again

Confronted by the coastline all astir  
Under the wind, she knows the powers that cursed  
Her childhood held her always, even when  
She fancied herself forgotten by the sea;  
She knows the circling waters never stopped  
Wanting; she knows, tonight they will do their worst,  
Tonight the final wave will hang and fall,  
Tonight the sliding fog will cover all.

# THE COMING ROMANTIC AGE\*

by *Tyrus Hillway*

**I**N A RECENT issue of *Harper's Magazine* Malcolm Cowley draws our attention to what he identifies as a new school of writers in contemporary American fiction. These writers, whom he conveniently assigns to a special room in bedlam, are described as consciously attempting to avoid any taint of naturalism or historical accuracy in their works. They reveal what they have to say by reporting on the stream of consciousness of an individual in the midst of a private crisis.

Whenever such a development as the one which Cowley points out for us occurs on our literary scene, we are justified in asking ourselves a rather searching question: Does this phenomenon represent the beginning of a real revolt against the literary conventions of our time, or is it only another minute refinement of the patterns already in vogue?

For I take it that nearly all students of literary history accept as a fundamental principle in that field the existence of periodic changes and recurring cycles in literary fashions. John Livingston Lowes made brilliantly clear how the cycles operate in the history of English poetry. In his famous essay on the subject he wrote:

In perpetual alternation, the same [or similar] tendencies emerge, give rise to their opposites, are supplanted by those opposites, and out of that very eclipse emerge again, to undergo like metamorphosis. . . . The poetic aberrations of the seventeenth century (broadly speaking) led to a sharp revulsion of feeling and practice in the eighteenth; against the tyranny of the mid-eighteenth-century conventions, the late eighteenth and the nineteenth century rose in revolt; and now [it was just after World War I] the air is vocal with the battle-cries of the young insurgents of the twentieth.

If we accept this principle of "convention and revolt" as our starting point and then turn our gaze to the literary fashions of our

\* This paper was read at the annual meeting of the Colorado-Wyoming Academy of Letters held on May 9, 1953, at the University of Wyoming, Laramie.

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own age, we can arrive at certain conclusions not only about the present but—with a trifle more caution—about the future as well. For this principle teaches us that change must come and that, when it comes, it will be shaped as revolt against our present fashions. I believe that the literary tradition which we call Romanticism arose as a revolt against the attitudes and standards of eighteenth-century Neo-Classicism and that our twentieth-century patterns of literary and artistic expression were developed in large part as a revolt against Romanticism. I believe also that our modern age of Realism and Science closely resembles in many essential respects the Neo-Classicism of the eighteenth century—more so, at least, than it resembles the Romanticism of the nineteenth. If these beliefs are true, then I think the kind of literary revolt which we can expect in the future must be something in the nature of a Romantic revival.

Perhaps a brief glance at our terms may be in order. These are not entirely satisfactory terms, to be sure. Morse Peckham not long ago defined the Classical spirit as one which looks upon the universe as a perfectly ordered, systematic machine and the Romantic spirit as one which regards the universe as organic, as a growing and changing thing, in which a certain amount of chaos is inevitable, even desirable. The mechanistic point of view expresses itself in admiration for efficiency and order; the organic point of view, in creative originality and nonconformity. That great shift in European thinking which took place during the late eighteenth century—not only in literature but in most other aspects of life as well—represented, then, a denial of the principle of strict order, or mechanistic and static perfection, and an affirmation of imperfection, growth, change, and the process of becoming. The exponent of the new philosophy threw off the authority of the past and constructed a world in which nature and his own spirit were his guides. That there were other factors in the shift may not be denied, but this one seems to have been basic.\*

Neo-Classicism itself derives its name from the interest which

\* Peckham's definitions owe much, of course, to Arthur O. Lovejoy. It is only fair to say here that Peckham regards the present age as essentially Romantic. See his "The Triumph of Romanticism" in *Magazine of Art* for November 1952.

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eighteenth-century intellectuals displayed in the classical traditions of ancient Greece and Rome. What strikes one as important in the matter is not so much the superficial fact of this interest but the reasons for it. The great lesson which the eighteenth century learned from Greco-Roman literature and government was the emphasis upon orderliness. The unities in drama, correct and clean proportions in art, stylistic formalities in epic poetry—these and other ideas borrowed from the ancients apparently impressed the Neo-Classicalists as right and just. The Greeks, after all, were so reasonable! And life in the classical age of Greece and Rome had, for the eighteenth century at least, such obvious order and harmony, such excellent forms of literary and social control.

In that Age of Reason, the eighteenth century, with its deism and its great chain of being, to be reasonable was to achieve the summit of wisdom. The head naturally took precedence over the heart. Emphasis on reason and order led inevitably to insistence upon fixed rules of expression and conduct. In England there was a field day for authoritative grammarians and for the arbiters of etiquette. Reason guided the major movements of the day. And who in all this universe is capable of reasoning? Only man. Therefore man becomes the reasonable center of interest and knowledge. "The proper study of mankind is man." We must examine him in his contemporary habitat, his mentality, his personality, his place in the world, his social and political behavior. The eighteenth century did just this—and with a vengeance.

Unfortunately, the study of man is a disillusioning study. The Neo-Classicalists found it so and hid the discovery under a camouflage of wit. The bulk of their literature, depending upon the intellect and eschewing the dangers of deep emotion, became critical writing. How many poets or even novelists in the eighteenth century could weep over the misfortunes of their heroes or heroines, as Dickens and others did so freely a hundred years later? Criticism leads to cynicism. Placing man on a pedestal or even in Olympus—by whatever fervor of rationalism or nationalism the act may be accomplished—is a sure breeder of heretics.

The Romantic heretics, observing how poor a god man makes

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and how pitifully weak his unaided reason turns out to be, looked about them and saw that man does not live secluded in his cloister of civilization but is a part of the living world of nature. They no longer put their whole trust in the head or the power of reason but began to think that insight into truth may also enter through the heart. They replaced careful criticism with passionate creation and found more to enjoy in imagination and the feeling of a sympathetic relationship to nature than in intellectual probings and the techniques of expression. They averted their attention from concern with social behavior and the stability and orderliness of human institutions—in fact, some of them regarded the institutions of society as enemies of the human spirit—to the point of view that each individual possesses his own distinct personality and should be free to develop it without undue social and political restrictions. They decided also that, if the world changes, it may ultimately prove perfectible.

In politics the new enthusiasm for personal freedom swept fresh governments into office and wrote constitutions declaring the sacredness of human rights. To be sure, all aspects of life did not change at once nor in the same degree. The Classical tradition managed quite stubbornly to survive. In education, for example, Romanticism hardly manifested itself at all for something like a hundred years. In spite of Rousseau and Pestalozzi, the philosophy of individualism as opposed to authoritarianism, so far as the students are concerned, was not applied in our schools on any noticeable scale until just before the start of the present century. But that is another story.

Like Neo-Classicism before it, Romanticism ran its course and fell into extremes, produced its great works of art and literature and government, and left its imprint upon our lives. The world cannot ever be quite the same again. But the time inevitably arrived when what had been a heresy became a commonplace, when the conventions of the Romantic writers began to seem hopelessly old-fashioned, and the whole tradition turned suddenly quite threadbare.

When did this occur? I think it was well started in the latter half of the nineteenth century, at a time when Romanticism still

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flowered grandly but had begun to fall almost imperceptibly into a mold. To most observers it would no doubt have seemed incredible to think of Romanticism as dying. Actually, the coup de grâce was not finally delivered until the writers of the nineteen-thirties launched their mass attack upon individualism. As late as the first years of the twentieth century, most critics regarded Romanticism as a healthy and spreading force. The dissenters lamented this fact but never doubted it. T. E. Hulme, the British essayist, expressed the fear that there might never be an end of those poets who seemed always "moaning and groaning about something or other." What he hoped for, though he considered the hope rather vain, was "a period of dry, hard, classical verse," and "a new technique, a new convention, to turn ourselves loose in." Had he lived through World War I, or even if he had read more widely while he lived, he would have seen his wish fulfilled. At about the same time Henry Adams was proclaiming his nostalgia for the ordered and unified society of the thirteenth century. But long before this Gilbert and Sullivan had satirized the Romantic excesses in their comic operas and William Dean Howells in America had explicitly attacked the Romantic novelists for portraying mere passion in place of genuine feeling, for extolling power of personality and expression instead of common sense, and for claiming inspired genius rather than a normal status as hard-working artists. And in the eighteen-nineties the still influential Romantic writers (like Maurice Thompson and F. Marion Crawford) returned the attack vigorously, comparing Howells to a Pawnee in the Louvre.

Had Hulme and Adams been somewhat more perceptive in their day, I believe they would have seen that Romanticism no longer could be counted a living force, that such lingering remnants as they observed were merely the tag ends of the tradition, and that the swing back to orderliness and common sense and strong social controls was already well started.

Perhaps the most significant positive element in the change was the growing power of science. Emerson at the close of his career came to realize the pervading influence of scientific thought upon his generation. Science expanded its intellectual empire all during the

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nineteenth century and consolidated its power in the twentieth, so that there is now hardly any aspect of human existence which is not controlled, or at least modified, by science. Interest in technology has pretty well replaced interest in the humanities. Led by the overpowering logic of Darwinism, science has effectively destroyed the old Romantic doctrine and concept of nature as the teacher and friend of man. We now treat nature more objectively, having been driven to see the terrors of the struggle for existence and the bloody maw that lies beneath her painted exterior. In its clear-cut logic, in its insistence upon facts, modern science has moved most thoughtful persons toward materialism, toward an attitude of suspicion with respect to the vague thing we know as the spirit.

I suppose the early Realists, protesting as they did against the emotionalism, the mysticism, and the wild imaginativeness of their predecessors in literature, did not fully recognize the fact that they themselves had fallen under the spell of science. After all, they were only appealing for common sense. And so they went about the business of presenting what they considered a more truthful picture of human life, training their literary microscopes more and more intently upon the subject man. And they were able to show that man is really not what the Romantic enthusiasts pretended—not a self-sufficient individual whose heroic powers make him equal to the task of determining his own fate, but rather a clay image prodded at and pushed forward by mighty hereditary and social forces. They cried for more social controls, raking through the muck at society's borders to show the rottenness that lay there. As they read Freud and grew increasingly aware of psychology and its uses, they turned in the direction of psychoanalysis and an attempt at photographing the so-called stream of consciousness. Today, as we gaze about us in the middle of the twentieth century, we can see that the most widely read of our serious books are those which deal, directly or indirectly, with psychology and with psychological sociology. We love to examine ourselves. We are convinced, as our friends of the eighteenth century were, that man is our proper study. Whether in fiction or poetry or expository prose, these works do not stir us emotionally—except, perhaps, as they arouse a feeling of disgust or shame

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or the sense of man's frustration. To be stirred in our emotions, we go to a lighter type of literature—to the scandalous or the brutally shocking, and the eighteenth century did exactly the same sort of thing.

The application of scientific principles to social and political activities, meanwhile, has led increasingly toward the strengthening of social controls and the relative submergence of the individual. No longer is the individual expected to take full responsibility for his actions. The sociologist will tell us that man is not really a separate and individual being at all. He is a fragment of society, of the type *man*. We might compare him to a drop of water indistinguishably merged in the general stream of humanity. His behavior depends upon the direction of the current, upon his physical and chemical make-up, and upon the nature of the stream bed. Another name for this is determinism, and according to it man really constitutes a mechanical product of his heredity and environment. His behavior, therefore, cannot be blamed upon or credited to himself as an individual but is the responsibility of society; it must be controlled consciously by adequate social and political pressures, which alone can lead him to his ultimate good. Man is presumably happier and more effective when he has ceased trying to assert his individuality and has learned the art of adaptation to the conditions of society. As technology is organized by industry to produce useful goods, the machinery of the social order must be improved so as to produce useful citizens. The educational system, if we follow this line of thinking, becomes the agency for social reform, for the reconstruction of society. Government and other human institutions exist for the specific purpose of enforcing the rules and extending the controls into as many areas of life as possible.

All this, of course, has been logically derived from the principles of Science and Realism. It is, or seems to be, common sense. Under the persuasion of this particular brand of common sense, especially where it has been applied by the Marxist, half the world has already lost any semblance of individual freedom and man's highest purpose has become service to the state. But even where this disaster

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has not occurred—for I still regard the loss of individual freedom as a disaster—there are many intelligent people who look upon freedom not as an end in itself but only as the means to an end. For them, the eternal quest of man is the quest for security. No true Romanticist could have been comfortable with such a doctrine.

Our age is immensely practical. Its architecture is functional, its charitable and social activities efficiently organized, its political theories largely collectivistic, its literature informative and critical. Fiction has very nearly disappeared from our intellectual magazines. Poetry has taken a low place in our literary hierarchy, and what poetry we do have has lost its lyric form. Such modern philosophies as are identifiable judge all things upon a strictly human scale of measurement. Existentialism—to name one popular brand of the moment—frankly teaches that man cannot rely on God or any other absolute as the source of his values; he must, instead, create his own values and his own plan of action. While this belief seems different from the determinism that underlies the thinking of our social scientists, it nevertheless places its emphasis in the same place—upon man the type, upon man the symbol and fragment of his society. In the larger sense, our philosophies urge us inevitably toward the deification of man.

The practical nature of our age causes us to admire efficiency and order. We abhor chaos. More and more we tend to regard the universe as a well-constructed and well-oiled machine—with man in the driver's seat. But while we believe in technological advance, we are likely to consider every other aspect of the universe as having reached a permanent peak of development, as now fixed and static. Even our historians dwell upon the disappearance of the frontier and thus explain their belief in a final limitation upon further growth in the nature of man himself. The Romanticist always considered man's potentialities for self-development as infinite.

Modern art, by concentrating upon abstractions, performs an intellectualization of nature. Its concern seems to be with technique far more than it is with subject; and this, I take it, is typical of the Classic spirit. The modern writer is likely to declare a sense of utter futility when called upon to fall back on his own individual-

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ity; and he turns with a sense of obvious relief to the comfortable absolutes represented by the church, Marxism, and other orderly and authoritative systems. He may, to be sure, try bravely to present a bold Romantic front before a Classical world, as Thomas Wolfe tried. But for most of us Wolfe seems a far less fitting representative of our times than someone like T. S. Eliot.

Like the eighteenth century, we believe in the supremacy of reason, which we call science. We try to be practical and realistic, and we call this common sense. Like the eighteenth century, we regard man as the measure of all things, and we make him our study. Like the eighteenth century, we distrust the individual and establish firm social and political controls over his life—always, of course, for his own good. We are vastly more interested in the here and now than we are in the faraway and the past. In literature we are predominantly critical rather than creative.

To go back for a moment to those recent writers whom Cowley has brought to our attention, we can see that by their psychological approach and their analytical manner they betray their origins. They are not the vanguard of a new trend but are of our own age.

But when and in what form can we expect a change to occur? The pendulum has now swung a long way in the direction of what we may very well call Anti-Romanticism. Inevitably it must swing back. Obviously, however, we should not expect to see Romanticism again as we once knew it, any more than we can think of going completely back to the exact political and social organizations of the past. The times change, and to some extent we are the product of all previous ages. The Realistic tendencies of the modern period were superimposed on Romantic ideas, just as Romanticism itself was fed in part through roots in the Neo-Classical tradition. The Romanticist of the future cannot go home again but must build a new mansion from the new materials which will be laid ready to his hand.

I have spoken of “the Romanticist of the future.” Perhaps this is not precisely what I mean, and a term like Anti-Realist might be somewhat better. For we must face the likelihood that to us, as to the eighteenth century, our avid concentration upon the study of

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man will prove, in the long run, disillusioning. We have already developed a fairly strong habit of cynicism. The first evidence, therefore, of a fundamental change in our literary and philosophical pattern may easily be a new perspective toward ourselves. Once again we may think of man as a being in spiritual harmony with nature and not only as the conqueror of nature. Science itself may, indeed, bring about this transformation. If it were to discover, for example, unquestioned evidence of life on other planets—even forms of life superior to our own—we might well be brought to realize the relative weakness of the human intellect, psychology and sociology to the contrary. We might even begin to wonder at the marvels and beauties of creation. If so, objective common sense might cease to rule us, and we should again be able to enjoy our emotions and our wonder.

The second kind of evidence I should expect amounts to a rejection of our tendency to regard man—and the entire universe, for that matter—as a machine. That part of existence which we speak of (unscientifically) as the spiritual part, to which occasionally we pay lip service but which no modern can really understand, may once more have real meaning for us. When that happens, the humanities will become as important in our lives as technology. The incisive intellect will no longer be the only weapon for advancement in which we place our faith. We may again follow the heart. And perhaps we shall be able to feel, and find pleasure in our feelings, without analyzing them into atrophy.

Other bits of evidence which I should watch for include the declassification of people from pigeonholed membership in groups to actual individuality. Instead of pondering how to solve the problems of minority groups, we may begin to behave toward one another as mere individuals, each one being judged on his merits. I do not, however, believe that present movements toward internationalism necessarily signalize the kind of change I have been discussing. The internationalists of the moment appear to me to be scientific materialists who merely wish to have the opportunity to reorganize society on a larger scale. A real sign would be the decentralization of great governments—a thing that seems rather unlikely for the present.

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If such changes as these were to take place, they would be reflected clearly in our literature. In fact, evidences of the change might very well turn up in literature first, since thinking usually precedes action. If, some years in the future, we should begin to discover in our serious literature a few truly heroic and largely proportioned characters—not merely types, but persons—then I think we might fairly suspect that a change is under way. Such characters, if I am right, will exercise initiative and free will and will not be simply the predetermined and mathematically calculated products of their special heredity and environment. On the other hand, if literature were to exchange its present objective attitude toward nature for one of subjective sympathy—and I mean here nature primarily as a spiritual force—that might give us a clue.

It may seem that I attribute all virtues to Romanticism and all evils to Classicism. This is hardly what I intend; for I believe there is good and bad in each. Furthermore, what we have at any given time is a blending of the two into something not quite either one, yet containing elements of both.

To tread on somewhat more dangerous ground, I might venture the suggestion that Classicism is to be regarded as representing, in a way, the more feminine characteristics of human nature, and Romanticism the masculine. Orderliness, concern with rules and traditions, interest in the structure of society and in social controls, love of security, relative intolerance toward nonconformity, and reliance upon reason—these appear to me as fundamentally feminine qualities. The essentially masculine I would name as impatience with order and authority, pleasure in exploit and adventure, insistence upon unhampered self-expression, respect for nonconformity and originality, love of change for the sake of change, and a tendency to submerge reason in the emotions. While I think we resemble the eighteenth century largely because of the present dominance of the feminine characteristics, I do not wish to carry the parallel too far. There are many pitfalls here for the unwary.

My thesis ought not to be stretched beyond the simple idea which may be stated as follows: Just as the literary and artistic movement which we call Romanticism sprang into existence as a

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revolt against the Neo-Classical conventions which preceded it, so our own age of Realism and Science grew out of revolt against Romanticism. It may now be time to seek for evidences of the reverse trend.

These evidences, I am afraid, have not yet made themselves clearly apparent, though I once thought I caught a glimpse of the true change in some of the poetry of Robinson Jeffers. The change, of course, will come. While it will undoubtedly prove different from any movement of the past, I believe we are likely to find in it many of the elements which we have heretofore associated with Romanticism. Before we welcome the new, however, we must have our surfeit of the present fare. The first step is disillusion.

### *As I Walk in the Meadow*

JAMES MITCHELL CLARKE

I am above grass now;  
Grass will be above me.  
If dead could look I'd see  
Its roots downfalling like a woman's hair  
And think, "My love is lying there  
Soft among stones."  
She will be lying in another place  
And grassroots over my face  
Threading the bones.

# THE REVENGE

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*by Lucian Marquis*

**W**HEN I was twelve years old my parents sent me away to boarding school in France. At the railroad station my mother held my hand while my father stood by silent and embarrassed, looking up and down the train as if he were counting the cars.

“Now don’t forget to cut your fingernails and remember to change your socks,” my mother was saying. But I was admiring the storm troopers in their high polished boots and Sam Brownes. My parents, though, did not seem to see the storm troopers at all. They were absent-minded as if they had left a piece of luggage behind, although I knew that the black suitcase with the yellow piping contained everything I was to take along.

Later, looking down from the compartment onto the platform, my parents seemed to me so terribly small next to the storm troopers, my mother’s handkerchief fluttered so very white, as it does in a story, fluttered, grew smaller, and vanished.

“Have we come to the battlefields yet?” I asked a gaunt man sitting next to me. I was peering out of the window hoping to see the skeletons of the dead soldiers piled high along the railroad tracks.

The man looked at me sharply. “What are you talking about, boy?”

“You know, the battlefields—Verdun, Chemin des Dames, Ypres.” I was proud of my knowledge. “My uncle was killed at Nancy three days before the end of the war.”

“But that was fifteen years ago.” The man looked at me unbelieving. Everyone else in the compartment had stopped to listen, dropping their newspapers on their laps, taking the cigars out of their mouths.

“I thought I’d just ask.” I looked at the landscape gliding past,

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and it seemed to me that the oak trees in the shimmering dusk were crystallized explosions of an artillery barrage. Their foliage was rising in gigantic gray puffs against the evening sky.

In my father's study hung a photograph of my dead uncle. His hussar uniform buttoned to the neck had always reminded me of pyjamas. But he had died very gloriously in the last retreat before Nancy, having refused to abandon the light field guns under his command. All that they had found of him was his golden pocket watch.

My father too had had his picture taken wearing one of those helmets with a little lightning rod on top, his hands on his hips, looking very clean-shaven and pale. He had been awarded the Iron Cross, first and second class, but now it had all been in vain because on the first of March the storm troopers had come to his store and had written JEW in large chalk letters on the display window. They had knocked down Mr. Hechheimer, the accountant. My father had come home looking paler than his photograph. He had called me to his study, and while I watched Beethoven's death mask to see whether just once its eyelids would flutter, he told me with a choke in his voice that circumstances made it necessary that I be sent to a boarding school in the eastern part of France, where a close family friend had established himself as a druggist. He would keep an eye on me.

I still remember the solid grace of the Biedermeier furniture in my father's study, an atmosphere of brooding comfort over which the Beethoven mask hung like a thundercloud. Every object in the room knew its place. And now, while my father talked, he moved the little ivory figures on his desk and his hands seemed to say, Where do these things belong? At that moment I hated my father. Hated him for being so pale and puny. Despised him for not knocking down the storm troopers.

From the first I had been nicknamed *le boche*. I was an outsider, ignored, repudiated. The boarding school was located in a former monastery, a complex of large, dirty, brown buildings, connected by muddy courtyards and dank cloister garth. The honeycomb of

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monastic cells could still be seen on the ceilings of the classrooms and dormitories. A dome of ennui, a stale odor compounded of chalk dust and ink hung over the school, its oppressive weight broken only by the chimes of the cathedral bells on the other side of the river.

In M. Dufour's home room a new outrage was being prepared, but I was to play no part in it. Was it to be a frog in his desk drawer or one of those artificial, tin inkstains in his record book? I was consumed by curiosity and at the same time deeply humiliated.

"Achtung," Allari cried, "'Eil 'Itler," and he held a small pocket comb under his nose and clicked his heels violently. The other boys were laughing so hard at his joke that they had to hold on to their desks. "Somebody tell the *boche* to flush himself down the *cabinet*."

I left the room. There's a bomb ticking away under my desk, I thought—of course, I should not have told them about my uncle at Nancy or about my father's Iron Cross, first and second class. The war was still too close—not only the men with empty sleeves that one saw everywhere on the streets, but also the sprawling military cemeteries that surrounded the town.

The *cabinets* were ranged in a row, with their backs toward the river. How silly, I thought, you can't even flush them. Always the acrid stench of urine and the banging of the *cabinet* doors in the wind and the lap-lap of the river water against the wall. I stood there for a long time with the cold air blowing around my legs, peering fixedly, unseeingly, like a cat, at some dirty word scratched into the masonry. The wind blew scattered cries of boys playing. I would punish them all, I thought. I would cut them down with my machine gun as they came charging across the yard. And then at last I would blow myself up. My mother would look very old and my father would stand in my place to receive the Pour le Mérite.

Why couldn't they let me join them in making war on M. Dufour and the *pions*? They were, after all, our enemies.

The boredom, the sterility of our school life made for an exciting undercurrent. For we were at war. Or rather *they* were at war, for I was always excluded, and even the enemy silently acknowledged the fact.

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Once when a firecracker had been set off almost directly beneath my desk and I had jumped to my feet with fright, Dufour wheeled angrily and pointed in my direction.

"Hey, you," and as I advanced, eagerly ready to take punishment for an offense in which I had had no part, "No, not you, I mean Allari. Come here, you sniveling little petard."

I felt defeated and cheated. If only Dufour had rapped me across the knuckles, what a triumph.

The enemy marched into battle in three ranks. First came the teachers, though they were virtually unassailable. The majority of them were old drillmasters, mummified beings who would address us as "gentlemen who have inherited a glorious classical tradition, et cetera, et cetera." Our twelve-year-old heads would bow in embarrassment at these words.

"And now, Marechand, take that potato out of your mouth and deign to recite Act III, scene 2, *The Cid*, beginning with line eight hundred and ten." And Marechand in a deep bass voice would intone Corneille's immortal words:

C'est peu de dire aimer, Elvire—je l'adore;  
Ma passion s'oppose à mon ressentiment . . .

The teacher, now sitting in the back of the room and assiduously picking his nose, would wait for a lapse of memory, a slip of the tongue, to pounce on poor Marechand.

In the second rank of enemies stood M. Dufour and his kind. Horses put to pasture, veterans of long and fruitless campaigns, broken-down teachers. The home rooms over which they presided were called waiting rooms by the students. Here we would be imprisoned between breakfast and the first ringing of the school bell and during the interminable afternoons when the cries of the swallows, sweeping along the eaves, circling round and round the courtyard, would invite us to revolt. But only the plop of spitballs, which generations of schoolboys had shot against the honeycombed ceiling, falling gently, heedlessly, would break the quiet of the room.

The students broke all the rules, engaging in a febrile underground activity, as of ants whose futile scurryings are shamelessly

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revealed between two panes of glass. Notes were being passed back and forth. Stamps, multicolored marbles, and pornographic photographs were mutely and passionately put on the auction block. My services were freely used as a link in the note-passing chain, but although my parents' druggist friend was liberal in my weekly allowance, I was never permitted to place a bid in the auctions.

It was in the waiting room too, that most of the plots against the *pions*, the spies, were hatched. These pariahs of the French educational system stood in the third and most vulnerable rank of our enemies. They were our keepers, our guardians, our night watchmen. In the dormitories the *pion's* bed occupied a central and altar-like position. From this vantage point it was the *pion's* task to put the boys to bed. With ritualistic regularity the *pions'* beds would be vandalized, their life made miserable. Frustrated and despised, they beat us frequently, and every night made us kneel on the cold marble floor. With heads bowed, with the cold of the marble floors numbing our knees, we would chant our prayers: "We shall never again put a mouse in M. Vallade's bed." And M. Vallade, pimply, ascetic, would jump from one foot to the other, screeching in a high voice: "And now repeat after me." And we, fortissimo, with abandon: "We shall never again put a mouse in M. Vallade's bed."

I had been at the boarding school for several months when the *pions* went out on strike. The fact that their list of grievances made no reference whatever to our nocturnal warfare, but was based on such trivial grounds as the meager salary and the watered wine made their sudden defection seem even more cowardly.

As the curtained altars in the dormitories remained empty, it fell to our home-room masters to become our jailers and to M. Du-four to take us on our Sunday outing.

The great iron-studded doors swung open and we marched out in double file, away from the gray monastic walls of our prison, down the cobbled Sunday-empty streets, into a countryside fragrant with the bouquet of Gewurztraminer ripening on the gentle hills across the river. This was the kind of spring day when the swallows ex-

## LUCIAN MARQUIS

ploded in mid-air, when the valleys echoed to the crash of tenpins, to the clink of beer glasses.

Dufour, a black cloak thrown over his shoulders, marched at the head of the column, beating a military tattoo with his walking stick. He marched us across the town. Past the Esplanade, the bandstand, the beer gardens, the buxom mothers herding their children before them with warning clucks, he drove us forward with all and more than all of his old schoolmaster ferocity out of this oasis of familial bliss.

After we had crossed the bridge Dufour struck out across open country. The high grass brushed against our bare knees. The dew dampened our shoes and socks. At the edge of a wood a bevy of pheasants flew up from underfoot and startled us like a sudden fusillade. We took cover, we dispersed, the well-ordered file broke, danced about, and regrouped into dawdling constellations of friendship. Dufour tried to re-establish a semblance of order, he shouted orders and counterorders, but the shimmering leaves, the tall green grass, the song of the birds smothered his cries, made the threat of his cane a brittle thing.

“Monsieur, I am thirsty.”

“Monsieur, I must go to the toilet.”

“There’s a nail in my shoe, Monsieur.”

And as the inn nestling against the hillside came into view, the chorus of “Monsieur, Monsieur” overwhelmed the old schoolmaster altogether.

“Monsieur Vallade always stops here.”

“Please can we have some lemonade?”

“Monsieur, I really must go to the bathroom.”

The inn was surrounded by green metal tables and chairs, grouped about in prayerful expectation like grasshoppers. The innkeeper in a white apron brought out the tall luminous bottles of lemonade with white porcelain stoppers. By default I sat next to Dufour, listlessly sipping my lemonade. The boys were chatting and laughing, tipping forward in their chairs, whispering new secrets. I felt suddenly such an intense misery at my isolation in the midst of the sharp breezy countryside that I reached into my

## THE REVENGE

wallet intending to look at a photograph of my parents. What caught my eye, however, were the crisp banknotes I had received that Saturday as my allowance. The bills were large and crinkly, showing Greek women in flowing robes surrounded by garlands of wheat. They had the quality of those puzzles in which one is supposed to find little Red Riding Hood hidden in the drawing of a dense forest. As I held the money to the light new forms emerged, wings of an eagle, the head of a beautiful girl, green amoeba under a microscope.

Dufour looked at me oddly, and to cover my embarrassment I quickly turned to the innkeeper, saying, "*Une bière pour M. Dufour.*" Instantly I was shocked by my own words. The phrase echoed in my ears as if it had been spoken by someone else. But the innkeeper in the most natural way returned with a large goblet of rich dark beer and set it before the schoolmaster. He shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly, acknowledged nothing, and took a careful sip. Dufour's bland acceptance of this reckless offering, the ease with which I had hurdled the barrier of the adult world, gave me sudden confidence.

I went over to Allari's table. "Say, Allari, would you like a beer?" My heart pounded fiercely. The black caps which had huddled close together over the table raised up.

"Did you hear the *boche*?" Allari turned to the boy next to him in mock question.

"See, I can pay for it," and I held out some of the bills. Allari, never at a loss, lunged, but I quickly withdrew my hand.

"No, *I'll* pay for it," and I quickly went into the inn. The billiard table gleamed a poisonous green, ectoplasms of cigar smoke curled in the still air. The innkeeper, a patch of white, was slowly wiping the bar top.

"Four beers, please." I could hardly say the words.

"You're quite a beer drinker, aren't you?"

"Oh, it isn't for myself, it's for my friends."

"Well, beer is beer and money is money," he said.

I blushed for him and silently laid out some of the bills on top of the bar. He laughed without humor, picked up the money, drew

## LUCIAN MARQUIS

four beers from the tap and said, "You'd better tell your friends to come indoors, the sun might prove too strong for them."

"The *boche* is buying beer for everybody." The word got around very quickly, and the boys kept crowding into the barroom. They stood three deep at the bar, passing the brimming glasses to those in the back row, spilling beer on each other. And I stood in front and to the side, leaning against the cool, dark wood of the bar, feeling suddenly calm and dark and cool as I watched them half-crocked milling around in the dim light. I held the reins. I held the money; I doled out the crisp bills, asking for my change now.

Dufour meanwhile sat lonely as a black beetle at his grasshopper table, drinking quantities of beer. Some of the boys stood in the doorway and jeered at him *sotto voce*, but he did not seem to hear.

Someone began to sing about a crocodile which had gone to war. Berdonneau put his arm around my shoulder and sang very loudly in German,

Bier her, Bier her  
Oder ich fall um . . .

"Come on," he said, calling me by my name, "don't stand there like that." A sweet, warm glow filled my inner darkness at these words.

"You speak very good German," I lied.

"Come on," he said, "let's all sing together."

And we sang German and French songs, the others gradually joining in, and smoked Gauloise Bleus and drank more beer. I was hot and dizzy.

Our harmonizing was interrupted by the agonized cries of the innkeeper. Someone had very quietly vomited on the billiard table. We stood about horrified and fascinated as the innkeeper kept dabbing a wet rag at the ruined felt.

"You beer-guzzling swine!" The innkeeper had lost his head completely. He rushed through the room, striking out at the boys. Beer sloshed on the floor, there was a smell of cloth burning. "Sainted Madonna, they're setting my place on fire! Get out, you firebugs, get out."

The spring air exploded around our heads as we were rushed

## THE REVENGE

outdoors, running a gauntlet of slaps and blows. The innkeeper had posted himself by the door and as I scooted past he let me have a very particular box on the ear. I felt wonderfully elated.

Instinctively we gathered around Dufour as the sheep crowds around the shepherd. But this shepherd has lost his cap, his cape hung awry, and his head rested on the edge of the marble-topped table.

"Take your filthy brood," the innkeeper cried, "and get out."

Dufour feebly tried to get to his feet, salvage his dignity, find his hat. He mumbled something and shuffled his feet. And then suddenly straightening up he said in a clear voice, "Sir, you're speaking to the French Republic," and then he collapsed again.

Allari took old Dufour by the arm and started to drag him away. The old man stumbled along the road uncertainly, some of the boys laughed and mimicked his drunken gait, others like outriders strutted ahead, puffing passionately at their cigarettes. The slow procession wound along the country road, Dufour supported on each side by a small boy.

At a turn in the road a white blanket of crosses stretched out at our feet. The crosses stood row on row as far as the eye could see. As alpinists stumbling onto a vast glacier are blinded, so our procession now hesitated, sobered, halted. Dufour signaled that he wanted to sit down and with much puffing was lowered to the grassy bank by the side of the road. He sat for a long time, his hand covering his face, while we stood about, more and more uncomfortable. Not a living thing moved among the crosses. Then suddenly Dufour took his hand away and said, "I am ruined, I am ruined." Awkwardly he fell to his knees as if to pray for the useless dead. "Don't tell anyone," he implored us, "my family . . . my position . . ." Tears trickled down his corroded cheeks.

The boys' eyes were wide with horror, those who stood near backed away, those who had been smoking threw their cigarettes into the ditch.

"Ah, Monsieur, we won't say anything to anybody."

The old man only shook his head and tears kept rolling down his cheeks.

## LUCIAN MARQUIS

"We promise you," Allari cried, "won't we?" as all heads nodded assent.

"Promises . . . promises," Dufour muttered.

"We'll swear to it, we'll all swear to it." And we swore fervently, frightened by the tears and by the old man's collapse—swore that no one would ever learn about what had happened at the inn.

The Sunday stroller walking along the cemetery road would have come upon a strange scene. A group of small boys in their blue uniforms gathered around an old man in a black cape kneeling by the roadside, swearing like a Greek chorus amid the white regiments of crosses. I was of that chorus, no longer separate. A sweet sense of fulfillment, of triumph, filled my whole being. I was young, I was strong, the crosses and Dufour were the mere instruments of my new-found conspiracy.

## *Diminuendo*

MILDRED FIELDER

We scoffed at size. A giant means no more  
Than matter filling space, we said. Could be  
We were mistaken. How can we restore  
Our ego, now we know a redwood tree?

# A NEW MAP FOR AMERICANS

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*by C. Langdon White*

**W**HEN the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, nearly all Americans were flat-earth thinkers, picturing their world as it looked when rolled out flat on a map. As a people, we were slaves to the Mercator world and hence did not think in terms of great circles (the shortest distance between two points on our spherical earth). As a result, the United States government had been pouring a disproportionate share of its defense millions into Hawaii, pinning its hope of protection on naval fortifications. There were reasons for its having done so, reasons which at the time seemed sufficient. Alfred Thayer Mahan, great American authority on sea power and global naval strategy, had regarded the Hawaiian Islands as vital to the security of our West Coast and so had neglected the pivotal role of Alaska. The importance of Alaska had been pointed out by a number of Americans, beginning with Seward and continuing through General William Mitchell and others, but Mahan's influence on American military thinking up to the time of Pearl Harbor can scarcely be exaggerated.

The Japanese attack demonstrated that our Hawaiian defense was in reality a flank defense. Schooled by the Mercator system, we had failed to inquire as to the shortest route between the United States and Japan. The Japanese, too, by attacking Pearl Harbor, had displayed gross ignorance of America's power center. This misknowledge, like our own, can be attributed in large part to the erroneous world view caused by maps not suitable for the needs of strategy in an air age. The Japanese, again like the Americans, seemed not to understand the basic rules of a round and shrinking world. Even in May of 1942 they sent a major attack force to Hawaii and only a diversionary force to Alaska. Had they reversed this procedure, no one knows how successful they might have been in their invasion of Anglo-America. For as early as 1941 the modern airplane had changed our world—had knocked the rims off

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the cylinder and squeezed the northern ends of the ocean basins together, thereby creating a single, undivided sphere.

We Americans had talked a lot about living on a round earth, but we had not acted as though we meant it. Actually, we lived and acted as though the earth we were occupying was flat. Most American adults, of course, had been nurtured on the map drawn by the Flemish cartographer, Gerhardus Mercator, in 1569, only forty-eight years after Magellan's epic journey. This map, still the world's best for showing true compass direction, does not show great-circle distances true to scale. Yet it almost alone was employed to give us our concept of world continental relationship and for centuries strongly influenced the naval, military, and teaching professions.

The shortcoming of the Mercator map is that it bloats and hence distorts the all-important polar areas; on it all parallels and meridians are straight lines crossing each other at right angles. And areas immediately adjacent to the poles are shown out of all proportion (Fig. 1). Greenland, which actually is only about one-ninth the size of South America, appears to be larger. The deficiencies of



FIG. 1.—Mercator projection

## A NEW MAP FOR AMERICANS

this projection should have been pointed out to us by our teachers, but in the majority of cases they were not. Hence, up to the time of Pearl Harbor most adult Americans thought of their world as a Mercator world, not realizing there was any other.

Just why did the Mercator projection become so universally adopted as the accepted map of the world? Because, as said above, it shows true compass direction. It alone met the requirements of early navigation, which was confined to low and middle latitudes, where distortion was negligible. A ship track under a constant bearing is a straight line on this projection, and early navigators sailed by the wind and steered by compass.

The tragedy of Pearl Harbor, however, made clear the need for a map of a new kind—one in step with the new Air Age. And such a map was forthcoming—the polar projection. This map shows the North Pole in the center and gives a globe-shaped concept of the earth (Fig. 2). On it the straight line connecting the center of the

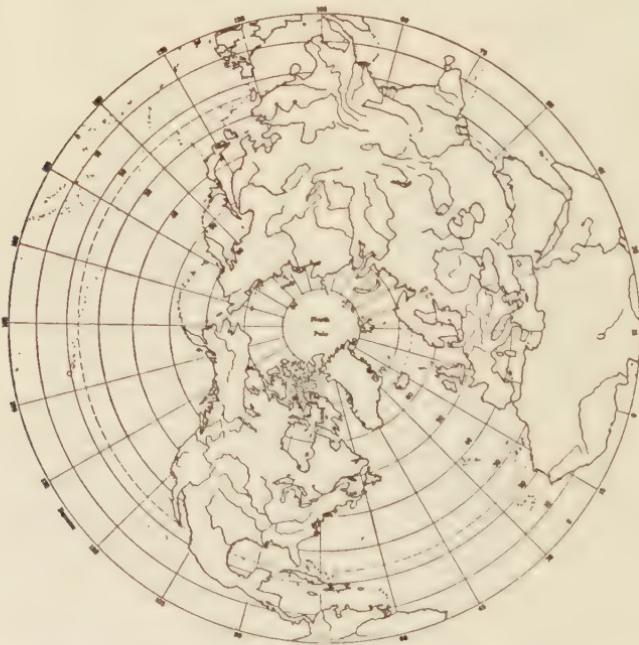


FIG. 2.—Polar azimuthal equal area projection. Williams Outline Map, Stanford University Press, Stanford, California

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map with any other point on the globe is really a great circle. The areas where distortions are great are those in the Southern Hemisphere from latitude 30 to the South Pole. This is not very serious, however, because economically and hence politically these areas are marginal. Not many people live there.

The Mercator map could not show the relationships of the great land masses; the polar map can. Europe and Asia are shown in their actual space and size relations to North America. Hence, it is no wonder that this polar map is being used more and more. And it should be. It gives a correct conception of the important Northern Hemisphere—the land hemisphere—which has nine-tenths of the world's population and three-fourths of the habitable land.

Until recently the Arctic was considered of little or no value. On the polar projection, however, one sees at once that the Arctic is no longer remote. One can discover from it the facts of modern history and the strategy of global war. The polar map encourages its users to develop the now sorely needed attitude of "looking north." Recently the U.S. Defense Department announced the construction, at a cost of \$263 million, of a full-scale, year-round base for big bombers at Thule, Greenland, only nine hundred miles from the North Pole. Trail-blazing flights have already been made, and a scheduled service is contemplated from Los Angeles to Copenhagen by way of Edmonton and Thule, lopping eight hundred miles off the trip and saving four hours. Routine weather flights are now made several times weekly from Alaska to the North Pole and back. Moreover, only polar maps can show us clearly the problems of defense against possible military attacks by air. The polar map shows the Russian heartland. On the old maps our potential enemies seemed to be separated from us by thousands of miles of water; on the new map we see that the U.S.S.R. lies only across the Arctic from us—that Eurasia and North America are almost one. The kaleidoscopic development of aircraft has destroyed the Arctic's isolation, which until recently was its defense. It may well be that the Arctic, which lies squarely between the civilization centers of the world, is to become the new "Mediterranean."

Yet millions of Americans still live as though we are as safe as

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the Mercator projection indicates. Having gone through two devastating world wars without suffering destruction of their own country, they have built up a belief that it can't happen here. They do not realize that Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, and Pittsburgh could be bombed almost as quickly as Seattle, San Francisco, New York, or Washington. This is information not revealed on the Mercator and other maps in common use. But it is revealed on a polar map.

Figure 2 focuses attention on these three immutable facts of geopolitics:

1. All the northern land masses almost join along the shores of the Arctic Ocean.
2. All the world's great industrial and military concentrations—the prime targets of strategic air forces in time of war—lie between latitudes 35° and 60° N.
3. The shortest routes between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. cross the Arctic area, some of them passing nearly across the North Pole, and hence would be followed in time of war.

The airman is little influenced by surface conditions of climate and terrain—pack ice, open sea, frozen tundra, blizzard, fog. At 17,000 or more feet, where his plane is sweeping at terrific speed, the meteorological conditions for flying are superior to those prevailing over most of the United States and Europe. The low temperatures are no more severe than those encountered daily in operations at high altitudes anywhere. "In general, with electronic aids to polar navigation, high aircraft and engine efficiency, and proficient flight crews, no special problems are involved in flights across the polar regions."\*

The United States has the greatest industrial development in the world: with about 7 percent of the earth's surface and 7 percent of its people, this country manufactures from a third to a half of the world's goods. What, then, could be more effective, from the point of view of a hostile power, than to destroy our industrial might?

\* Bernt Balchen, "Engineering Problems in the Arctic," *The Military Engineer*, XLIV (November-December, 1952), 426.

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To make the situation even worse for us, American manufacturing is not being dispersed on a large scale; more than half of our manufacturing plants and industrial workers are in fifty-three large cities and their suburbs. Thus, if bombers succeeded in reaching their destination, they could not only destroy our cities with their huge populations but also our industry. It is unfortunate, to put it mildly, that so much of our industrial capacity is concentrated in a tight rectangle connecting Portland, Maine, and Baltimore on the east, St. Louis and Baltimore on the south, St. Louis and Chicago on the west, and Chicago and Portland on the north.

Our failure to disperse our manufacturing rapidly is added evidence of how little the facts of our geographical position yet mean to us. Regardless of what we have done and are doing to mitigate the dangers of bombing, North America is vulnerable to air attack. This was proved in Exercise Signpost, the joint United States-Canadian air defense exercise carried on in the summer of 1952 when a series of large "raids" were simulated on Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, New York, Washington, and other urban industrial areas. While many of the raids were intercepted, some "enemy" raiders reached their targets. The exercise proved the enormous and growing difficulties of air defense in the age of long-range bombers and supersonic flight. Whereas Russia is not now capable of a full-scale invasion from the sea, the situation is quite possibly different by air.

Conversely, Russian industry would be the goal of American airmen in case of war. General Spaatz has said, "Across the Arctic any industrial target is within reach of our Air Force." But our job would be much greater than Russia's. Everyone knows where most of our industry is situated; regarding the location of Russian industry, we know amazingly little beyond good guessing. We are, though, reasonably certain that Russia's war-making potential is widely dispersed through numerous autonomous complexes separated by hundreds of miles. Dispersion of manufacturing plants is known to be a calculated state policy in the Soviet Union.

Moreover, Russians have for years worked at adjusting themselves and their enterprises to the stern polar milieu—all the way from Murmansk to the Bering Sea. They have forced the northern

## A NEW MAP FOR AMERICANS

passage so that their European Russian ports are connected with their Pacific ports; they have discovered great mineral deposits and have sponsored mass movements of people to develop them; they have built in the tundra port works and cities, some with populations of 100,000 and more; they have established hundreds of meteorological stations, set up an unequaled network of air routes, and triumphed almost beyond belief in cold-land agriculture and stock raising. They have pushed agriculture farther north than had been believed possible, developing new strains of grains and other crops. They operate agricultural experiment stations every hundred miles.\*

What has this to do with the Mercator map? If our maps are faulty, our reasoning will be faulty, too. The polar projection enables us to see that the two great powers, the United States and the Soviet Union, face one another on opposite sides of the globe and map—that the Arctic Ocean is the crossroads containing the shortest air routes between them. Politically the Arctic has been transformed from an unimportant region into one of the “hot spots” of the present and future. The relationship between the new means of transportation and the map must be realized. Maps throwing light only on land masses and oceans no longer suffice.

Policies of governments are determined first of all by the geographic position of the countries concerned. It is little wonder, then, that our statesmen and military leaders are preoccupied with maps—examining and re-examining the physical and strategic relations of country to country, for strategy demands geographical truth. Complete geographical truth is to be found only on the globe, which is, in fact, a miniature earth.† The skin, however, cannot be

\* Compared with Russia's accomplishments in the polar milieu, we and the Canadians have done little. Until recently the army had fewer than 100 men qualified to advise it on polar matters. Today, however, many American scholars are engaged in polar research.

† No map can take the place of the *globe*, for on it distance, areas, directions, and shapes all are accurate. It alone shows parallels and meridians in their true relations. On any *map*, if one of these qualities is accurate, the other three must be erroneous. Why, then, do we not use globes to a greater extent? We do not, because they cannot be made large enough to show detail, they are costly, they are inconvenient to handle and especially to carry about, and only half the earth can be seen at a given moment.

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peeled off this miniature earth and flattened without splitting or stretching. Hence, any and every map must, in some measure, lie! And yet globes cannot serve our daily requirements. Maps have to be used. But a frontal assault on map traditionalism is now in order. A map that pictures present realities is needed, and we have it in the polar projection. Pearl Harbor ushered in a new epoch for Americans—an epoch based on the airplane and great-circle routes. It is imperative, therefore, that we become acquainted with the new Air Age maps.

## *Long A*

WILLIAM D. BUSCHKE

Hello, Mr. Peacock.  
No,  
Don't shed your  
Tail.  
Ah yes, Mr. Peacock,  
We  
Hear your beautiful  
Wail.  
That's it, Mr. Peacock,  
Strut, Mr. Peacock,  
Walk, Mr. Peacock,  
Talk, Mr. Peacock,  
By the way, Mr. Peacock,  
What is a Peacock?

## THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 195)

**DOPPO KUNIKIDA** ("Spring Birds"), whose death occurred in 1908, was one of the notable Japanese short-story writers of the Meiji era. The translator, Tsutomu Fukuda, specialized in English language and literature throughout his college course and in 1952 was appointed assistant professor of education at Hirosaki University, where he is now teaching.

**JOHN THAYER OGILVIE** ("Her Fear") has recently been awarded a Fulbright grant for study and research at the University of London. He is, at the moment, completing work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Indiana University, and earlier held the Elinor Frost Scholarship for poetry at the Bread Loaf Summer School of English in Vermont.

**TYRUS HILLWAY** ("The Coming Romantic Age") was president of Mitchell College, New London, Connecticut, before moving to Colorado for the health of his young son. He is now on the faculty of the Colorado State College of Education. One of the founders and present secretary of the Melville Society, he has written many articles on Melville.

**JAMES MITCHELL CLARKE** ("As I Walk in the Meadow") is, in his own words, a "so-called technical editor at the Navy Electronics Laboratory in San Diego." Mr. Clarke is the author of a number of books, ranging from *Picture of Health*, "a very

simple physiology for laymen," to *Luis of Guadalajara*, a novel dealing with city life in Mexico.

**LUCIAN MARQUIS** ("The Revenge"), who makes here his first appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*, says of himself, "I was born in Germany, went to school in France and Italy, have traveled in Europe and the Far East—and am presently writing a Ph.D. dissertation in political science at U.C.L.A."

**MILDRED FIELDER** ("Diminuendo") is a South Dakota poet with a penchant for wandering around the West. . . . "‘Diminuendo,’" she says, "stemmed directly from the ‘Hansel and Gretel’ feeling that Sequoia National Park produces in those who follow its footpaths through the depths of the forest." "Diminuendo" is Miss Fielder's first publication in *The Pacific Spectator*.

**C. LANGDON WHITE** ("A New Map for Americans") is professor of geography and executive head of the department of geography at Stanford University. During 1953-54 he has spent several months in Venezuela, studying the impact of the recent mineral developments on the Venezuelan economy. An earlier article, "Rumblings over the Andes," appeared in the third volume of *The Pacific Spectator*.

**WILLIAM D. BUSCHKE** ("Long A") is a lifelong Californian except for two years in the Navy during World War II. He is now living in San Francisco.



**I**N THE last two decades the position of verse in the United States has offered a curious contradiction. As many people as formerly—probably more—are engaged in writing it. Fewer and fewer read it—read it, that is, with enough fervor to lead to their buying it in books. Volumes over the signatures of some of the established and now aging poets, those whose names were made in the 'twenties, still appear and still sell. So, occasionally, does a volume of humorous verse. These apart, the poet is hard pressed to get his work between covers, let alone moved off the shelves.

The most frequent explanation for such falling off is that contemporary poetry has become so unintelligible as to repulse all but the puzzle lovers. A shred of truth clings to the explanation, perhaps more than a shred, but against it stands an opposing fact: Even while sale of books declines, poets' readings grow in numbers and in audience. Individuals who have not in years expended the required two dollars for a volume of verse pay the same sum offhand to hear a poet read one-fifth the content of his published book. Nor is the acceptability of verse received through the ear as against that received through the eye limited to writers' platform appearances where a certain gossip interest might be supposed to help. Records of readings are purchased while books lie on the shelf.

A lasting change? The furnishings of today's living—radio, television, phonograph—tend to make it so. And, if permanent, one quirk in taste, especially here in the United States, promises to the individual poet a future less constricted than his immediate past. Readings draw their audiences, records are bought, not indiscriminately but chiefly when it is the writer of the verse who himself does the reading of it. The present trend holding, the poet is in act of moving back to his ancestor, the bard.

*Editor R. Minicello*

# THE PACIFIC

A JOURNAL OF

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AUTUMN

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## THE AUTHORS

**CLARK KERR** ("Management of Industrial Conflict in Society"), since 1952 Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, served for the seven years preceding his chancellorship as director of the University of California Institute of Industrial Relations. Earlier, he was a member of the War Labor Board, arbitrator in the struggle between Armour and Company and their employees, a member of various national fact-finding boards. Out of this multipli-

cation of experience the present article has come.

**SYDNEY KING RUSSELL** ("Wisely They Choose the Hour"), both poet and musician, has published widely in American magazines, has won awards in each of his fields of artistic interest. From 1942 to 1953 he was editor of the *Poetry Chap-Book*.

**ALFRED STERN** ("Unamuno and Ortega: The Revival of Philosophy in Spain"), a Ph.D. of the University of Vienna, who formerly taught philosophy at the Universities of Paris and Mexico, is now an associ-

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ate professor of philosophy and languages at California Institute of Technology and a lecturer at the University of Southern California. He is the author of several books, the last of which, *Sartre—His Philosophy and Psychoanalysis*, was published in 1953 (The Liberal Arts Press, New York). A Japanese version of this book is now on the press in Tokyo.

Professor Stern holds the “Academic Palms” and the title “Officer of the Academy” of France; and by decree of the President of the French

Republic has this year been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

**CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT** (“Metamorphosis”), of the University of California faculty, at Davis, is this year in Europe on sabbatical leave. Mrs. Wright, both poet and essayist, will be remembered by readers as the author of “The Galloping Consumer.”

**RICHARD A. CONDON** (“The Broken Conduit: A Study of Alienation in American Literature”), formerly a member of the English De-

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# MANAGEMENT OF INDUSTRIAL

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by Clark Kerr

INDUSTRIAL society, quite generally, is highly disposed in favor of law and order. Aggressive conflicts between capital and labor are considered both largely unnecessary and undesirable. It is often suggested that carefully devised mediation machinery administered by skilled practitioners can be effective in greatly reducing such conflict. This paper is concerned with this series of attitudes and beliefs. It advances the contrary theses that aggressive industrial conflict, in one form or another, cannot be eliminated and can only be suppressed very temporarily; that such conflict, provided it takes place within certain broad rules of the game, can serve important social functions; and that tactical mediation, which will be defined a little later, has limited value in reducing aggressive conflict. Strategical mediation will be presented as being more effective, but also more difficult to apply.

Organized groups, like individuals, may develop four general types of relationship one toward another. They may isolate themselves; they may co-operate, voluntarily or involuntarily; they may compete; or they may enter into conflict with each other. Each of these types of relationship has, of course, its subtypes and its degrees, and any single relationship may be a combination of two or more of these generalized types. Competition and conflict are distinct types of relationship, although they do bear some similarity to each other. In competition, two or more parties seek to gain reward from a third party or parties. Thus, two automobile manufacturers may compete for the consumer's dollar. In conflict, two or more parties seek to gain from each other. Thus, a union may seek to transfer prerogatives from management to itself. Conflict, by its very nature, is likely to be more personal, more intense, more destructive than competition.

\* Adapted from a paper presented to the Second Congress of the International Sociological Association, Liège, Belgium, August 1953. A more technical version of this paper will appear in the November issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*.

# CONFLICT IN SOCIETY\*

Labor-management relations are a classic form of conflict. Except possibly where joint collusive arrangements against consumers are entered into (and even here there is likely to be conflict over the division of the spoils), organized labor and management are primarily engaged in sharing between themselves what is, at any one moment of time, a largely given amount of income and power. The more the one gets or keeps, the less the other has.

Conflict between organized labor and management is more than an expression of irrationality or ill will. Given a rational reaction of each party to the other and mutual good will (and the two are not necessarily always compatible), conflict is still inherent in the situation for at least four reasons.

1. The desires of the parties are more or less unlimited, while the means of satisfaction are limited. Wages can never be as high as workers desire, nor profits or salaries as owners or managers might wish; yet the money available for distribution between the contending claimants is always limited in the short run. The power to make those decisions lying within the orbit of an economic enterprise is also finite. Given the survival of both parties, they must share it in some fashion and neither can ever be entirely happy with the distribution; for so long as the other has any power at all, it can make unsatisfactory decisions.

2. Someone manages and someone is managed and this is an eternal opposition of interest, which may be made bearable but can never be eliminated in a complex, industrial society.

3. Industrial societies are dynamic. Even if a certain distribution of income and power could be devised which in a given situation was not subject to controversy (though this seems unlikely), the situation itself will change—because of new regulations by the state, changed expenditure patterns of consumers, higher costs of raw materials, a reduced value of the monetary unit, increased real income for a comparable group elsewhere—and the parties will need to seek a new allocation of income and power.

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4. If management and labor are to retain their institutional identities, they must disagree and must act on this disagreement. Conflict is essential to survival. The union which is in constant and complete agreement with management has ceased to be a union. It has destroyed itself—and the same is true for management. Institutional, like individual, independence is asserted by acts of criticism, of contradiction, of conflict, of competition.

Thus, labor-management conflict flows inevitably from the unsatiated desires of men, the need to adapt to changed conditions in one fashion or another, and the drive for institutional separateness. In the cultural context of democratic societies there are sources of conflict, and organized groups can make decisions which translate their discontents into action against another party.

Industrial conflict has more than one aspect, for the manifestation of hostility is confined to no single outlet. Its means of expression are as unlimited as the ingenuity of man. The strike is the most common and visible expression. But conflict with the employer may also take the form of peaceful bargaining and grievance handling, of boycotts, of political action, of restriction of output, of sabotage, of absenteeism, of personnel turnover. Even the strike itself is of many varieties. It may involve all the workers, or only key men. It may take the form of refusal to work overtime or to perform a certain process. It may even involve such rigid adherence to the rules that output is stifled.

These several kinds of actions are alternatives to each other. Knowles has shown recently<sup>1</sup> that in England absenteeism and strikes seem to be substitutes for each other, as are also trade union expenditures on strikes and on political action. In Sweden, where strikes during a contract are illegal, the "masked strike" takes the place of the open strike.

These several forms of contention may be broadly divided into diplomatic—such as bargaining and grievance handling—and aggressive—such as the strike, the boycott, or restriction of output. In a democratic nation, where the coercive power of the state against

<sup>1</sup> K. G. J. C. Knowles, *Strikes—A Study in Industrial Conflict* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1952), pp. 210–11 and Appendix A, pp. 225–26.

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individuals and groups is limited, some forms of aggressive conflict cannot be effectively stopped, except for very short periods. Even in time of war, strikes cannot be entirely prohibited; and it is even more difficult to arrest restriction of output, or the planned absenteeism or quitting of key men.

Aggressive industrial conflict is not wholly evil. It does lead at times, it is true, to grievous injury to the parties themselves or to third parties, but the costs are frequently greatly exaggerated. Man-days lost owing to industrial disputes are far fewer than losses from unemployment or illness. In the industrialized and democratic nations, they currently average about one-half man-day per year for all nonagricultural employees. Against these and other costs must be reckoned the gains, for aggressive industrial conflict, like conflict generally, has a positive role. First, out of aggressive conflict, or its latent possibility, comes the resolution of many disputes. The strike and the lockout and the threat to strike and lockout are means for inducing agreement—out of war or the threat of war comes the settlement of controversies. It is through such aggressive conflict or its potentiality that the parties find the bases for continued association and acceptance of each other. Collective bargaining and grievance handling are the more effective because of the more violent alternatives at hand.

In the absence of aggressive conflict, controversies would be much longer drawn out since there would be no decisive terminal point, and the absence of a settlement can be costly, too, in increased irritability and tension between the parties. Fortunately, unlike war between nations, aggressive conflict between labor and management cannot last too long or harm the parties too much, since they have limited staying power and can only survive individually as they survive jointly.

Second, conflict, and particularly open conflict, reduces tensions. In modern industrial society the sources of unrest and hostility are enormous. The strike provides an outlet for them when they are so severe as to require forceful expression. As in the ancient Greek tragedies, reconciliation follows more easily if retribution has preceded. In a sense, thus, strikes are constructive when

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they result in the greater appreciation of the job by the worker and of the worker by management. It is a not uncommon occurrence for productivity to rise after a strike. The chance to rebel against the other party on occasion establishes the independence of the group and of the individual, makes acceptance of the surrounding social system easier, and, therefore, can make a net addition to satisfaction and to production. The "five and dime" revolution can be readily absorbed into a flexible social system.

Third, out of the conflict of management and union—and this on occasion may involve aggressive action—the worker is better served. As each competes for his loyalty, his interests are advanced. Further, this conflict protects him from domination. In its absence, one or the other organization might become too powerful for him to retain a minimum of personal liberty. Management and union check and balance each other.

This is not to advance the notion of violence for violence' sake or the idea that unlimited antagonism is desirable. Rather it is to argue for the Golden Mean, for some reasonable combination of conflict, even aggressive conflict, and of co-operation between the extremes of anarchy and complete collaboration; and against the view that there should be a unitary solution to the worker-management relationship, that a monistic organization including both is desirable, that conflict should be entirely suppressed. Limited antagonism serves a social purpose.

If industrial conflict is natural, if it may take several forms, including aggressive ones, and if, in reasonable amounts and restricted expressions, it serves the welfare of society, then certain conclusions follow.

First, there are no Utopian solutions which will bring universal industrial peace through better understanding and more effective systems of communication, or through the application of the science of semantics to clarify the meaning of words, or even through better mediation machinery or more skilled mediators, or through any other special device.

Second, if industrial dissatisfaction will out and cannot be entirely suppressed in the long run, then a realistic choice should be

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made as to the forms of its expression. In the industrial field, collective bargaining and the normal strike, which is its natural companion, are probably the most satisfactory forms. They take place in the open and can be handled effectively and in a disciplined fashion between the two parties. A conflict of this sort is more subject to compromise than one on a larger scale in the political arena; more subject to a definitive solution than organized absenteeism or restriction of output or sabotage. Industrial conflict should be accepted as a natural concomitant of an industrial society and should be channeled along constructive lines, in order to protect individual groups and the social fabric from injury by the destructive possibilities which are also inherent in conflict.

Between the desire to oppose another party and an attack against that party lies a decision to act. We shall be concerned here primarily with decisions to undertake aggressive conflict (specifically the strike) since it is such decisions, rather than those to pursue diplomatic conflict, which involve the most important calculations of prospective gain and prospective cost. The decisions may be grouped under three major categories, rational, nonrational, and irrational, although there are, of course, many mixed cases.

Rational decisions are those which stem from true knowledge of the situation and are founded on a recognized purpose. They may, in turn, relate to "real" or "induced" conflict or some combination of both. Real conflict exists where the principals (the owners and the workers) have a purpose to be served by the action taken; induced conflict, where the representatives (managers of enterprises or of employers' associations and union officials) have an end to be gained by conflict, although the principals do not, for membership and leadership are seldom unitary. In the former type, the group is acting rationally; in the latter, the leaders are. Real conflict is likely to stem from three desires: a desire for more power or income for the group; a desire to strengthen the organization, or perhaps to initiate it, through the common experience of external combat; and a desire to vent generalized dissatisfaction and relieve strain, perhaps taking the form of a "quickie" strike.

Induced conflict normally stems from the desire of a repre-

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sentative to strengthen his position directly by demonstrating his importance to the organization or his superiority over a rival, or indirectly by invigorating the organization to offset apathy or to counter the efforts of a competing group. External combat is chosen as a device for settling internal difficulties. It may seem strange to prefer external troubles to internal but this is often a quite rational choice. The external conflict is usually more open to acceptable compromise than the internal one which is either to be won or lost; and the cost of the external conflict is largely borne by others. Such conflict is normally induced on one side only, but, where the leaders on both sides have become sophisticated and professional, they may agree tacitly or explicitly that conflict would serve their respective purposes and they may even negotiate in advance the nature and duration of the conflict and the terms on which it will be concluded.

Nonrational decisions differ from rational decisions because of lack of full knowledge. The conflict has a purpose according to the knowledge available, but the knowledge is faulty. There may be a misunderstanding of the actions or intent of the other party, or false estimates of the result of the conflict, or improper calculations of the costs to be incurred, for example. The leaders are more likely to be rational than the members, but may be unable to restrain their nonrational citizenry.

Irrational decisions are those which are wild, aimless, purposeless. This type of decision is quite rare where bargaining relationships are well established.

In time, as experience accumulates and organizations become more bureaucratic and less responsive to their constituencies, non-rational conflict probably decreases and induced conflict probably increases.

Faced by conflict, each party to it has three broad alternative responses. It may withdraw. It may seek to destroy or dominate the other party. It may accept the adversary more or less permanently, adjust itself to the fact of conflict, and adapt itself to live with conflict. Labor-management conflict is of a special sort because, by and large, only the third alternative—accommodation—

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is a realistic one. Withdrawal is hardly possible and certainly not likely. The union and the company have, in a sense, the same rank and file—for the employees of the company and the members of the union are the same individuals. One or the other party can withdraw only by abandoning its members, and this means extinction, except for such instances as a company's moving its location and recruiting a new labor force.

Destruction or domination of the other party is not common in the cultural context with which we are here concerned, although it can and does happen. Companies have broken unions or have turned them into appendages of management; and unions have broken companies—although rarely—or have subdued them—and this is not so rare where a powerful union faces small employers. Generally, however, the surrounding society gives some protection to each party in the preservation of its individual sovereignty. The common situation is continuation of a degree of conflict, whether substantial or minimal, and acclimatization of each party to a milieu of conflict.

Industrial relations differ from international relations quite sharply in this regard as in others. Two nations, if in conflict, have a wider range of possible choices. With separate constituencies, they can withdraw from each other and still survive. Also, domination or destruction of the opponent is a more likely possibility since there is no external society with comparatively overwhelming power to protect the individual sovereignty of each party. Thus, control and structuring of conflict to make it mutually bearable are less likely. Both ends and means are more unlimited.

In industrial relations, where the parties must live together indefinitely in some degree of conflict, they almost universally establish, formally or informally, some rules of the game to limit the conflict, or they accept establishment of such rules by the state. These rules normally protect the survival of both parties, reduce the potential injury to each of them, introduce some predictability into the actions of each, and protect third parties from undue harm. The employer, for example, may forgo the use of strikebreakers, the discharge of strikers, the black list. The union may forgo

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sabotage, the boycott of products, violence against officials of the company. Together they may limit the initiation of conflict to stated intervals or to stated subjects, and they may specify the successive steps it will follow. The state may intervene to forbid violence or to enforce contracts during their term of life. The development of these rules is of the greatest importance and over time they tend to become more complex and rigid, until conflict may become quite stylized and perhaps even ceremonial. Such fully developed rules remove much of the cost to the parties and much of the impact on the public at large. Warfare is neither constant nor unrestricted.

These responses to conflict affect mediation in at least two ways. First, mediation appears always to be successful. Given the necessity and usually the urgent necessity of agreement, since aggressive conflict is so costly to both sides, all disputes end at some point—all strikes are concluded. Perhaps no agency of government can post such a record of constant success as its mediation service, and few mediators ever fail. Contrariwise, mediation might be said to make little or no contribution in the sense that all disputes would be settled sometime without outside intervention. In fact, there is no accurate quantifiable test of its efficiency. Second, much mediation, where relations are well established, is quite ceremonial. The mediator enters the case as a matter of established practice or as proof proffered by the leaders to their constituencies on both sides that they carried on a bona fide dispute and did not yield too soon or too much. In either event, the participation of the mediator may be quite perfunctory. Mediation is part of the game, but not an essential part.

Guidance by a third party to an acceptable accommodation is the essence of mediation, which thus stands midway between conciliation (adjustment of a dispute by the parties themselves) and arbitration (decision by a third party). Mediation, traditionally, involves the intervention of a third party into a particular dispute. This will be called “tactical” mediation. It is third-party participation in a situation which is already given. “Strategical” mediation consists, instead, of the structuring of the situation itself, of the creation of a favorable environment within which the parties interact.

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The purpose of tactical mediation is to bring existing nonviolent conflict between the parties to a mutually acceptable result so there will be no need for it to become violent, or to end ongoing violent conflict by agreement on the disputed matters or by transfer to the utilization of nonviolent means. Strategical mediation aims instead at reducing the incidence of conflict and channeling it along nondestructive lines of development.

Tactical mediation is a particularly appealing method of reducing industrial conflict. It is simple to apply. It relies on persuasion rather than force. It is almost universally supported, at least at the verbal level. But what contribution, in fact, can a tactical mediator make to the resolution of a conflict which the parties cannot provide for themselves? The parties will usually be more familiar with the situation and have the greater incentive. Viewed analytically, these are the major potential contributions.

*Reduction of irrationality.*—The mediator can assist the parties toward a more rational mood by giving the individuals involved an opportunity to vent their feelings to him, by keeping joint discussions away from the level of personal recriminations, by drawing the attention of the parties to the objective issues in dispute and to the consequences of aggressive conflict.

*Removal of nonrationality.*—The mediator can aid the parties in reaching a full appreciation of reality by clarifying the intentions of the parties toward each other, the issues in controversy, and the pertinent facts, and by leading each party to accurate calculations of the cost of aggressive conflict and of the prospective results of such conflict. Quite commonly each party, particularly when collective bargaining is new to it, underestimates these costs and overestimates the potential gain. The mediator can often bring a truer estimate of the strength of the opposite party and a truer expectation of the outcome than is available initially.

*Exploration of solutions.*—Not only can a skilled mediator help the parties explore solutions which have occurred to them independently, but he can create new solutions around which positions have not yet become fixed. In collective bargaining, as elsewhere, there are several means to the same end and some of these means

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will be less abhorrent to the opposite party. The mediator can assist in finding those solutions where for a given cost to one party the advantage of the other is maximized, or, phrased reversely, where a certain gain for one party can be secured at the minimum cost to the other.

*Assistance in the graceful retreat.*—All, or almost all, collective bargaining involves some retreat by both parties from their original positions. The union normally asks for more than it expects ultimately to receive and the employer offers less than he expects ultimately to concede. There are at least two major reasons for this. First, neither party is likely to know exactly what the best offer of the other party will be. Thus, it is only prudent to make one's own original demand well below or well above the most likely level of concession of the opponent to avoid any chance of having forgone a possible gain. Second, to insist to the end on the original proposal is almost an unfair labor practice, under the rules of the game, for it denies the other party the opportunity of forcing some concession and thus claiming a victory of sorts.

Normally both parties must retreat from their original positions, and much of the fascination of collective bargaining is in the tactics of retreat. Each party seeks to discover and profit from the best offer of the other without disclosing and having to concede his own. The mediator can assist the retreat in at least three ways. First, he can call the parties together. Particularly when a strike is in process, neither side may wish to request negotiations for fear it will betray a sense of weakness. The mediator can help avoid such embarrassment by issuing the call.

Second, he can act as a go-between on the making of offers. Not only is it unwise to retreat a step without getting the other party to retreat a step also, but any open retreat at all may be unwise if it appears no agreement may be reached, for then the parties may wish to resume their original positions unencumbered by face-to-face concessions. The mediator can speed up the retreat for both sides by making it more revocable, since he seems to be making the suggestions rather than the parties themselves.

Third, he can help "save face." The mere entrance of a medi-

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ator is a face-saving device. In collective bargaining there are no really objective tests of the performance of the representatives of each side; yet their constituencies seek to test them and they seek to justify their stewardship. Appearances thus are important. One proof of capable stewardship in negotiations is that the results are as good as or better than those achieved in similar situations elsewhere; another is that concessions were wrung from the opposite party; another is that an elected negotiating committee participated in the negotiations; and another is that the controversy was so hard fought that a mediator had to be brought in.

But a mediator may do more than put in an appearance; he may make recommendations, perhaps even public recommendations (as in the case of a so-called fact-finding board). A party can sometimes accept such recommendations, particularly if they come from a person of prestige, when it could not make a similar offer itself or accept such an offer from the other party.

*Raising the cost of conflict.*—A mediator may also raise the cost of conflict to one or both parties as an inducement to settle by bringing or threatening to bring public wrath down on their heads, by persuading their allies to withdraw their support, by threatening retribution (or reward) from government or customers or some other source, by going behind the backs of the representatives to reach and influence the principals in favor of a settlement. These tactics are not normally pursued and are usually reserved for only the most crucial cases of great public concern. The mediator masquerades as a friend of the parties and particularly of their representatives with whom he has face-to-face dealings, and these are the acts of an enemy. Moreover, no mediator who employs such tactics is long acceptable as a mediator.

Some disputes are not subject to a mediation settlement short of aggressive conflict, regardless of the skill of the mediator. There are situations where aggressive conflict has positive values in itself—where there is some institutional gain from such conflict, such as a larger or more devoted membership; where the leaders need an external war to improve their internal positions; where one or both parties want to “burnish the sword”; where an employer

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may wish to use a strike to get rid of excess stocks or may encourage a strike during a slack period so that one during a peak period will be less likely; where an employer uses a strike as an excuse for raising prices or for withholding production until a more favorable tax period arrives; where one or the other party seeks to further some end, most likely political, external to the relationship; or where a strike is desired as a relief from tension. A strike for strike's sake must run its course. A particularly difficult controversy to mediate, strangely enough, is one where the costs of aggressive conflict to each party are enormous. Then any one of many solutions is better than a strike, and the process of narrowing these possible solutions to a single one is an arduous task.

While several important types of dispute are not susceptible to effective mediation at all, short of aggressive conflict, mediation does undoubtedly settle some controversies peacefully. Yet there is no convincing evidence that tactical mediation has had much of an effect in reducing the totality of aggressive industrial conflict. Strikes seem to go their own way, responsive to other more persuasive forces. To understand the role of mediation we must examine not only the internal characteristics of situations, but also the external environments within which they arise.

A strike is not an isolated event, a solitary episode. It occurs within a given social context, a surrounding economic and political environment. The major variations in the incidence of such conflict relate not to the efficacy of the direct ministrations to the conflict, such as tactical mediation, but to the total milieu within which it arises. Fewer strikes are experienced in Sweden than in the United States, and in the garment industry than in coal mining, not because tactical mediation is more skilled in Sweden than the United States or in one industry than another, but rather because of the differing surrounding environments. Aggressive industrial conflict varies greatly from nation to nation, industry to industry, firm to firm, and time to time. Which situations are most conducive to nonviolent, and which to violent conflict?

Strategical mediation is concerned with the manipulation of these situations and thus with factors quite external to the parties

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themselves. From one point of view, society is a huge mediation mechanism, a means for settling disagreements between rival claimants—taxpayers and recipients of benefits, buyers and sellers, proponents of opposing political ideologies—so people may live together in some state of mutual tolerance. Some societies mediate their disagreements, through their markets, their courts, their political processes, more effectively than do others. Society in the large is the mediation machinery for industrial as well as other forms of conflict.

Two recent studies demonstrate the crucial relationship of the environment to industrial conflict. The first<sup>2</sup> investigated the strike proneness of industries in eleven nations and found that some industries (like mining and longshoring) universally evidenced a high propensity to strike and others (like clothing and trade) a low propensity. The second study<sup>3</sup> summarized the environmental characteristics of a series of industrial plants in the United States noted for their industrial peace and concluded that these plants all fell within a definable environmental setting. From these and other recent studies,<sup>4</sup> the social arrangements which seem in the long run generally most favorable to nonviolent industrial conflict, within the cultural context of democratic societies, may be set forth as follows.

*Integration of workers and employers into society.*—To the extent that workers and employers consider themselves primarily citizens with roughly equal status, privileges, and opportunity, the sting is taken out of their special relationship. The greater the social mobility, the more mixed in membership the various social associations, the more heterogeneous the community in its occu-

<sup>2</sup> Clark Kerr and Abraham Siegel, "The Inter-Industry Propensity to Strike—An International Comparison," to be published by the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues in a volume on *Industrial Conflict*, edited by Robert Dubin, Arthur Kornhauser, and Arthur Ross (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1954).

<sup>3</sup> Clark Kerr, "Industrial Peace and the Collective Bargaining Environment," in *Fundamentals of Labor Peace, A Final Report by the Committee on the Causes of Industrial Peace Under Collective Bargaining*, Case Study No. 14 (Washington, D.C., December 1953).

<sup>4</sup> Arthur M. Ross and Donald Irwin, "Strike Experience in Five Countries, 1927–1947: An Interpretation," *Industrial and Labor Relations Review*, April 1951; and Knowles, *Strikes—A Study in Industrial Conflict*.

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pational composition, the more accepted the institutions of workers, and the more they participate in general community life, the more secure the worker is in his job, and the more skilled he is, the less will be the violent industrial conflict in the long run.

*Stability of the society.*—The incidence of strikes is directly related to major changes in the operation of the society—particularly to the business cycle and wars. Each major economic or political change creates a new situation for the parties and they must adjust their relationship to it, often in a trial of strength. Similarly, unusually rapid growth or decline of an industry or technological change in it is likely to raise problems in a form which invites a violent solution. The parties normally can adjust more peacefully to gradual than to precipitous change.

*Ideological compatibility.*—The attitudes of people and groups toward each other and their over-all orientation toward society affect industrial relationships. Where people believe in brotherly love or the equality of man, for example, their disagreements will be fewer, less sharp, and more amenable to easy compromise. Where, however, they believe in the inevitable opposition of classes, in the rapacity of other men, then violent industrial conflict is more likely. The perspectives of men, it should be noted, are not unrelated to their actual experiences in their social environments.

*Secure and responsive relationship of leaders to members.*—For the minimization of violent industrial conflict, it is desirable that leaders be relatively secure in their positions and responsive to their constituencies. Security of position, on the union side, for example, means lack of intense rivalry for leadership and solidarity of the organization against defection of its members or attack by a rival group. When the leaders are under pressure directly or indirectly, they may respond by encouraging an external war. Vested interests in conflict may be particularly damaging when the leaders make the decisions but the members pay the costs. Under these conditions the leaders will seek to assure the irrationality or non-rationality of the members.

At the same time, leaders should be responsive to their constituencies, otherwise they may make aggressive use of the organ-

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ization as a means to an end external to the life of the organization, or by their neglect they may encourage internal revolt, with its repercussions. It is relatively easy in many mass organizations for the leadership to exploit the membership in one fashion or another. The proper combination of security and responsiveness of leadership is not always readily attainable, for these two requirements point in somewhat contrary directions.

*The dispersion of grievances.*—The mass grievance, one which is held by many people in the same place at the same time against the same antagonist, grows and feeds on itself. Society more readily can accommodate and adjust the small grievance. Thus, it is helpful if discontent can find several outlets—individual quitting of jobs and political expression, for example, as well as organized economic action; if it is directed against several individuals and groups—the merchant, the landlord, the state, for example—rather than against an employer who also provides housing, retail facilities, law enforcement, as is frequently the case in the coal-mining industry; if it coagulates into small lumps by craft, by firm, by industry, rather than over the whole society; if it finds expression a little at a time, rather than in a single explosion; if it can be blunted by the imposition of relatively impersonal laws and rules standing between the parties, on the basis of which decisions can be made which flow not alone from the parties in controversy but from less volatile sources; if it finds expression in several stages through appeal or through periodic reopening of questions and if it seldom encounters a final barrier to its voicing; if freedom to act and react is constantly preserved. At the opposite extreme is the mass grievance against a single source of power, subject to a single personal decision.

*Structuring the game.*—As we have seen above, rules which reduce the risks of the parties and limit the means they may employ, without unduly stifling the conflict, can make a substantial contribution to nonviolent resolution of controversy or can mitigate the destructive consequences of violent conflict. Rules which guarantee the independent sovereignty of each party, which raise the cost of fighting (as does multi-employer bargaining), which set

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some fairly precise norm for the settlement (as does the "pattern bargain"), which prohibit use of certain provocative means of combat, which limit conflict to intermittent periods, which confine the subjects for disagreement to some reasonable area at any one time—all these aid the nonviolent settlement of industrial disputes. The rules of the game aid rationality—knowledge of costs and consequences—and thus diplomatic resolution of controversies. Fortunately in industrial relations, contrary to international relations, these rules are enforceable by society if not accepted by the parties voluntarily.

These are not easy prescriptions, although all of them are potentially subject to some utilization.

Industrial conflict, then, may be affected at three crucial points: first, by reducing the sources of mutual discontent; second, by affecting the process by which decisions to act are made, either by reducing the power to make such decisions (through control of one party by the other or of both by the state) or by facilitating the making and implementing of decisions to act nonviolently; and third, by channeling the conflict along the least destructive lines. Tactical mediation is concerned with the latter part of point two; strategical mediation with points one and three. I would suggest that strategical mediation, by the advance creation of favorable situations, can make the greater contribution to the minimization of aggressive industrial conflict and particularly of its most socially harmful aspects.

## *Wisely They Choose the Hour*

(*To Dylan Thomas*)

SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

Poets die young—  
Wisely they choose the hour  
To leave the word unsaid, the song unsung,  
The dew upon the flower,  
To ring the curtain down upon the play  
And softly steal away.

Poets live young, die young  
So let us make  
A wreath for Keats,  
A song for Shelley's sake.  
Let us not mourn them  
But with love recall  
The songs that were their legacy  
To you, to me,  
In truth  
A gift to all,  
A heritage of loveliness untold.

How should a poet, born to youth,  
Grow old?

# UNAMUNO AND ORTEGA:

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by Alfred Stern

**I**N THE history of philosophy Spain has never had the outstanding role she has had in political history and in the history of literature and painting. If in our century Spain is in the forefront of the countries representing the world's *globus philosophicus*, this is mainly the merit of two outstanding men: Miguel de Unamuno and José Ortega y Gasset.

The ways by which these two thinkers reinvigorated philosophical thought in Spain were quite different. The one—Unamuno, who was born in 1864 and died in 1936—acted mainly as a challenger and disturber of spiritual inertia, creating intellectual unrest and inviting his compatriots to new adventures of the spirit. Just as Nietzsche did, Unamuno liked to look into the face of those who are asleep. "The greater part of my work," he wrote, "has always been to disquiet my neighbors, to rob them of heart's ease."<sup>1</sup>

Ortega y Gasset, on the other hand, has acted rather as a systematic educator of his nation's élite. Born in 1883, and still alive, this thinker has led two generations of Spaniards in the rigorous methods of systematic philosophical thought, bringing at the same time their philosophical knowledge to the level of modern times. If Unamuno began to spread the knowledge of Kierkegaard's work in Spain and Latin America as early as 1907—he learned Danish and read the father of existentialism in the original—Ortega y Gasset opened to his people the treasures of modern German philosophy at a time when it was still unknown in other countries, especially in America. Thanks to the tremendous number of translations published by Ortega's *Biblioteca de Ideas del Siglo XX*, and to his publications in the *Revista de Occidente* of Madrid, Spanish and Latin-American philosophers are much better trained in modern German philosophy than those of any other country.

Ortega, however, is not only an interpreter and follower, but

<sup>1</sup> Unamuno, *Essays* (New York, 1952), p. 159.

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also an important forerunner of contemporary German and French ideas, and the same can be said of Unamuno. Julián Marías, a remarkable Spanish philosopher of the younger generation, is right in insisting that it was his country which, in the early years of the twentieth century, anticipated many of the ideas known today under the name of existentialism.<sup>2</sup>

Salvador de Madariaga saw in Unamuno Spain's Dostoevski, the man who tried to strengthen his compatriots' roots in their native earth; and he called Ortega Spain's Turgenev, for like this Russian writer, Ortega tried to bring his countrymen within the currents of thought prevailing in the rest of Europe. There was indeed in Unamuno something of that strange mixture of a national and religious traditionalist and of a revolutionary which could be found in Dostoevski. But to me, certain similarities between Unamuno and Nietzsche seem more striking, in spite of the great difference in their philosophies. Both Nietzsche and Unamuno were dynamic personalities, convinced of their prophetic mission. Both suffered deeply under the tragic antagonism between life and reason. Even in their outward life conditions we find striking analogies: both Nietzsche and Unamuno were philosophers who did not teach philosophy but were professors of Greek—the one at the University of Basel, the other at that of Salamanca. Both devoted almost all their writings to philosophy, but without creating systems. Outstanding literary geniuses, they presented their philosophies in the form of essays written in masterly prose, or expressed them in great poetry.

Uncompromising truth seekers, both Nietzsche and Unamuno were radical nonconformists. Refusing to accept the progress of science and technology as substitutes for more substantial values, both struggled desperately to find the true meaning of life. After Germany's victory over France in 1871, nonconformist Nietzsche

<sup>2</sup> J. Marías, *El Existencialismo en España* (Bogotá, 1953), p. 14.

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proclaimed the victory of French culture over Germany, and attacked the new Bismarck-Hohenzollern Reich as "strong and stupid." The title *Untimely Considerations* Nietzsche chose for some of his essays could also cover most of Unamuno's writings. While rector of the University of Salamanca, and thus a government official, the nonconformist Unamuno attacked the Spanish monarchy. He was relieved of his position and condemned to sixteen years in prison. The sentence was subsequently annulled, but the royal pardon did not silence Don Miguel. When, in 1923, General Primo de Rivera established his dictatorship to save the throne, the philosopher Unamuno, representing the moral conscience of his people, protested vehemently and was deported to Fuerteventura, the most remote of the Canary Islands.

After the fall of the dictatorship, Unamuno was brought back to Spain in triumph, and when, one year later in 1931, the Spanish Republic was proclaimed, he was reinstated as rector of the University of Salamanca and elected to the constituent Cortes.

But also in the Republic, for which he had struggled with such abnegation and for which he had accepted six years of exile in France (after his flight from Fuerteventura), Unamuno proved to be the irreconcilable nonconformist he had been earlier, criticizing the left as well as the right. And in 1936, after the outbreak of the Civil War, when Salamanca was occupied by General Franco's soldiers, Unamuno at first declared himself in favor of the new master, because he hoped Franco would save Spain from anarchy and revive her religious traditions. A son of the Catholic Church, Unamuno had an ardent will to believe, but the will alone was not enough for so powerful an intellect. A nonconformist toward the Church, he was declared a heretic. Also Franco soon discovered Don Miguel's nonconformism. When, in October 1936, Rector Unamuno spoke against the cult of violence and declared that there were good and bad Spaniards in both camps, he was again relieved of his post. Before he died, on New Year's Eve of 1936, he declared to a Dutch journalist that "the Nationalists were the enemies of all that stands for the spirit in the world."<sup>8</sup> As Julián Mariás

<sup>8</sup> A. Barea, *Unamuno* (New Haven, 1952), p. 57.

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remarks, Unamuno always disenchanted those who thought that he had become their partisan.<sup>4</sup>

Was the Spanish Nietzsche faithless to his friends? I do not think so. He was only faithful to himself. "My religion is to seek truth in life and life in truth," he wrote.<sup>5</sup> It was Unamuno's tragic experience that truth is never all of one color, that it is divided and cannot be found on one side alone. And his intellectual honesty prevented him from hiding this insight from himself and from the world. This was the genuine root of his nonconformism, and the reason why he had to disillusion all politicians.

In his main philosophical work, *The Tragic Sense of Life*, Unamuno revealed himself as an existentialist thinker many years before Heidegger, Jaspers, Marcel, and Sartre. Unamuno started from the *hombre de carne y hueso*, the man of flesh and bone, the concrete man here and now, who has nothing in common with Kant's transcendental Ego. Rejecting Descartes' rationalistic "I think, therefore I am," and replacing it by the thesis, "I am, therefore I think," Unamuno proclaimed the primacy of existence over cognition—a step in which he was followed later by Heidegger and Sartre. "The concrete 'I' of flesh and bone, that suffers from tooth-ache and finds life insupportable if death is the annihilation of the personal consciousness, must not be confounded with that other counterfeit 'I,' the theoretical 'I' which Fichte smuggled into philosophy."<sup>6</sup> This concrete Ego, which truly philosophizes, would rather say, "I feel, therefore I am," or "I will, therefore I am." The main character in Unamuno's philosophical novel *Niebla* says, "*Amo, ergo sum*," "I love, therefore I am"—and even, "*Edo, ergo sum*,"—"I eat, therefore I am";<sup>7</sup>—because to existentialists those vital functions of feeling, willing, loving, eating, have a great influence on our philosophizing. The philosopher is not a pure spirit.

Unamuno's life as well as his philosophy have been a *meditatio*

<sup>4</sup> J. Marías, *La Filosofía Española Actual* (Buenos Aires and Mexico City, 1948), p. 58.

<sup>5</sup> Unamuno, *Mi Religión y Otros Ensayos* (Buenos Aires and Mexico City, 1942), p. 10.

<sup>6</sup> Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life* (London, 1921), pp. 28-29.

<sup>7</sup> Unamuno, *Niebla* (Madrid, 1914), pp. 71, 295.

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*mortis*, a meditation about death. From Spinoza's thesis, "everything . . . endeavours to persist in its being,"<sup>8</sup> Unamuno derived the justification of his own ardent longing for personal immortality. "If consciousness is . . . nothing more than a flash of light between two eternities of darkness, then there is nothing more execrable than existence,"<sup>9</sup> he wrote.

But how can man know whether he is immortal? His will and feelings answer "Yes," his reason answers "No." And the tragic problem of philosophy is to reconcile the necessities of reason with those of the heart and the will. Can we overcome these contradictions? But we live *in* and *by* contradictions, and therefore life is tragedy, the tragedy of a perpetual struggle without victory, and even without the hope of victory.

But was not Unamuno a Catholic? And does not this creed give assurance of immortality? Well, Unamuno was a Catholic with his heart, but not with his reason, and he was not able to sacrifice his reason, like Pascal, or to submit it to an iron discipline, like Ignatius of Loyola. In his essay *Mi Religión* our philosopher said:

I frankly confess that the supposed rational proofs . . . of the existence of God, prove to me nothing; that all the reasons adduced to show that God exists appear to me to be based on sophistry and begging of the question. In this I am with Kant. . . . Nobody has succeeded in convincing me rationally of the existence of God, nor yet of His non-existence. If I believe in God . . . it is, first of all, because I wish that God may exist, and then because he is revealed to me through the channel of the heart. . . .<sup>10</sup>

This is very similar to Pascal's "It is the heart which feels God and not reason."<sup>11</sup> But Catholicism and, especially Neo-Thomism, which, since the encyclical *Aeterni Patris* of Leo XIII has been the only authorized official philosophy of the Catholic Church, insists that the existence of God has been demonstrated rationally, by Saint Thomas' "five ways." And that is what Unamuno could not take. He believed in God, but he added, "I am not convinced of it as I

<sup>8</sup> Spinoza, *Ethica Ordine Geometrico Demonstrata*, Pars III, prop. VI.

<sup>9</sup> Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life*, p. 78.

<sup>10</sup> Unamuno, *Mi Religión* . . . , pp. 11-12.

<sup>11</sup> Pascal, *Pensées*, p. 458, art. 278.

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am of the fact that two and two make four.”<sup>12</sup> With his great intellectual honesty and courage he refused to interpret his subjective, psychological needs as objective logical and ontological necessities. His will to believe was not pragmatic, like that of William James, but purely subjective, in Kierkegaard’s sense. To believe in God, he said, is to wish that there may be a God and to act as if He existed.

Unamuno summarized his attitude toward the Catholic solution in the following terms:

The Catholic solution of . . . our unique vital problem, the problem of the immortality and eternal salvation of the individual soul, satisfies life; but the attempt to rationalize it by means of dogmatic theology *fails* to satisfy reason. And reason has its exigencies as imperious as those of life. It is of no use seeking to force ourselves to consider as super-rational what appears to us to be contra-rational . . .<sup>13</sup>

The sentence “reason has its exigencies as imperious as those of life” shows how wrong it is to classify Unamuno—as it is usually done—as an irrationalist. Had he been an irrationalist, he would have thrown reason overboard, he would have accepted Tertullianus’ *credo* without being disturbed by the *quia absurdum est*. Only because he took reason so seriously did Unamuno suffer so deeply from its incompatibility with life. “It must remain established,” he wrote, “that reason not only does not prove rationally that the soul is immortal . . . but that it proves rather . . . that the individual consciousness cannot persist after the death of the physical organism upon which it depends.”<sup>14</sup>

But since reason does not succeed in converting truth into consolation and feeling does not succeed in converting consolation into truth, he continued struggling. Recognizing the antagonistic exigencies of both reason and life, Unamuno suffered all the tragic consequences of their perpetual clashes in his consciousness, but he allowed neither of them to dominate and violate the other.

One of the characters of his novel, *Niebla*, protests against its

<sup>12</sup> Unamuno, *Mi Religión . . .*, p. 12.

<sup>13</sup> Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense of Life*, p. 78.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 104.

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author, Miguel de Unamuno, who created him in order to make him perish again, and shouts: "You too will die, and all those who read my story will die."<sup>15</sup> That means that, without immortality, man is just as unreal as a character of fiction. The hero of Unamuno's master novel, *San Manuel, Bueno, Mártir*, a priest unable to believe, refuses to confess his disbelief, because truth may be something unbearable and deadly. "Simple people could not live on with it." This priest repeats in a way the tragic message of Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor. Asked why he confessed his doubts, Unamuno answered in an article written in 1933 for the newspaper *Ahora* by saying that "the infantile unconsciousness of the people produced in the end worse damage than an intimate, tragic anxiety."<sup>16</sup> Thus, many years after having advocated, in his *La Vida es Sueño*, that the existence of the simple Spanish people should be a dreamlike life in peaceful ignorance, the old Unamuno wished to awaken his nation to the tragic awareness of anxiety. We know that the existentialists, Heidegger and Sartre, too try to give men "courage for anxiety" and that they see in it a standard of morality.

"*Es mi razón que se burla de mi fe y la desprecia*"—"It is my reason which laughs at my faith and despises it."<sup>17</sup> With this confession Unamuno expressed the tragic conflict which torments many modern men. He saw this struggle symbolized in Don Quixote's soul, dominated by the conflict between what the world is as reason shows it to be and what we wish it to be with our dreams and religious faith. To Unamuno, Don Quixote appeared as the representative of a faith which reason could not sustain, but also could not shake.

As a true sage Unamuno taught that, in the last analysis, it is necessary to accept this conflict and to live with it. And if he could not find a theoretical solution, he at least found a practical one. He gained inspiration from the French writer, Sénancour, who, in 1804 had published a kind of philosophical journal in the form of letters and poems. Its title is *Obermann*. In reading it Unamuno

<sup>15</sup> *Niebla*, p. 288.

<sup>16</sup> A. Barea, *Unamuno*, 1952, p. 55.

<sup>17</sup> Unamuno, *Del Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida* (Madrid, 1912), p. 295.

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was struck by the following sentence: "Man is perishable. That may be; but let us perish resisting, and if it is nothingness that awaits us, do not let us so act that it shall be a just fate."<sup>18</sup> Unamuno changed the last sentence by saying: Let us so act that nothingness shall be an unjust fate. And his final categorical imperative reads: "Act so that in your own judgment and in the judgment of others you may merit eternity, act so that you may become irreplaceable, act so that you may not deserve death."<sup>19</sup>

This is a noble imperative on which one can build an ethics of creativity, an ethics which invites us to leave on all things the imperishable impress of our signatures, to immortalize ourselves in our works.

The second of the Big Two in modern Spanish philosophy, José Ortega y Gasset, is still alive, and his tremendous work is still in the making. Only a few fruits from his rich harvest can be presented here, as a kind of relish.

While Unamuno's philosophy was of a *pathogene* type, a philosophy motivated by the sufferings of life, Ortega is a *theorogene* philosopher, a thinker who has come to philosophy by observing and contemplating the world. Unamuno resembled Nietzsche especially in that to both philosophy was intellectual passion and spiritual torment; but in his ideas Unamuno was not influenced by Nietzsche. Ortega, on the contrary, has nothing of Nietzsche's temperament, but some of his ideas definitely have the Nietzschean style. Like Nietzsche, Ortega despises the masses and believes that "commanding and obeying are decisive functions in society."<sup>20</sup> And yet, in his book *The Revolt of the Masses*, which brought him world fame, Ortega tried to show that his distinction between the aristocratic élite and the masses is not so much a distinction between two social classes as one between two classes of men: an axiological, moral distinction. He designates as noble those men who always demand more and more from themselves, who live under the bond-

<sup>18</sup> Étienne Pivert de Séńancour, *Obermann*, Lettre XC.

<sup>19</sup> Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense . . .*, p. 263.

<sup>20</sup> Ortega y Gasset, *La Rebelión de las Masas*, in *Obras completas* (Madrid, 1950-52), IV, 242.

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age of self-imposed tasks and imperatives, devoting their lives to superior ideals. To Ortega ethics is nothing but this voluntary submission under such tasks, the consciousness of serving and having obligations. The mass man, on the contrary, believes he has only rights and no obligations, and he is satisfied with what he is, content to remain what he is. While the life of the élite is devoted to an effort and always tries to surpass itself, the mass man is inert. It is because of its inertia rather than because of its multitude that the plebs is called "mass."

While the élite is basically active, the mass man is *reactive*. If he acts, he has to be forced to do so by external circumstances. In his *Revolt of the Masses* Ortega tried to show how, in our technological civilization, the mass man tends to supplant the élite. In this respect he is a spiritual brother of Nietzsche.

Ortega's philosophical education, however, was less Nietzschean than Kantian. His erudition is as universal and international as Unamuno's was; but while his broad outlook did not prevent Unamuno from remaining deeply rooted in his Spanish mother earth, Ortega is much more European than Spaniard. And Europe means to him Germany, England, and France. Ortega studied philosophy in Berlin and Marburg, Germany. His teachers were the two leaders of the famous Neo-Kantian School of Marburg: Hermann Cohen and Paul Natorp. To these two prominent scholars Ortega owes, as he says himself, all his intellectual discipline but not his philosophical ideas. Among his closest spiritual relatives I should consider Wilhelm Dilthey, Max Scheler, and Henri Bergson. And in many respects Ortega anticipated the ideas of Heidegger and Sartre.

As a writer Ortega has the brilliant literary gifts that distinguished his compatriot Santayana. Among the living philosophers Ortega is the only eligible candidate for the Nobel prize in literature.

Unlike his teachers Cohen and Natorp, Ortega is not an idealist, because one never meets the ego without things. And he is not a realist, for one never meets things without the ego. As a matter of fact, man never meets "things" but only "difficulties" and "facilities" for his existence. Eight years after Ortega had expressed this

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idea in his *Historia como Sistema*<sup>21</sup> (1935), Sartre expressed it in his *L'Etre et le Néant*.<sup>22</sup> Also in denying human nature and in insisting that man is not a thing Sartre followed Ortega. To the Spanish thinker man is *drama* in the original sense of the Greek word δρᾶν to act. And the "radical reality" in which he believes is life, each man's life, prior to any theory.

"Yo soy yo y mi circunstancia"—"I am I and my circumstance"—Ortega wrote in 1914, in his *Meditaciones del Quijote*—thirteen years before Heidegger expressed a similar idea in his famous *Sein und Zeit*,<sup>23</sup> where he defined existence as "*in-der-Welt-sein*" or "being-in-the-world." And as Heidegger characterized existence furthermore as "being-with-others," Ortega called it, seventeen years before him, "*convivir*" or "*coexistir*".<sup>24</sup>

Ortega goes back to the etymological Latin roots of the word circumstance: *circum-stantia* are the things which stand around us, are referred to us, determine the outlook of each of us. It is what three decades later Sartre was to call "*situation*" or "*facticité*." This section of reality into which I am cast and which may be the Sierra of Guadarrama or the Broadway of New York is considered by Ortega as the natural exit which leads Gonzalez or Smith into the world. Thus, these *circumstantia* form the other half of my person.

Life is that which I make with my circumstances, the things which encompass me. In order to maintain myself in my circumstance I have always to do something. But that which I have to do is not imposed upon me by the circumstances the same way an orbit is prescribed to each star. Man, every man, has to decide at every moment that which he is going to do and to be in the following moment.

If we had at every moment only one possibility in front of us, it would be a mere necessity. But man does not act out of pure necessity since he always finds himself confronted with diverse possibilities among which he has to decide. To live is thus to find

<sup>21</sup> *Obras completas*, VI, 32.

<sup>22</sup> P. 562 (Paris, 1943), *passim*.

<sup>23</sup> (Halle, 1927), p. 116.

<sup>24</sup> Ortega, *Adán en el Paraíso* (Madrid, 1910), p. 176.

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oneself in a surrounding of some determined possibilities. The world is the repertoire of our vital possibilities; it is not something apart from us, but life's authentic periphery.

What is it that determines our decisions? It is a *project*, a vital project for each of us, by which each of us imagines what he will try to become under the specific conditions of his physical, cultural, and historical circumstances. To live is to *choose* among the possibilities which the circumstances offer. In so far I am free. "But I am *forcibly free*, whether I like it or not," says Ortega.<sup>25</sup> Years later Sartre wrote, "I am *condemned* to be free,"<sup>26</sup> without referring to his Spanish predecessor. But Sartre developed and integrated these ideas into a kind of system, whose tonality is anxiety, as I show in my recent book *Sartre—His Philosophy and Psychoanalysis*.<sup>27</sup> Ortega's system, however, is still to be published, as his disciple, Julián Mariás, announces.

Long before Sartre, Ortega y Gasset insisted on the necessity of man's engagement in a definite project. Without a project life is demoralized, debased, he says rightfully. And as if he wanted to establish the antithesis to André Gide's doctrine of man's "*disponibilité*," Ortega wrote: "A disposable life is a greater negation of itself than death."<sup>28</sup> The Spanish thinker showed convincingly that this was true, not only for individual lives but also for the lives of collectivities. To him a state is, above all, a project of action, a project of collaboration. "A state is neither consanguinity nor linguistic unity, nor territorial unity. . . . It is pure dynamism—the will to do something together."<sup>29</sup> With these words Ortega revealed the futility of Hitler's racial state fifteen years before it proved its futility by its collapse.

The United States and Latin America are probably the best examples to demonstrate the correctness of our philosopher's conceptions. At the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, neither the links of blood, nor those of language,

<sup>25</sup> Ortega, *Historia como Sistema*, in *Obras completas*, VI, 34.

<sup>26</sup> Sartre, *L'Etre et le Néant*, p. 515.

<sup>27</sup> New York: The Liberal Arts Press, 1953.

<sup>28</sup> *Obras completas*, IV, 239.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 258.

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culture, and a common historical past could prevent the separation of the United Colonies from England, and that of the Latin-American countries from Spain, for neither England nor Spain was any longer able to offer the Americas inspiring projects of a common collective future. It is the future which makes nations—counter-current-like—and Ortega is a futurist. He is convinced that the moral disintegration of Europe can be prevented only if the European nations can become engaged in a great common enterprise, in an inspiring project of a common collective future. This project which Ortega proposed to the Europeans in 1930 is that of the creation of a European supernation, the United States of Europe.

Ortega's suggestion is extremely timely, and it is not a utopia, for what the Europeans have in common weighs more heavily than their distinctive characters as Spaniards, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians.

In his *Historia como Sistema* Ortega realized that the "reason" of physical science cannot tell us anything about man. "The failure of physical reason opens the road for a vital and historical reason."<sup>30</sup> Only a few words can be said about this important concept: Man has no nature but he has a history, i.e., his previous experiences, and this history, together with his circumstances, constitutes the basic limitation of his future possibilities. In order to be able to choose and to decide, man has to know his vital circumstances and his and his group's historical past, which, in fact, has become a part of his circumstances. Thereby man is guided by concrete reason, a *vital, historical reason*. While our philosopher denies that the physicomathematical reason—that of his teachers Cohen and Natorp—brings us into contact with a transcendent reality, he thinks that vital, historical reason does. For him life and its history is the basic reality. Vital reason understands life, because it is adapted to the fluidity of life. Bergson and Unamuno saw in reason the power which solidifies everything it touches. Their criticism holds for pure reason, but not for Ortega's vital, historical reason, which tries to "liquefy" (*fluidificar*) every fact, by revealing its becoming.

<sup>30</sup> *Obras completas*, VI, 23.

Thus Ortega's philosophy is—as indicated by the title of one of his essays—"neither vitalism nor rationalism." Although it places the problem of life in the center of its investigations, Ortega's thought cannot be termed as vitalism, because it does not admit any other kind of theoretical knowledge than that based on reason. It is, however, no rationalism either, because Ortega realizes that within reality reason is only a "tiny island surrounded by irrationality."<sup>31</sup> Thus "to reason" cannot mean to prescribe laws to reality, but only to combine elements which cannot be further penetrated by reason.

Reality can only be seen from the specific standpoint which each man occupies in the universe. Thus it is broken up into innumerable subjective "facets" or individual "perspectives," which are determined by time, place, environment—in short, by the peculiar existential circumstances of each individual. "Within mankind each race, and within each race every individual is an organ of perception distinct from all the others."<sup>32</sup> Reality offers itself in individual perspectives. None of them exhausts reality, and in spite of their diversity these individual perspectives do not exclude each other; on the contrary, each requires the other as its complement, and all individual perspectives together build up the reality of life.

This is, in a nutshell, Ortega's doctrine of "perspectivism." It is an inspiring doctrine, for it ascribes to each man and to each nation a specific mission of truth.

What is the situation of philosophy in Spain today? We know that Unamuno died in 1936, several months after the outbreak of the Civil War. Many of his followers left Spain either during the Civil War or after its tragic end, and so did many of Ortega's disciples. Many of them are teaching now in Latin-American universities. But others remained. After a long exile in Holland, Portugal, and Argentina, Ortega y Gasset returned to Spain in 1945. Meanwhile his chair of metaphysics at the University of Madrid, which he had made world-famous between 1910 and 1936,

<sup>31</sup> *Ni Vitalismo ni Racionalismo*, in *Obras completas*, III, 272.

<sup>32</sup> *Verdad y Perspectiva*, in *Obras completas*, II, 19.

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was converted into a chair of "Ontology and Natural Theology." This new name indicates the radical change the teaching of philosophy has undergone in the Spain of the Caudillo Franco. For today Neo-Thomism, the official philosophy of the Catholic Church, has become dominant in all Spanish universities, which are state universities. When, after his return to Spain in 1945, Ortega was asked by the government whether he would wish to reoccupy his chair at the University of Madrid, he refused, because his philosophy cannot be brought into agreement with Thomistic conceptions. For the same reason his disciple, Julián Marías, refused to pose his candidature for this chair, which has been vacant since 1936.

Another member of the once famous "school of Madrid," Don Manuel García Morente, Ortega's close friend and former dean of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters in Madrid, died in 1942, after taking holy orders. And Xavier Zubiri, one of the greatest hopes of modern Spanish philosophy, abandoned his teaching at the universities of Madrid and Barcelona in 1942 and lives now in the Spanish capital as a private citizen. He is a former priest and is now married.

The University of Madrid has the most modern and most beautiful campus I have seen in any Western European country, but many of its great professors do not teach there.

Neither Unamuno's nor Ortega's philosophy is well liked by those who direct today the spiritual life in Spain. In 1913 Unamuno had opposed Neo-Thomism by writing: "It is no longer enough to believe in the existence of God; but the sentence of anathema falls on him who, though believing it, does not believe that His existence is demonstrable by rational arguments."<sup>33</sup> Forty years later, in 1953, I read in the distinguished Spanish journal *Ateneo*, of Madrid, an article by Father Miguel Oromí, in which this Neo-Thomist castigates severely Unamuno's philosophy because it affirms the existence of God only as a *vital* necessity and not as a *rational* one. "It is understanding and reason which have

<sup>33</sup> Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense . . .*, pp. 76-77.

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to believe," Oromí writes, and he also rejects Ortega's "vital reason" as a "subterfuge."<sup>34</sup>

When, in the fall of 1953, the University of Salamanca, one of the world's oldest and most famous, celebrated its seven hundredth birthday and planned also to honor the memory of its great rector Unamuno, a pamphlet was released, calling Unamuno a "heretic" and a "teacher of heresy." The university abruptly canceled an official visit to Unamuno's grave and kept his name out of the program. In 1913 Unamuno had written: "The real sin . . . is a sin of heresy, the sin of thinking for oneself. The saying has been heard before now, here in Spain, that to be a liberal—that is, a heretic—is worse than being an assassin, a thief, or an adulterer."<sup>35</sup> Forty years later it has been proved that Unamuno had not exaggerated.

But there are also encouraging signs in the philosophical situation in Spain today: Unwilling, or unable, to take part in the official teaching, the independent thinkers, Ortega, Zubiri, and Marías are giving private philosophy courses in Madrid, which have a tremendous success, although they cannot offer the students the advantage of "credit." When, eight years ago, Zubiri started his private courses, he had 50 students: today he has 200. In 1948 Ortega and Marías founded in Madrid the *Instituto de Humanidades*—a private institution without endowments whose teaching is not officially recognized. In one of his courses given there Ortega had 650 students, in another, 1,300! And Marías's excellent non-sectarian book, *Historia de la Filosofía*, published for the first time in Madrid in 1941, has exhausted its sixth edition.

All this shows that Unamuno has truly been what Giordano Bruno called a *dormitantium animarum excubitor*, an awakener of sleeping souls. And it also proves that Ortega and his disciples have succeeded in changing a great number of reactive minds into active intellects.

<sup>34</sup> M. Oromí, "Cuestión personal con Unamuno," *Ateneo*, Madrid, No. 42 (September 15, 1953). Father Oromí also attacked Ortega and Marías in a recent book, *Ortega y la Filosofía* (Madrid, 1953).

<sup>35</sup> Unamuno, *The Tragic Sense . . .*, pp. 71-72.

## *Metamorphosis*

CELESTE TURNER WRIGHT

The sunlight warmed her and she loved it well  
Until the ash of a volcanic tide  
Showered the forest on the mountainside,  
Binding her beauty in a timeless spell.  
Miracles overtook her where she fell:  
Above her head sequoias multiplied,  
And underground a stream began to glide,  
Searching her broken body, cell by cell.

Here is the wood, still perfect in design,  
Jewel the lapidary coveted,  
Luminous with the crypto-crystalline  
Glaze of carnelian, chalcedon, or sard;  
And richly thus destroyed the tree lies dead,  
Cold at the heart and very, very hard.

# THE BROKEN CONDUIT:

## A STUDY OF ALIENATION IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

WHEN William Dean Howells, in his ever kindly and benign way, said that the smiling aspects of life were the more American, he revealed a great deal about the circumscriptions of his own generation but very little about the true currents of American culture. We have only to look to the origins of that culture—based as they were on the total depravity of man, the complete corruption of nature, and the evil of God—to discover that “American” meant to Howells the inexplicable confidence and gentility which characterized the middle-class family of his time. For when we consider such representative Americans as Jonathan Edwards, Herman Melville, or even Ernest Hemingway, Howells’ statement verges on the ludicrous if we treat it as a valid historical generalization rather than the confession of late nineteenth-century values that it is.

Of course, Howells might have intended that the “smiling aspects” should pertain only to the picture of prelapsarian man current in the seventeenth century, one freighted with the kind of moral euphoria he would easily have understood. For this man was “the most excellent and noble creature of the world . . . sole

commander and governor of all the creatures in it . . . *Imaginis Imago*, created to God’s own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging unto it. . . .” Or perhaps Howells was thinking of a vision ever present in the minds of the Puritans, that of the Aristotelian wonders of God’s original creation in which the planets were nicely orbited about the earth and man nicely orbited in nature, neither angel nor beast, *nexus et naturae vinculum*, the knot and chain of nature.

But to the Puritans this was a mere vision, a dream of the *civitas dei*, an anguishing memory of Paradise. The smiling aspects of life had long since been banished from the universe *they* knew; it had ceased to be “American” in Howellsian terms when Adam fell from grace. For in that fall the entire fabric of material and spiritual creation had been rent asunder. And the Puritans would thus have said of Howells that if the poor fellow’s senses led him to believe that he was living under under the fixed smile of Eden, so much the worse for his senses. What could one expect from depraved men?

After the fall, therefore, Ameri-

by Richard A. Condon

can man is no longer the *Imaginis Imago*, but is "—a cast-away, a caitiff . . . so much obscured . . . that . . . he is inferior to a beast. . . ." And nature, which was maternally beneficent to prelapsarian man, becomes a "den of wolves, a cabin of bears, a sea of glass. . . ." For man was, we must remember, the knot and chain of nature, and when he fell, he accordingly dragged down nature with him. His lapse from grace is so completely disastrous, however, only because of the semiangelic position he once occupied. If Melville or even Henry James were to become devils, we would be surprised but not shocked; but if Howells, the archetype of the solid family man, were to turn Faust on us, *there* would be a tragic fall. But so it was with Adam.

"Man," Hooker tells us, "was the mean betwixt God and the Creature to convey all good with all the constancy of it, and therefore when man breaks, Heaven and earth break all asunder, the Conduit being cracked and displaced there can be no conveyance from the Fountain." To live, therefore, is to be a broken conduit, for merely by being born of woman man becomes the inheritor of Adam's guilt. In short, his very being is sin, his very identity corruption; and the central feature of his predicament is that he is constitutionally alienated from God.

Nor can he bridge the gap be-

tween the two worlds. Good works avail not, for they issue from a heart which is by definition corrupt; prayers and discipline of the spirit are pointless, for the tree being diseased the fruit must be bitter. "There is no power in man," these divines tell us, "to remove that resistance that is in his heart against God and his work . . . for it's a received rule of reason and confessed of all hands, the being and the causes that made up the being should be opposite to it self. . . ." Conversion, therefore, is not a mere modification of our ways, but a change in the very identity of our being, a change which brings forth "the New Creature." It is a suicide of the spirit.

It is little wonder that, given this frame of reference, a particular imagery develops and a particular theme recurs in the writings of these men. The imagery is that of Galen and his school of medicine as interpreted by the seventeenth-century divines, and the theme is that of the wound—i.e., original sin—from which there is no recovery.

Translated into Galenic terminology sins become "noisome humors," grace anagrams "physic," or one of a series of ancient emetics; the assistance of ministers becomes "salve for weary consciences" or "applications"; and the vices appear as a plague of troublesome boils, sores, and fistulas. The chief image for God is that of the great "Physician"

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who brings forth the new creature; He alone can cure the disease for He alone can change the identity of man.

The nomenclature of Galenic medicine, therefore, reflects the spiritual situation of the Puritans. The *civitas dei* is one of health and wholeness; the *civitas mundi*, one of disease and death. Man, whose nature it is to be wounded and corrupt, can no more make a bridge between the two than a patient suffering from cancer can cause his own recovery by will power; for the disease is just as mechanistic as the physics of the seventeenth century in terms of which it is described.

"In sickness," Pliny tells us, "the mind reflects upon itself." And this is what the Puritan divines intended that such imagery should effect—that the mind should reflect upon its identity, upon its total depravity. Thus, the good conscience, as Erich Fromme says, comes to be equated with the guilty conscience, the morbid conscience. And the religious hero of the Puritans is not, like the classical hero, a man who is happy and well adjusted, the brilliant conqueror and strong ruler, but the man of wounds, the man of suffering. "A wise Patient," Hooker tells us, "when by trial he hath found it, and the consent of learned Physicians and Chirurgeons have concluded that his gangrened part must be cut off and cauterized, cannot be healed; though his Nature shrink at it, yet Reason and his own preservation makes him desire and choose the

sharpest Instrument, because by that his life and safety is best procured." The "wise Patient," the hero, becomes the wounded man, the man "impostumed" by God. To suffer, therefore, is to know hope of salvation; to be complacent or joyous is to know only "carnal deceits." For it is the nature of man to be a broken conduit; the happy man stands on the brink of Hades and knows it not. If the Puritans were right about the nature of man—and the evil we experience about us in the world today leads us to believe that they were—then Howells and his whole generation are at this very moment buring in Hell, and their only solace is that they will soon be accompanied by those still with us who complain about the "decadence," "despair," and "depravity" of modern literature.

It must be admitted that later writers have not always articulated this theme in its original theological expression, partially because the locus of the problem changes, partially because of the stylistic demands made upon them by the conventions in which they wrote. But the basic similarities between the sense of alienation in the writings of the Puritans and that in later American literature are too numerous and too patent to be denied. We find Hawthorne, for instance, describing that archetypal romantic hero Roderick Elliston in terms which rely upon the Calvinistic equation of sin and identity. Egotism, he tells us, is the bosom serpent; for "All persons

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chronically diseased are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body. . . . Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self by the torture in which it dwells. Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them that they cannot but present it to the face of every casual passer-by. . . . [T]he fouler the crime," he continues, "with so much more difficulty does the perpetrator prevent it from thrusting up its snake-like head . . . for it is that cancer, or that crime, which constitutes their respective individuality."

Because Hawthorne, like the Puritans, equated corruption and identity, it is not unrealistic when, at the end of *The Scarlet Letter*, he rumors that the old physician Chillingworth shriveled up and disappeared after the death of Dimmesdale. For the very identity of the man has been evil, and deprived of the object of that evil, he must cease to be.

But while true devils like Chillingworth are characterized in Hawthorne's work by wounds, so too, interestingly enough, are many of his heroes. For there is the same ambiguous attitude toward evil in the romantic authors as there was in the Puritan divines, an attitude which caused the good Methodist, Father Taylor, to shout at a group of Park Street Calvinists, "Your God is my Devil!" Hester, Dimmesdale, Donatello, and others might well proclaim, as does the *Exultet* of the Mass, "*O felix culpa*," "O happy sin," for it is sin which educates

them, which humanizes them, and which leads them eventually to a passionate love for God. And while he is cautious in dealing with this dangerous, potentially heretical doctrine, Hawthorne, I'm sure, would agree, in feeling if not in principle, that had not St. Augustine come to Carthage, he would never have come to Rome.

When we turn to Melville we find that while he did not, perhaps, have this tradition specifically in mind when he wrote *Pierre*, he was almost certainly influenced by it. For *Pierre*, who begins as Emerson and ends as Schopenhauer, achieves status as a person through his insight into evil. "Ah, *Pierre*, now indeed art thou hurt with a wound, never to be completely healed but in heaven. . . . Ah, miserable thou, to whom Truth, in her first tides, bears nothing but wrecks!" Wrecks, yes, and *Pierre* is, therefore, to be pitied; but Truth does bring them, and therefore *Pierre* is in a sense to be envied, not *in spite of* his wound, but *because of* it. Like so many other romantic heroes he learns the truth through a contact with evil, and the character of this knowledge is symbolized in the dark-haired Isabel. Melville apparently felt the same irresistible attraction toward Isabel as Hawthorne did toward Zenobia, another brunette with one of Dr. Rapacini's lethal but peculiarly intriguing flowers in her dark tresses.

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Blondes, like Howells' smiling aspects, have a tendency to fade away rather quickly in romantic fiction. It is the swarthy brunette who flourishes rankly in the pages of these men.

We should remember too that Ishmael originally goes to sea seeking a cure for hypochondria—the disease of Roderick Elliston—and that it is through his contact with an ill man, Ahab, a man who has a wound from which there is no recovery, that this cure is effected. We might say that just as Melville extends the metaphors of land and sea until they become highly charged symbols through which he views all experience, so Ahab, in his monomania, sees everything in terms of the wound Moby Dick has inflicted upon him and hence in terms of revenge. It is as impossible for Ahab to have a catharsis, to change, as it was for an unregenerate Puritan to save himself. For sin becomes identity, and, as Hooker warns us, "*resistance cannot take away resistance.*" In romantic fiction, just as in Puritan sermons, character is fate. This too is the reason that the tragedies of Hawthorne and Melville have only four acts. A fifth is unthinkable because of the nature of man.

It is equally impossible, therefore, for Billy Budd to cross the line from the opposite direction and recognize evil. Melville is careful to tell us, one critic has pointed out, that when Budd hangs there are no spasms, no emptying of the bowels, or emission of semen as is the case with natural

men. Just as Ahab cannot get over being a devil, Budd cannot get over being an angel. Both polar characters in Melville, Ahab and Budd, are irretrievably trapped. The *civitas mundi* can never become the *civitas dei*; chronological time can never become horological time, for the conduit between the two has been broken, the chain of being has been rent by the Fall, and man, like Pierre, is wounded beyond repair.

The fact that Melville and Hawthorne have recently become the objects of so much study, that they have passed beyond the limitations of major literary figures and become industries, indicates much about the attitudes and values of our own time. We read them, as we do not read Emerson, because they faced the same kind of problems which now confront us. Like the Puritans, both have a sense of the terror and value of evil, a sense so glaringly absent from the work of Howells, Irving, or Cooper, men with whom we seem to have lost—for better or worse—emotional rapport. Poor Emerson is distrusted today as a kind of nineteenth-century Billy Graham merely because he apparently achieved some kind of serenity. So we should hardly be surprised if, when we look at the *dramatis personae* of modern literature, we find that its heroes are not Natty Bumpos or Silas Laphams, but Pierres and Ahabs and Roderick Ellistons. Nor should we be deluded into a moral fuss, like J. Donald Adams, by its apparently anti-Christian and antitraditional atti-

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tudes. For it is quite obvious that some very ancient doctrines, such as the *felix culpa* of St. Augustine and the Puritan equation between sin and identity, are at work beneath its "studied despair." The three periods we have mentioned, certainly, have the same kind of hero—the man with the good (that is, guilty) conscience, the man with the wound which isolates, alienates him, yet which gives him his significance and his grandeur.

Hemingway's heroes are a case in point. His Major, for instance, in the short story "In Another Country," achieves a peculiar kind of dignity by virtue of a wound which the machines of modern civilization are ludicrously unable to remove. It is a token of the fact that he has experienced evil, and through that experience reached an insight comparable to that of Job. Beside his final resignation the optimistic encouragements of the doctors seem pitifully naïve, and their series of mechanical pulleys, belts, and straps cannot compare with the Galenic wonders of Hooker's great, wise "Physician." A more recent hero, Colonel Richard Cantwell, is also marked by an injury, in this case a shriveled hand; the world is such that the good man is inevitably scarred by it, Hemingway seems to tell us. Or, to put it in Melville's terms, the lesson of Christ's life is that the moral man is crucified. And yet, interestingly enough, despite the wound and the superior character it is supposed to signify, Cant-

well finally wants to cross the river and sit in the shade of the trees—to return to an untroubled Edenic existence which is premoral in nature.

Wounds, of course, may be other than physical since it is their function to mark off a man from the rest of society, to alienate him and prepare him for uncommon insights. Though we don't have "noisome humors" or "applications" in modern literature, we do have mutes and idiots. These figures appear with increasing frequency, for they are concrete dramatizations of the plight the artist claims to be in—cut off from the phony camaraderie and fellowship of the American business world by his dark knowledge, his unblemished innocence, or his amoral, prelapsarian condition. Carson McCullers' Singer in *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* is a current illustration of the former, and Benjy of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* of the latter. Singer is considered superior by Mick, Blount, and the rest because of his affliction, just as Benjy attains a Christlike position (he is thirty-three when "crucified" by the family, the imagery of his meandering consciousness is often Biblical in origin, etc.) by virtue of his condition. His psychological wound is his salvation, without which he would become, in all probability, just another Jason.

Moderns, like the Puritans or Hawthorne or Melville, seem to oper-

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ate on the assumption that the hero is the wounded man. And if this assumption is true, it follows that in order to be great, in order to be a hero, one must be wounded in some way. This, at any rate, seems to be a premise underlying much of our own contemporary criticism. Scholars are now busy hunting for unsuspected injuries in the lives of great men. It has been uncovered, for instance, that Dickens had, after all, a traumatic experience in a blacking establishment; poor Hawthorne, it is alleged, was cut off from a normal development as a youth by a mysterious injury; and something unknown but probably terrible happened to Henry James while he was trying to put out a fire. If the artist has not had a physical or psychological wound, it is reasoned that he must have had, at least, an "ordeal." The "Ordealist" school of criticism has been extremely prolific in recent years and its discoveries—like the one that, had it not been for Olivia Langdon, Mark Twain would have been Shelley—extremely surprising.

The logic behind such critical assumptions runs something like this: these men were great; therefore, they must have been wounded. The terminology of Galen has been supplanted by that of Freud and modern physiology, but when someone

says that faulty toilet training can make one a great artist, a highly transmogrified but recognizable *felix culpa* is still at work.

Why you should *Be Glad You're a Neurotic* is more than I can see. And yet when we remember that there is a tradition in American life and letters which stems from the Puritans and their Calvinist presuppositions, this bible of the modern American middle class seems an entirely logical development. By tracing one particular theme through this tradition it is possible to show, if only by way of implication, some of the many similarities in values espoused by early writers and our own contemporaries. The conduit has long been broken between the two, the term "Puritan" being used contemptuously by the writers of Fitzgerald's generation, and the term "contemporary" being used by men of a religious background with equal contempt. Could we but see the many parallels between the two, perhaps both would lose their venom for us and become admirable and useful at last. While such an investigation would never, to be sure, dissuade those who cry "decadent" at modern literature, it might, at least, point to Lawrence's profitable discovery that "the dead never die. They look on and help."

# LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND DEMOCRACY

by Henry Myers

AT CORNELL University, where the College of Agriculture maintains an Extension Bulletin Service which furnishes New Yorkers with pamphlets on a great variety of practical subjects, a professor of literature is often reminded that many people call *any* valuable piece of writing literature. One letter which we received recently will serve as a fair example of many. It was addressed to the Department of Literature, Cornell University, but it was clear from the contents that it was intended for the Extension Bulletin Service, which the writer obviously regarded as the center of literary activity at Cornell. "Dear Sirs," he wrote. "Will you please send me as soon as possible your latest literature on how to make sauerkraut?"

## I

What is the essential difference between literature and other kinds of writing? Dictionaries still label as a colloquialism the use of the word literature to describe such current printed matter as advertising circulars, income tax directions, and college announcements, but the dictionary definition of literature as "the total of the preserved writings belonging to a given language or people" would certainly include a time-tested treatise on how to make sauerkraut, and would seem also to include old handbills or any kind of printed matter venerable enough to be called "preserved." In recent years the editors who compile anthologies for the use of students of American literature have confirmed popular usage by leaning more and more toward the broadest possible definition. A recent anthology, for example, subtitled "Selections from the Literature of the United States," includes in its offerings passages from John Smith's *Description of New England*, Noah Webster's *Grammatical Institute*.

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*Institute of the English Language*, Alexander Hamilton's *Report on Manufactures*, Andrew Carnegie's *Empire of Business*, and Mr. Justice Field's concurring opinion in the Slaughterhouse cases of 1884.

In textbooks designed to show the growth of the American mind, or of American civilization, the selection of a wide variety of writings is defensible, and even desirable, but the literary critics and historians who confirm loose popular usage by including purely impersonal, factual, informative, and descriptive writings under the heading of literature make doubly necessary a reconsideration of what we mean when we speak of literature in its narrower sense as one of the humanities, in the narrower sense which includes only such writings as *Oedipus the King*, or *Hamlet*, or *Moby Dick*.

The traditional distinction between the supposedly purely aesthetic values of belles-lettres and the informational and utilitarian values of other kinds of writing is vague and misleading. Everyone understands what is meant by informational and utilitarian values, but what is meant by purely aesthetic values? If the traditional definition of belles-lettres is understood to mean that the reading of poems, plays, novels, and essays is, generally speaking, a pleasurable experience, it affirms an undeniable fact, but it seems also to imply that literature in the narrow sense is valuable only because it offers recreation, diversion, and even escape from the actualities of a practical and troubled world. In the United States amusements have always been considered a matter more of private than of public concern, and the traditional identification of belles-lettres with purely aesthetic values may explain why the federal and state governments have done so little to encourage creative artists and why, for example, Cornell's Extension Bulletin Service is cheerfully supported by the taxpayers of New York State while its program in literature is dependent upon tuition payments and income from endowments.

Inherited from aristocratic theorists, the distinction between writings that afford aesthetic pleasures and writings that serve useful purposes is misleading on both sides, and is particularly unlikely to attract the citizens of a democratic society to the serious

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study of literature. On one side, this traditional distinction, contrary to the evidence, implies that writings intended primarily to be informative and useful are necessarily lacking in aesthetic qualities. On the other side, and worse, the distinction implies that great literature is neither informative nor useful. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

A cookbook or a textbook may have aesthetic qualities; a mathematical or scientific demonstration may be a thing of beauty; and *King Lear*, properly read, may be as informative and as useful as a treatise on sauerkraut.

The true difference between literature and other kinds of writing is indicated by the simple, but often forgotten, fact that there are two fundamentally different views of life, two ways of looking at man and the universe, one from within, the other from the outside. These views are equally valuable and indispensable: a culture or a civilization which glorifies one view and belittles the other is out of balance and in danger.

The first view is personal and insighted. This view is more than anthropocentric; it places each individual at the center of the universe and makes it possible for him to say, as Schopenhauer said: "The world is my idea."

From the individual's own point of view, the world begins and ends with his awareness of it. As long as he clings to this point of view, and believes in its validity, man is at home in the universe. As he sees the world from his personal, insighted point of view, it is a world of values: of pleasure and pain, of joy and sorrow, of beauty and ugliness, of victory and defeat, of success and failure, of good deeds and bad deeds, of rewards and punishments, of satisfaction and remorse.

In its beginnings this personal, insighted view is the simple awareness of the individual human consciousness, but in its highest reaches it is the vision, the poetic insight, of the artist who sees other people as he sees himself, from within, and who strengthens the bonds of society by demonstrating that the inner world of one individual is in its basic conditions the same as the inner world of another.

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The second view is impersonal and external: it had its beginnings in the invention of the weights, measures, scales, clocks, thermometers, and calendars which make impersonal and external description possible. In turn external, impersonal description makes possible a variety of writings, ranging from almanacs and encyclopedias through scholarly monographs on literary history and on to the chemist's periodic table and Newton's *Principia*.

When man sees himself from within and the world as his world, he is the measure of all things; when he insists upon viewing himself from the outside only, he discovers that he is no longer the measure of anything.

What, then, is the indispensable quality, the distinguishing trait, of literature? What essential characteristic distinguishes the *Orestiea* from Aristotle's *Poetics*, *King Lear* from the footnotes in a scholarly edition, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* from a treatise on the care of lawns?

My genial and talented colleague at Cornell, Professor Morris Bishop, once wrote a book of light verse which carried on its cover the title, *Paramount Poems*, followed by the assertion: "If it isn't a Paramount, it isn't a Poem."

Although negative in form, this is the shortest and clearest definition of poetry that I have ever seen. In the interest of clarity I propose now to offer first a definition of literature in similar negative form. My sentence is much longer than Morris Bishop's because it is much less exclusive.

If it doesn't open up for you the inner life of at least one other human being, who may be either the author or one of his fictional creations; if it doesn't release you for a moment from your lonely island in the sea of the individual's isolation; if it doesn't inform you of some of the resources of the human spirit, of its triumphs and frustrations, or of its complexities, perversities, and incongruities; if it doesn't convince you that the inner world of the human spirit is as boundless and wonderful as the outer world of the seven seas and the starry heavens; if it doesn't indicate that the moral law is as important as the laws of thermodynamics; if it doesn't lead you toward an insightsed understanding that, in spite of all

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outward and measurable differences, inwardly all human beings are akin—if it affects you in none of these ways, then no matter how great its other merits of diction and form and style may be, what you have been reading is not literature.

And now to turn this into positive form:

Other qualities of poetry and literary prose are important, but insight—the writer's personal view and his ability to see others as he sees himself, from within, his ability to estimate those inner values which cannot be checked by measuring rods, weights, clocks, and thermometers—is the indispensable quality, the distinguishing trait, of literature. Literature may offer more than insight, but it cannot offer less, it cannot lack insight without becoming another kind of writing. Literature without insight is a contradiction in terms.

## II

If the writer's personal, insighted view of life is the essential characteristic of all literature, how shall we distinguish major literary works from minor works? How shall we distinguish *Moby Dick* from "Annabel Lee," Milton's *Paradise Lost* from his sonnet on his blindness, *Murder in the Cathedral* from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"?

One difference is that a major work has the adequate magnitude which a minor work lacks. An epic outweighs an epigram; the story of Tom Thumb lacks tragic dimensions; and Melville was right in choosing a whale rather than a flea for the subject of his masterwork. But magnitude alone cannot explain the difference between major and minor literary works. The grandeur of the theme of Joel Barlow's *Columbiad* and the length of the poem do not add up to a great work of art; Poe's "Raven" would be a minor poem even if it contained ten thousand lines instead of one hundred.

The main difference between minor and major literary works is that the minor work introduces us only to the writer's private personal world while the major work leads us into a world which, though it is not impersonal and dehumanized as is the world seen

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from the outside only, is nevertheless a world common to all. The more we read of Poe's poems and tales, the more we know about the private world of Edgar Allan Poe. Shakespeare's plays, in contrast, tell us very little about Shakespeare and very much about the world of human nature which we all share.

In a major literary work—in *Leaves of Grass* or in *Moby Dick*—something is added to the writer's private point of view and world.

1. The writer's insight is extended by sympathetic identification with others until he sees others as he sees himself. He then can offer us universality in addition to particularity or individuality. The very first line of the first edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*—"I celebrate myself"—promises us insight into the inner life of one individual human being. If *Leaves of Grass* offered us no more than the inner world of

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,  
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,  
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,  
No more modest than immodest.

it would still be literature. It would even be great of its kind, but the kind would be minor.

The second and third lines of *Leaves of Grass*, however, promise us more than self-revelation. "And what I assume you shall assume," Walt goes on to say. "For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." Throughout *Leaves of Grass*, from the opening lines to the closing lines, Whitman identifies himself with others, with an imaginative sympathy which has rarely been equaled and never surpassed. "I do not ask the wounded person how he feels," he exclaims,

I myself become the wounded person,  
My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe.  
I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken, . . .  
I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of the dogs . . .  
The disdain and calmness of martyrs . . .  
All these I feel or am.

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Through insight into others Whitman reaches universality: he shows us not only the particular nature of one man, Walt Whitman, but the common nature of man. He leads us into a world common to all, in which we see all men as equals and brothers who share a common fate. That is why *Leaves of Grass*, with all its blemishes in diction and form, is a major work of art while many polished and nearly flawless poems are merely minor.

2. In tragedy, which many regard as the highest form of literature, the artist offers us detachment as well as insight.

First of all, the artist in drama or fiction offers us insight. If he wishes to make his fictional personages seem real to us and capable of affecting us as intensely as living human beings affect us, he must identify himself with his creatures, live their lives for them, and see the world as they would see it. If he succeeds in doing this, he enables us in turn, as spectators and readers, to identify ourselves sympathetically with his fictional personages. Our insight depends upon the artist's insight.

To create fictional personages who seem real to us, who can affect us as living personages affect us, is a great achievement of artistic insight. The lesser artist is content to offer us no more. Satisfied with his power to engage our sympathy, he offers us no more than the happy ending of romantic fiction. He permits his Romeo to be reunited with Juliet and to live happily ever after, his Hamlet to avenge his father and rule over the kingdom, his Othello to discover his mistake in time, his Macbeth to save himself through repentance, his Captain Ahab to kill the white whale and return in triumph with an unusually large cargo of whale oil. Thus, he satisfies our desire to see those with whom we identify ourselves sympathetically turn out well and find the happiness they seek.

The minor artist can provide us with a happy ending because, as a creator of fictional personages, he enjoys a kind of omnipotence. He is lord of his little fictional universe. But he can exercise his omnipotence only at the cost of failing to satisfy our critical intelligence. Although a happy ending satisfies our sympathetic interest in fictional personages, we know at once when we see it

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that we have been watching events in a dream world, where the artist as creator is omnipotent, and not events in the world common to all, in which even the insighted artist must bow to necessity.

The major artist, the tragic realist who wishes to present the world common to all rather than a dream world, must temper his insight with detachment. Once he has created a fictional personage with a definite character or moral bent—a Romeo, a Hamlet, an Othello, a Captain Ahab—that character or moral bent becomes an antecedent from which certain consequences inevitably follow. The tragic realist cannot save his hero from the consequences of character, nor does he attempt to do so. He cannot rescue his hero from the universal tragic predicament of human beings, nor does he attempt to do so. The best he can do for his hero is to grant him (and us as spectators or readers) a flash of insight into the meaning of human destiny, an insight which reconciles him to his fate. At the end Captain Ahab must die, but he accepts his fate, content to be what he is. And we, as we view with insight the full unfolding of the inevitable consequences of individual character and of universal human nature, are content to be what we are, human beings who share a common fate which is both terrible and glorious.

### III

Literature shows us man as he sees himself, and even when, as in tragic poetry, it shows us the world common to all, adding artistic detachment to insight, this world is still a personal world, with human values at its center.

“The world common to all”: at this point we reach the question of the social function of literature. What is the source of our democratic principles? Who supports them? Let us look once more at the antithetical views of man, centering our attention on the ideas of human significance, equality, and freedom.

The first antithesis: the significance of the individual.

As he sees himself, man is the most significant of beings, the center of his universe. He is the ultimate reality; he and his values are the measures of all things.

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Viewed and measured externally, however, man is a midge, an ephemeral, a shrinking mite in an expanding universe; his sense of importance in the scheme of things is, like all his opinions and values, a subjective illusion; and his claim that he is too precious to be subordinated to the will and needs of the state lacks supporting evidence.

The second antithesis: the idea of human equality.

Viewed with insight, men are equal in human worth and equal in the sense that all share a common fate. As he sees himself, each individual is supremely important, and since one supremely important individual cannot be more or less important than other supremely important individuals, all are equal in human worth—the true meaning of equality. As human beings, moreover, all are joined together in what Hawthorne once called the kinship of a common fate.

Viewed and measured from the outside, however, men are unequal in every respect: in size, shape, color, strength, wealth, social position, intelligence, and virtue. If the measurements are precise enough, it is unlikely that we shall ever find two individuals who are equal in any single respect: it is inconceivable that two men should be found equal in all measurable respects.

The third antithesis: freedom and responsibility.

As every individual knows, judging by his own feelings, and as literature testifies, man has an inner sense of freedom and responsibility. This sense is the foundation of his moral life since, if he lacked it, praise or blame for his conduct, and satisfaction or remorse on his part, would be equally pointless. This sense is also foundational to free institutions—to religion, law, education, and private enterprise as they exist in a democracy.

Judged impersonally, however, and from the outside, man is not free; his every act is seen, from this point of view, as a link in a chain of cause and effect; at best his every choice is determined by a motive, as Jonathan Edwards pointed out; at worst, his conduct is altogether determined by such impersonal and blind forces as heredity and environment.

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When we consider these antithetical views of man, we discover at once the source of our democratic principles. Since the supremacy of the individual, the equality of men in human worth and rights, and the freedom and responsibility of the individual are the axioms of democracy, it is evident that American civilization rests on a foundation of insight, and that literature, with insight as its essence, is indispensable to our culture. The insighted writer meets each measurement of the external insignificance of man with an undaunted reaffirmation of man's inner view that he is at the center of things and supremely important. The great writer strengthens our self-respect and helps it to flower into respect for others by deepening our sense of equality; he reminds us that our sense of freedom and responsibility is a "stubborn fact" in our experience, and that we cannot escape from our consciences by retreating into the impersonal world of mathematics and measurement.

### IV

The axioms of democracy—the doctrines of the supremacy of the individual, of the equality of men, and of man's freedom and responsibility—are derived from insight, and cannot be verified by external measurements. Unfortunately, those of us who wish to defend these axioms are handicapped by the fact that our culture is out of balance. Its respect for science is one of its glories, but its lack of respect for literature is a grave error of judgment. Why is our culture out of balance? Why do we respect objectivity only and neglect insight? Why do we regard science as a necessity and literature as a luxury?

One reason is that we are in a period of reaction against excessive claims made in the past for poetry and poetic intuition. After Immanuel Kant had apparently shown, late in the eighteenth century, that scientific reason falls into hopeless contradiction when it is applied to such questions as the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, poets were encouraged to answer transcendental questions on intuitive grounds. Wordsworth feels the presence of God in nature, and has intuitive intimations of immortality. Whit-

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man tells us again and again that he knows he is immortal. Tennyson speaks with final confidence of

One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

We respect these convictions as evidences of faith, but we have every reason to believe that the intuitions upon which the nineteenth-century poets and prophets relied cannot be empirically verified. Although literature adequately reveals the hopes and fears, and the doubts and beliefs of men concerning things beyond our present experience, literature as such cannot turn faith into certainty. Those who insist, for example, that the Bible is only great literature must look elsewhere for certainty about the supernatural; and those who accept the Bible as divinely inspired are relying on a power far beyond the natural powers of the poet. Few people today would agree with Matthew Arnold, who believed that poetry will replace theology and the poet replace the theologian. T. S. Eliot is much closer to the truth in maintaining that nothing can ever be a satisfactory substitute for something else.

The poetic insight which I have been describing as the essence of literature is altogether different from the intuition of the nineteenth-century prophet. The prophet's intuitions about the transcendental and the supernatural cannot be demonstrated, and, without the support of faith, must always remain conjectural; the poet's insights into present experience, however, may be demonstrated and may be tested by further experience and shown to be either true or false.

Most present-day critics and poets, in their reaction against the exaggerated claims made for prophetic intuition, have unfortunately gone to the other extreme. For them poetry is a purely aesthetic experience which has little or nothing to do with either meaning or morality. To go to this extreme is to throw out the baby with the bath water. Although we must reject the prophet's claim that, through intuition, he can offer us assurances about God

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and the hereafter, we should recognize that the poet, if he is gifted with insight, is a trustworthy observer of the life of man here and now.

A second reason for our failure to understand the nature and function of literature is the old but as yet unexploded notion that there can be only one trustworthy source of knowledge. Poets, philosophers, rhetoricians, theologians, and scientists of many varieties, exact and social, have too often been rivals rather than collaborators in the pursuit of knowledge. Each has at some time or other sought recognition as the only reliable teacher. This rivalry, which arises from the natural tendency of every man to overestimate the worth of what he knows best, or can do best, can be traced from its beginnings in Plato's attack on the poets through the attack on the philosophers by the rhetoricians, Isocrates and Quintilian, and on up to the present time. A wise man, after judiciously weighing the claims of each of the rivals, might well conclude that each has had, and still has, something valuable to contribute. Unfortunately, however, our age still honors the notion that there is only one trustworthy source of knowledge. The present-day form of this notion is a vague but widespread popular faith that statistics and other forms of external measurement will soon place poetry, metaphysics, theology, rhetoric, and ethics in a class with alchemy and astrology. Our age might well be called the Age of the Apotheosis of Objectivity.

The main reason why our culture is out of balance is, of course, that we have failed to understand the true nature and social function of literature. The burden of the problem of restoring the cultural balance falls largely on interpreters of literature—on critics, scholars, and teachers, who should, I believe, devote a little less time to purely aesthetic and technical studies, to the elucidation of puzzling texts, and to literary history, and a little more time to the heart of literature—insight.

Our generation has been so deeply impressed by the great achievements of scientists and technicians that it has forgotten the indispensable contributions of poets and artists. It is the special duty of a professor of literature to remind it that the axioms of

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democracy are derived from insight, and that sympathetic insight, the ability of one man to take another man's point of view, is and always will be, the only cement which can hold a free society together.

An ideal democratic culture depends upon our realization that the views of man afforded by literature and by science are complementary, not contradictory, and that only by combining these views can we hope to come close to the full truth about ourselves. In a progressive and successful democracy man must be weighed and measured by science as well as esteemed through insight.

As the poets proclaim, man has significance and dignity—that is, he has a value beyond measuring; but, as the scientists point out, he is also a relatively weak and insignificant being, who must measure his strength carefully before judging the feasibility of any enterprise. Man is a free and responsible being, but his freedom and responsibility are limited by heredity, by environment, by capacities and incapacities which we must carefully measure if we are to reward or punish him justly for his actions. All men are equal in human worth and in the kinship of a common fate, but they are unequal in every other respect, and only by careful measuring and testing can we help each individual to find the place in society in which he can do his best.

In these ways, the poet and the scientist, properly understood, are always at work, each contributing his indispensable share to the building of our society and the perfection of our democratic justice. Indeed, the poet and the scientist are not rivals but equal and trustworthy partners in the greatest of all tasks, the task of teaching man through insight to see others as he sees himself and through objectivity to see himself as others see him.

## *The Five Senses*

AURANIA ROUVEROL

### *Hearing*

I love the first, faint chirrup of a bird  
That breaks the quiet of the dawn, and long  
Before the sky and sleeping earth have stirred  
Wakens the pallid daylight with a song.  
I love the endless rush of mountain stream  
At night when melting winter, ocean-bound,  
Infuses with my half-bemuséd dream  
A cadenced continuity of sound.  
I love the whispered melody of trees,  
Sending to earth in dying leaves, up-curled,  
Their last caressing messages. In these  
I find the natural music of God's world.  
But when you say, "I love you!" O, my dear,  
That is the music I love best to hear.

### *Sight*

Of all the senses that enhance the bliss  
Of living, I would choose the gift of sight,  
Giving my thanks to God that He made this  
A world of color for our eyes' delight:  
The russet reds of autumn; the bright green  
Of verdure in resurgent spring; the wide  
Blue sky of summer days; the dazzling sheen  
Of snow; the sun's gold flame at eventide.  
Would God His bold, celestial palette take  
And paint a world of such magnificence  
Except to waken faith, for our souls' sake,  
In His unparalleled omnipotence?  
Why else made He the glow of love arise  
Seeking its answer in a lover's eyes?

### *Smell*

Odors there are which are so redolent  
Of days we spent, while love was virgin-new,  
When now I meet such well-remembered scent  
My heart rebounds with quickened thought of you:  
The pungent tang of tarweed from the field;  
The salt-washed breeze swept landward from the sea;  
The spicy smell that drying pine boughs yield;  
Distillates all, from God's dispensary.  
The scent of wild lilac on the hill;  
The rose we pressed—sweet attar of your breath!—  
Within a book of poems; its petals still  
Breathe out a faint perfume, knowing no death.  
So, too, the fragrance of your kiss lives on,  
Still sweetly sensate, after you are gone.

### *Taste*

For mortal sustenance, the daily need  
That bids us to partake of bread and wine  
Might not avail but for the happy meed  
Of taste, inducing us to God's design.  
Fish, flesh, and fowl, and golden ears of grain,  
And bright-hued fruits, each with its piquant flavor,  
The yield of tree, of stream, of sun-soaked plain,  
Are ours to glean, with appetite to savor.  
Then marvel not that the mere honeybee  
Seeks out the nectar from the rose to fill  
His waxy catacomb with sweet; for he  
But carries out the plan that is God's will—  
And know our senses five are gifts so great,  
In life, in love, they are determinate.

*Touch*

Sight we may lose; of hearing be bereft;  
Dread Time may dim our sense of taste and smell;  
One solace in our fears there still is left:  
The sense of touch is not ephemeral.  
Fingers can still translate the visioned thought  
Into the fashionings of use and art—  
Such boundless miracles as Man has wrought!—  
Still best connect my feelings with your heart.  
When pain or danger threaten, I can still  
Reach out to clasp your hand and strengthened be;  
Still seek the softness of your lips at will,  
Still wrap you in my arms most tenderly.  
So weep not for our latter years too much,  
Rather rejoice that love is shared through touch.

# WHOSE DAM IS PINE FLAT?\*

by Paul S. Taylor

ON MAY 22, 1954, Pine Flat Dam on the Kings River in California was dedicated. The ceremonies marked completion of the first of a pair of great dams—the other on the Kern, called Isabella—that serve the southern portion of the Central Valley. "In a voice choked with emotion," records the *Fresno Bee*, Major General Sturgis, the chief of engineers, spoke these words: "On behalf of the people of the United States, I hereby dedicate Pine Flat Dam to the service of the San Joaquin Valley and of this great nation of ours."

All can admire the magnificent structures the engineers have built, can believe that they will control floods and serve irrigation, and can agree that a pause to symbolize the harmonious merging of diverse interests in the common good is appropriate to a ceremony of dedication. But informed persons, after the pause in which the chief engineer's words were uttered, will still face the fact that these rivers remain today, as for two generations, the scene of some of the bitterest water fights of our national history. Monopoly and speculation are central issues now, as always.

The Kings and Kern have been famous for a long time, not only for the beauty of their canyons in the Sierra, where hikers love to "pack in" during summer vacations, but for the energy that men have expended to acquire title to huge blocks of the fertile lands on the valley floor below. Here the public domain passed into private hands during the latter half of the nineteenth century under circumstances that historian Paul Wallace Gates describes as "enormous monopolization." This process of land acquisition long ago literally laid the groundwork for today's battles over water.

Newspapers of the time were outspoken. The *San Francisco*

\* The editors of *The Pacific Spectator* recognize that this is a controversial article. Their columns are open to an article presenting the other side, given only that it is as carefully documented and as readable as is the one here presented.

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*Chronicle* said on May 31, 1877, "If those who call themselves statesmen and lawmakers continue much longer to disregard the rights and interests of the great body of the citizen class—to promote the absorption of the land of the nation by a few wealthy and unscrupulous capitalists, aided by corrupt officials and perjured locators at the Government Land Offices, depriving the poor men of small means of the opportunity of obtaining homes, and white laborers generally of all chance of securing work at fair wages the oppressed millions will be impelled to the last resort of revolution to redress their wrongs." The same year the *Tulare Times* declared, "The Desert Land swindle is causing some of the honest farmers on Kings river to be fearful lest it might sweep their rights to the four winds. Let them organize and fight for their rights. Poor men and laboring men must begin to protect themselves. Corruption held up and backed by capitalists will never benefit the tillers of the soil." The *Chronicle* talked about "The Grand Khan of Kern," and newspapers were filled with phrases like "land-grabbers," "dummy entries," "monstrous monopolies," and "dead to the welfare of the people, to the public good, to the honor and glory of the country, and to the preservation of its beneficent institutions."

The *Visalia Delta* prophesied that the monopolists of an "already extensive dry domain" would attempt later "by an array of force and talent to secure to capital the ownership of the water as well as of the land, and the people will at last have it to pay for. . . ." Land monopoly became the biggest single issue before the California Constitutional Convention of 1879, and filled the debate with its reverberations. The Convention declared the public intention (locking the barn after the horse was stolen) by writing a 320-acre land limitation into the State Constitution. The question of water monopoly was left for a later day—our day.

Late in the nineteenth century leading citizens of the West began searching for help to develop Western water resources. Their efforts culminated in the National Reclamation Act of 1902, passed with the encouragement of President Theodore Roosevelt. This law became the first pillar of his conservation movement and the epitome of the program he came to call "The Square Deal." His

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purpose was to use the federal government to develop water resources for the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time. The legal devices within the reclamation law for assuring proper use of resources and prevention of monopoly were, respectively, a grant of interest-free money for constructing dams and the excess lands provision. This provision sets a maximum of water deliveries to any individual; no one may obtain more than enough to irrigate 160 acres. The excess lands provision curbs monopoly and speculation at a stroke. The reader should remember that one irrigated acre equals in production perhaps three acres in the humid parts of the nation. He should remember also that the reclamation law is generous to all private landowners and takes nothing from anybody except by consent.

Theodore Roosevelt and the Congress were following one of the pioneers' most dearly won and dearly held traditions. The first settlers beyond the Alleghenies had struggled against the twin evils of the land monopolists and the speculators, and had written their political victories into the language of the Pre-emption Law of 1841 and the Homestead Law of 1862. It is said to have been T.R. himself who insisted on perpetuating this tradition in the Reclamation Act; at any rate, Congress proclaimed the excess lands provision as one of the principal justifications for voting passage of the bill, and T.R. signed it with pride.

When Congress was debating whether to authorize construction of Pine Flat and Isabella dams, Overton of Louisiana, the senator in charge of the bill, gave emphatic assurance to Senator Lister Hill of Alabama, and to the Senate, that the reclamation law would be applied. Without this assurance the bill would certainly have failed. Congress was willing to authorize construction of these dams only under the established principles of the Square Deal.

Reasonable men would suppose that Congress had settled these issues of monopoly and speculation in 1944. But writing a law is one thing, and administering it sometimes turns out to be quite another. Complaisant administration by Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay is in a fair way to make true the gloomy prophecy of water monopoly at public expense made by the *Visalia Delta*

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in 1877. In the language of the sports page, he is KO-ing the Square Deal on the Kings and Kern.

The cost of Pine Flat and Isabella dams is around \$39 million and \$21 million, respectively. Most of this outlay turns out to be a free gift from the taxpayer. If and when administrators get signatures from beneficiaries on a contract of repayment, the amount returned to the Treasury will be only about 36 percent of the cost of Pine Flat Dam. The public will be left holding the bag, paying for the other 64 percent. McKay, it is true, did not set this low repayment figure, but he could review it if he chose to do so, or ask the Army Engineers to review it. Evidently, as the *Delta* said, "the people will at last have it to pay for."

Loss of a few million dollars to the Treasury to build a dam is by no means the worst prospect. Far more disturbing is McKay's willingness to validate the rest of the forecast, viz., that the large landholders would secure "the ownership of the water as well as of the land." He has chosen to open the door to complete and permanent nullification of the excess lands law.

Secretary McKay is now negotiating a repayment contract with Kings River water users that should have been signed before the dam was begun. Reclamation officials tried, but failed mainly because excess landholding interests were able to persuade Congress year after year to appropriate money to build the dams, while their spokesmen went through the motions of negotiation but never signed. Probably they hoped that by stalling long enough a way might turn up to let them out of compliance with the excess lands law. McKay now shows them the way. He offers to accept lump sum prepayment for the dam, and as soon as the cash is laid on the barrelhead, to relieve all excess lands of the obligation to comply with the law now and forever.

How does the Secretary arrive at this curious position that would strike most observers as a complete inversion of the intention of the law? By building a house of cards, with a joker in the deck. In 1944, at the very time Congress was making certain that the excess lands law would be enforced at Pine Flat, it gave the executive an option in procedure, to accept either lump sum or

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annual installments in payment, at discretion. Three years later, in 1947, subordinates in Interior expressed the opinion that making the final repayment of construction charges relieves excess lands of the law. No statute says this. Other subordinates then said that lump sum prepayment relieves excess lands of the law entirely. No statute says this. McKay is willing to regard both as the law.

Now comes the joker. Unsound as these subordinates' opinions are, and unknown to a determined Congress in 1944, they do not require McKay to act as he does. No opinions, rulings, or statutes bind him to accept prepayment. To offer to let the excess landholders on Kings River escape the law by buying their way out is his own personal choice and responsibility.

The excess landholders, representing great power and influence, are massed heavily behind McKay's offer. They have been battling the excess lands provision for fifteen years. They are often men of energy and ability; some of them have farmed their lands skillfully with meager and uncertain water supplies. They feel they are entitled to whatever gains they can get. But the stark fact remains that they sought help from the federal government to develop their water supply, and the excess lands provision is the standard condition under which public aid is given.

Landownerships on Kings River are very large. In one water district alone, known as Tulare Lake Basin, 25 corporations own around 165 square miles, or 105,000 acres. Single holdings reach 12,000 and 19,000 acres each. There is virtually no farm home on the entire fertile 300-square mile district. There could be many when reclamation is completed, but probably there will be few if the great landholders of Tulare Lake Basin can press their way through the door that McKay is now holding open for them.

The financial stake of excess landholders is roughly measurable. The incremental value of a full water supply to nonirrigated but cultivated land is around \$460 an acre. The value of adding a half-supply, which comes closer to actual conditions on much of the Kings River and Tulare Lake project, is around half that, say, a couple of hundred dollars an acre, more or less. A 10,000-acre landowner might stand to gain as much as a couple of million dol-

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lars. These bounteous incremental values serve to explain why large landholding individuals and corporations are so insistent on circumventing national reclamation law. They explain the pressures put upon officials who administer the law. They are of generous enough proportions to justify description as a "give-away."

It is curious how persistently people will misrepresent the facts about a law they do not like. The record of false description by opponents of the excess lands provision is impressive, too long to recite here. Repeated exposure of errors of fact seems not to affect greatly either the repetition of errors or the ardor with which the law is opposed. The latest example is from no less a public figure than former President Herbert Hoover. Perhaps following in the footsteps of newspapers that called the excess lands provision communistic in 1944 while it was under unsuccessful attack in Congress, he interrupted his address on "Federal Socialization of Electric Power" at Case Institute last year to advise his nation-wide radio audience that "apparently," in the view of the excess lands provision, holders of excess lands seeking water from public sources are "Kulaks." Kulaks, as everybody knows, were Russia's expropriated large landowners.

How differently his Republican predecessor President Theodore Roosevelt described the same law! At the Commonwealth Club of California in 1912, T.R. said in debate, "Now I have struck the crux of my appeal. I wish to save the very wealthy men of this country and their advocates and upholders from the ruin that they would bring upon themselves if they were permitted to have their way. It is because I am against revolution; it is because I am against the doctrines of the Extremists, of the Socialists; it is because I wish to see this country of ours continued as a genuine democracy; it is because I distrust violence and disbelieve in it; it is because I wish to secure this country against ever seeing a time when the 'have-nots' shall rise against the 'haves'; it is because I wish to secure for our children and our grandchildren and for their children's children the same freedom of opportunity, the same peace and order and justice that we have had in the past."

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It is nothing new for Presidents, Republican or Democratic, to turn against the principles of their predecessors. It need not have surprised anyone when Herbert Hoover joined with President Eisenhower in dedicating Sagamore Hill as a national shrine to Theodore Roosevelt's memory while, together, they were engaged in undermining one of the greatest monuments of statute and principle that T.R. had himself set up.

If the excess landholders can breach the reclamation dike on Kings River the day when all excess landowners can escape the law will be brought closer. The prospect can be spelled out. In the southern San Joaquin Valley alone, within the Central Valley of California, some 30-odd corporations and individuals own about three-quarters of a million irrigable acres in the present or prospective service area of the Central Valley project and its extensions. The smallest of these holdings is 5,000 acres. In a single west side water district of about 400,000 acres, a single owner holds 65,000 acres. Unless McKay interprets the law correctly, and/or changes his own policy, it is likely that any of these excess landholders who can first persuade the public to construct projects to bring them water will buy their way out of the law. Why not? It will pay them well.

As the gains to excess landholders from defeat of the excess lands law are measurable in dollars, so also are a part of the losses to the public. Aside from loss to the federal Treasury under the prospective repayment contract, the merchants of the new local communities in the southern San Joaquin will have to make out with an annual dollar volume of trade smaller by about 40 percent, if the large landholders are allowed to have their way. This estimate rests on the famous comparative study of Arvin and Dinuba, two towns between the Kings and Kern, founded respectively on large-scale agriculture and on working farmers. Opportunity for professional men in law and medicine, for dealers in real estate, and for members of service trades will be reduced correspondingly. If new farmers ever do buy their way into the area, they will begin their operations saddled with the weight of indebtedness for incremental values that the reclamation law was specifically intended to

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spare them. And they will be poorer customers because of the load they will have to bear.

The price paid by local communities will be even greater and more pervasive than dollar figures can measure. They will have a more floating population, fewer and less stable churches, higher annual turnover of schoolteachers, fewer civic associations, such as clubs, PTA's, and veterans' organizations that enrich daily living and bind citizens together. The Biblical admonition, as you sow so also shall you reap, applies not only to individuals and crops but also to communities.

Americans have always known the dangers of a highly stratified society, and have sought to avoid it. Perhaps Secretary McKay forgets this, now that he has it in his hands to preserve or to destroy. If so, he ought to be reminded. The tradition is bipartisan, and has the names of the greatest Democrats and Republicans alike associated with it.

In the year 1776 Thomas Jefferson secured passage in the colonial legislature of Virginia of his famous bill to abolish entailed estates. His language bears repeating. "In the earlier times of the colony," he said, "when lands were to be had for little or nothing, some provident individuals procured large grants: . . . desirous of founding great families. . . . The transmission of this property from generation to generation, in the same name, raised up a distinct set of families . . . privileged by law in the perpetuation of their wealth (and) thus formed into a patrician order. . . . To annul this privilege, and instead of an aristocracy of wealth, more harm and danger than benefit to society, to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, which nature has wisely provided for in the direction of the interests of society, and scattered with equal hand through all its conditions, was deemed essential to a well-ordered republic." Primogeniture went out the same way, and Americans of a former day felt secure that monopoly of the land and of the power over the lives of other men which it confers never would survive in America. In 1820, in an address commemorating the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, Daniel Webster told how the New England ancestors had

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left behind them "the whole feudal policy of the other continent." "They were themselves," he declared, "either from their original condition or from the necessity of their common interest, nearly on a level in respect to property. Their situation demanded a parceling out and division of the land, and it may fairly be said that this necessary act fixed the future frame and form of their Government. . . . The consequence of all these causes has been a great subdivision of the soil and a great equality of condition; the true basis, most certainly, of popular government." In the spirit of this tradition Abraham Lincoln signed the Homestead Act in 1862, and Theodore Roosevelt approved the excess lands law, to give families an opportunity to own the land they tilled.

Handing out huge water deliveries to a few will not add a cubit to our claims to moral leadership of the free world, nor enhance our reputation for knowing how to relieve agrarian distress. It will not elevate our prestige with the masses toiling on Asian lands, whose confidence we need so urgently.

The issue whether an administrator is to be permitted to scuttle the historic excess lands provision is not of concern to Californians alone, nor to the present generation in Central Valley only. The same, and similar, devices will be used to destroy national water policy and turn its benefits to the few in almost every part of the United States. Arkansas has prospect of irrigating several million acres, and faces first on Grand Prairie project and later elsewhere, the question whether a plantation form of agriculture is to be perpetuated and strengthened. Will its farm youth, recently driven by drought from the hills to California or Arizona, be limited to similar dubious refuges in the future, or will they be provided farming opportunities at home? Through the Missouri Valley, the East, and the Southeast, the harnessing of water for irrigation in the future raises the same question in places where it has not been thought of before. The issue is truly national now. The spotlight is on California today, but it will move back and forth over the nation as first one locality then another seeks federal support for its project.

There are several bills in Congress to lift the excess lands pro-

## WHOSE DAM IS PINE FLAT?

vision here and there, by one device or another. The Administration itself is now publicly on the side of evasion rather than enforcement, and favors legislative as well as administrative devices to get around reclamation law. On April 9, 1954, the Bureau of the Budget gave the green light to an Interior Department proposal in support of H.R. 5301, to extend federal financial aid for irrigation to local districts, with the excess lands provision severed from the transaction. This splits the Square Deal concept of reclamation in two, and tosses the antimonopoly, antispeculation half of it into the discard. It turns a half century of national effort to use water to provide opportunity for poor men who need it, into a program for the rich. We are being pushed to the brink of the end of the reclamation era.

The Undersecretary of Interior sought to minimize the evasion proposed in April; he said, as reported in the press, that it would not be widespread. His remark resembles the defense of the young woman whose child was born without benefit of clergy, "But it's such a *little baby!*"

Of course Secretary McKay gives reasons for his emasculation of the excess lands law, but these, as indicated earlier, are no more than a succession of recent shabby administrative opinions and interpretations that have not been subjected either to the sharp challenge from without, or the scrutiny from within, that their momentous public importance requires.

Except that McKay may be easily impressed by powerful people, or his staff may not have informed him very well of the facts, it is not easy to explain his clear preference for excess land-holders. He is Republican, but so was T.R., who signed the law restraining their monopolization of water and limiting their speculative gains. He identifies himself as Presbyterian, but his national church organization supports the excess lands law. More than that, the California-Nevada Presbyterian Synod, after restudying the Kings River thoroughly for a year at request of Kings River spokesmen, refused to withdraw its staunch support of the law. The Secretary is a member of four national veterans organizations, all of them on public record favoring the excess lands provision. One of

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them, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, through its California Department, has attacked prepayment on Kings River publicly as an injury to the interests of veterans. A veteran of proved physical courage, McKay is not moved to brush away the weak and unsound counsel of subordinates, and like a courageous predecessor in 1913 to declare: "I am satisfied that Congress did not intend those reclaimed lands, upon which the Government is expending the money of all the people, should be the subject of corporate control. These lands are to be the homes of families."

If McKay was more in sympathy with the purposes of the reclamation law, i.e., if he was interested in the heart of the problem, he would withdraw his offer to accept lump sum prepayment while ordering a thorough review of his subordinates' opinions. He would take a serious look at the real issues on which he has chosen to line up beside large and powerful interests. He would give thought to the long and close relationships between large landholdings and landless people, heavy rural relief loads, hordes of migratory laborers, labor conflict, and wetbacks. Then he could make up his mind whether to use the powers of high office to strengthen and perpetuate this situation.

Citizens who know American history and the struggle to achieve a society not dominated by the privileged few will have deep concern over the "to the rear, march" maneuver now being executed by the national administration in an effort to bypass Theodore Roosevelt's most farsighted and principled legislation, as inconspicuously but effectively as possible. While our eyes are glued to TV, watching to see if Congress can usurp the functions of the Executive, shall we overlook it when the Executive invades the domain of the Congress?

California newspapers said in advance that 15,000 persons were expected to join the dedication ceremonies at Pine Flat Dam on May 22. The weather was fine and the day was Saturday. The papers reported afterward that only about 3,000 came. Perhaps more citizens would have been present if they had felt that it was really their dam, that they had more to celebrate.

## *Bus Ride*

ELMA DEAN

Sit by me. See, I make room.  
I am not your enemy. Even as you,  
I did not choose my skin's color.  
See how I wait to be asked into your forest,  
O fawn-eyed, fearful. I smile and you answer:  
sun coming from behind cloud, going instantly back.  
You have suffered wounds—will not be caught.

Speak first. I am the shy one.  
I have tried, have failed. Trust me.  
My voice against the wall was more  
than sound dying, more than balm.  
It is the eyes betray us, not the heart.  
What do the blind know of color?  
Pigmentation is stronger than stone—  
holds against fists, against weapons;  
but common pain will dissolve it.  
You know about that. I can see that you do.

Don't envy me.  
I get angry and abuse my loved ones  
with hard words. I worry about bills  
and what I cannot have. There is nothing of mine  
better than yours: the pale skin  
is no God gift. It wrinkles and ages;  
the straight hair will gray and fall out.  
Our children keep us awake nights  
and we are not all happy in our bedrooms.

White is no wand to wave off disaster;  
we break or we bitter.  
Yes, in this we are different:  
We do not know how to make music out of sorrow.

The window moves with your lost face . . .  
and I have said only: "Pardon me, my stop."  
*Coward, I call myself, coward.*

# INSPIRATION FOR HIRE

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*by Philip W. Buck*

ONE of the most subtle transitions in status made by the young academic man is from the position of occasional speaker to a club or civic association to the standing of professional lecturer. The distinction between the two can be quickly and crudely stated: the professional speaker is paid a fee for his services.

Almost every young assistant professor has pondered over his situation after he has made one or two moderately successful public appearances. Someone who hears him at the local Rotary Club asks him to appear before some other service club, and from there the circle of invitations widens until he finds himself speaking to some group or other every week. Presently he discovers that some of his senior colleagues are doing much the same thing, but that they are being repaid for the effort by something much more substantial than applause. Naturally, he seeks for some dignified way to translate himself into the status of a professional.

My own recollection of this delicate transition is vivid. A more callous and confident man might simply have said in response to one of these invitations, "You must pay me a fee." I felt that somehow or other I must collect a fee without directly asking for it. Having achieved professional status by receiving one, I could imagine myself saying with confidence that I expected some modest payment for my services. Even at my present stage of hardened professional familiarity with this problem, it is still easy to recall this dilemma. Until I had actually collected a fee, I lacked the hardihood to say that I expected one. On the other hand, it seemed immensely improbable that I would be paid unless I demanded payment. I therefore waited in uneasy suspense for some great occasion which would carry with it a regular and expected honorarium. The circumstances which finally conferred professional standing upon me were remarkable and memorable.

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A Mrs. Edginton sent me a message asking me to come and see her to discuss the possibility of taking her place as a lecturer for a joint meeting of women's clubs in the area. She herself was suffering from an attack of laryngitis; and whether she would have a voice to deliver a lecture was uncertain. Since she was a professional lecturer, her message assured me that a substantial fee would be paid.

When I met her I found that she was indeed cruelly disabled. Her voice ran the capricious range that laryngitis produces—fluctuating from a hoarse whisper, which nevertheless suggested the dramatic resonance she could produce on a platform, to a croaking baritone which cracked occasionally into a startling falsetto. She explained that the engagement was scheduled for five days later, and that her doctor told her that it might be possible for her to appear.

"This is an important engagement," she rumbled and squeaked. "I hope that I can meet the group. I wonder if you would be willing to substitute for me at one or two days' notice?" Her voice suddenly disappeared entirely for a moment, as though to discourage any hope she still cherished.

"The meeting is scheduled for Friday afternoon," she whispered painfully. "If I let you know on Wednesday evening, could you deliver one of your lectures? I know this is asking a good deal, but you must understand that I am very anxious to meet the engagement if I have any voice."

I replied that I would be willing to accept this arrangement.

"Then may I ask," she continued, "what sort of thing you do?"

Her earlier phrase, "one of your lectures," had prepared me a little to answer her question. I explained that I was a professor of political science, and that I usually discussed some contemporary political or international situation.

"Recent Developments in British Foreign Policy, or The Progress of the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations for the Approaching Disarmament Conference," I offered as examples.

She looked very doubtful. "I don't think so narrow a subject

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would be of interest to this group. . . . Couldn't you do something with a Broader Sweep?"

"Perhaps we could combine some of these topics," I suggested. "British and American Viewpoints on World Disarmament?"

"How Britain and America Would Disarm the World," she meditated hoarsely. "It still seems very restricted."

I began to perceive dimly the compulsions and necessities of the situation, and strove to cast aside any academic inhibitions. "How about Prospects for World Disarmament and World Peace?" I asked, trying to adopt the idiom in which she was thinking and speaking. She brightened a little.

"Perhaps it would help if you told me what subject you intended to discuss," I went on. "Then perhaps we could work out something I could do which would be a satisfactory substitute."

Perhaps my scholarly attitude had made her shy, or possibly she was trying to safeguard professional secrets upon which I might infringe, but she evaded this suggestion.

"That wouldn't be possible at all," she replied. "What I am doing is based upon personal experiences of mine, and would be done in costume."

This silenced me—I was unable to think of appropriate fancy dress for the subjects so far proposed for my treatment. Meanwhile Mrs. Edginton had been casting about for some further combination of the scholarly minutiae I had suggested, and was ready with something which she thought might really serve the occasion.

"Nationalism, Internationalism, and World Disarmament," she announced laryngitically. "*Everybody* realizes that *internationalism* is so *important* nowadays. And if we put *nationalism* in the same title, it lends a touch of *drama*." Her voice shot up and down the scale to give vocal emphasis to these exciting intellectual conceptions.

"I think that's splendid," I replied, the thought of the fee generating enough enthusiasm in my response to satisfy her.

"We are agreed on this, then," she said, showing some signs of hopefulness that our problem could be solved. "Of course," she went on, "it is a little narrow, and . . . academic, shall we say?

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But after all, we must choose according to what you can do, and not be influenced too much by what I was intending to do."

I lacked the courage to ask again what had been announced as her subject, although I was intensely curious to learn what a truly "Broad Sweep" might be, as compared to the narrow swath of "Nationalism, Internationalism, and World Disarmament." Details were quickly arranged—I was to await word from her, which would reach me two days before the great event.

Promptly on that day I had a phone call from a friend of Mrs. Edginton's, telling me that the Edginton voice was utterly gone and asking me to fill the engagement. She transmitted further messages from Mrs. Edginton: would I please remember that it was a great occasion, a district meeting of the clubs of the area; would I try to deal with the subject Broadly and Vitaly? As I listened to these admonitions, delivered by someone who was clearly a sincere admirer, I feared that after all I might be obliged to wear an appropriate costume. That at least I was spared.

On the Friday I drove to the neighboring city, still casting about in my mind for the eloquent phrases which the occasion clearly required. I arrived promptly, and found the clubhouse utterly deserted save for one faithful member posted at an information desk in the foyer. The catering arrangements for luncheon had broken down, and the delegates had dispersed to restaurants and homes to find food to sustain them through the afternoon session. I was told that the morning meeting had been a great success, and that everyone was looking forward eagerly to the afternoon's proceedings. This increased my apprehensions. Still consumed with curiosity, I asked if I might see a program. This would at least tell me Mrs. Edginton's subject, as at this short notice the program could hardly have been changed.

"I'm sorry," said the lady, "but the programs are all laid out on the chairs in the auditorium, but you will find one on your chair on the platform. However, the delegates are just coming in now, so I am afraid you must wait until you and the officers and others go up to the platform at the beginning of the meeting."

Groups of women were indeed coming through the foyer, chat-

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ting and exchanging greetings. I resigned myself to a further period of suspense—realizing that Mrs. Edginton's subject could do nothing but unnerve me further at this stage.

Just at this moment a handsome young man came quickly up to the information desk. He gave every appearance of agitation and urgency.

"Where is Mrs. Edginton?" he asked. "I must see her before the meeting begins."

"I'm afraid you can't," said the lady, "you see—"

"But I must see her," he interrupted, in a rush of words. "You see—I am the *Music for this Meeting*." (He spaced these words out for emphasis.) "Mrs. Edginton wanted particular songs to establish the proper atmosphere for her address. . . . Well, I have been all over town, and then I went up to the Music Library in the city, and I simply can't find two of the pieces she wanted."

He opened a bulging portfolio, revealing dozens of pieces of music. "I brought all these along, and I thought if I could see her she could choose two of them which would fit in with her address. So you see I must talk to her as soon as possible."

The lady had been vainly trying to interrupt this tale of woe and frustration. "Mrs. Edginton is ill, and cannot come to the meeting," she told him, kindly implying that his troubles were over. "Dr. Buck, here (indicating me), is going to speak in her place."

The young man swiveled round and fixed his gaze on me. He felt that he had already troubles enough, and now it seemed sure that he was to have more.

"And what," he asked me in a trembling, but urgent voice, "do you want to establish the atmosphere for your address?"

His voice and expression revealed the agonies he had endured. He had vainly searched high and low to satisfy a lecturer's demand for preparatory atmosphere—and now he was faced with another lecturer, a changed atmosphere, and therefore a different demand upon his repertoire. His tone pleaded, but his face strove to intimidate.

I made a hasty estimate of his character. This was not easy in his disordered condition, but I thought we might deal with each other

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as sensible men. I drew him out of earshot of the lady at the information desk.

"The title of my address," I told him, "is 'Nationalism, Internationalism, and World Disarmament.' I don't know much of the literature of vocal music, but I doubt if there is anything you can sing that won't fit in with *that*."

He caught my implication immediately, and the change in his countenance was comic. Measured by its effect upon a situation, I look back on this as the kindest act of my life.

"Well," he sighed with relief, "I wonder if I might sing one of those I worked up for Mrs. Edginton, since I have it ready? . . . And then, I'd like very much to sing 'Little Boy Blue'—just to draw a tear. How would that be?"

"O.K." I said. Then driven by my curiosity, I asked, "What was the title of Mrs. Edginton's address?"

"She never told me," he replied. "She just insisted on these particular songs to establish the right atmosphere."

I didn't even have time to find out her choice of songs, for at that moment we were approached by a group of determined ladies who led us to the platform. I could hardly wait to reach my seat, and to open and scan the small leaflet I found there. I ran my eye rapidly down to this tantalizing and baffling example of the Broad Sweep:

Address, by Mrs. Warren Edginton . . . BEHOLD!  
A YOUNG KNIGHT COMES OUT OF THE EAST

I still wonder, years after, if the assembled ladies thought he did come. And if they thought he did, did they think he fell flat on his face?

Anyway, from my excellent position in the front rank of the chairs on the platform, I can say that "Little Boy Blue" was an unqualified success. I may have failed to present "The Young Knight," but at least by concession to the singer's choice of atmospheric music I made possible the shedding of a satisfying tear.

At the close of the meeting one of the largest of the determined ladies on the platform approached me and unobtrusively handed

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me an envelope. As soon as I reached my car I opened it, and found the promised check.

She didn't know that she had conferred the accolade on the young knight. She was performing the usual routine transaction, paying off the lecturer. But I heard a distant fanfare of trumpets as I took the envelope—the transition had been made to professional standing.

*It is a calumny on men to say that they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense—sugarplums of any kind in this world or the next. In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. . . . Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act on the heart of man.*

—CARLYLE, *Heroes and Hero Worship*

# JUPITER AND MARS\*

by Raja Rao

**T**HERE is today an acute Asian problem. It is acute enough from one perspective to be the most important problem facing the world along with the threat of Communist aggression. Indeed the fight against totalitarian imperialism can only be considered if the Asian problem is clearly understood, and is studied diligently and with humility.

The Asian problem itself has been categorized as being due to our—that is, the Asians’—economic conditions, including that vexed question of the landless tenant and the redistribution of land and of that other factor more snobbishly proclaimed as the question of “rising nationalisms,” whatever one may mean by that, for it includes within it many factors, such as language, religion, habits of life, and the awareness of our geographical presence, and of our “social inferiority.” But according to us, there is yet another and altogether a more imponderable element to the story, which for want of a more simple definition will be termed *spiritual*.

The economic problem is easily dispensed with. The population of Asia is a little over two fifths of the world population, whereas the land surface covered by the Asiatic people (without Siberia) is only one fifth of the world. It is in this narrow

bellied protuberance of the huge Eurasian continent, and surrounded by a “thousand golden islands” that Asia has learned to rise and to spread. Some portions of agricultural Asia are very heavily populated, though the average density of the population of Asia including Siberia is 71 per square mile as compared with 186 in Europe. The fault is not that the land area is small or that the populations’ biological propensities are, according to historical standards, in any way unnatural, for actually the population of Europe has increased six times in the last six hundred years, whereas that of Asia has not risen even five times. Having possessed parts of this globe, the ancestors’ ancestors, which in some cases can be traced back thousands of years, begat the recognized number of children, whose children’s children, also having begat their own number (and this again from country to country, and from age to age, through famines, plagues, cholera and smallpox and all that bacteria could deftly kill still continue to keep in existence a population that is, looking at it historically, not disproportionate—one indeed astonishingly reasonable. It is believed that India had a population of about 50 million people at the beginning of the Mogul Empire (fifteenth century A.D.), and at that time the corresponding popu-

\* Originally Mr. Rao's essay bore the subtitle, "Point Four and the Holy Grail."

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lations were France 16, England 5, and Portugal 1 million.

Thus, there is nothing biologically extravagant in our population. Nor is there anything so utterly uncivilized about the methods of our cultivation. Every peasant, wherever he may be, wishes to plow his land to his best ability, first because he loves his ancestral land, and second because he has to feed his children, and then again because he is proud to feel that he can produce a little more than his neighbor, which adds much to his self-esteem. His children could thus say: "After all, brother, I am not born to a poor house." Further again he has to marry off his daughters. The fact that Indian agriculture is termed primitive does not make it primitive, unless primitive means simple. For any one who knows biotechnic will remember that man's learnings from nature are not so easily lost. If thousands of years of Indian peasantry has always dug the channel this way, used only this or that sort of cow and leaf manure, it is because historically it came from a long and pragmatically tested tradition and was found to yield happy results. Tradition may look sometimes outmoded, but it is the experience of a race in the art of living.

If primitive, however, means it is not inclusive of the more recent and spectacular developments in agronomics (to wit, even the famous fruit trees of Lysenko that produced six pears where earlier only one hung in immature isolation) that is because

scientific knowledge in the world is after all of a very recent origin even in Europe, and India and Asia are perhaps fifty years behind times. And what be fifty years to tradition?

Mahatma Gandhi said: "Show the peasant how to spend one copper less and raise one blade of grain more, and you need no theories or propaganda to create the most advanced peasantry of any people." And that is the way to change primitive agriculture, if one knows the peasant.

As for the more urgent problem of the redistribution of land to the landless laborer and tenant, legislation in India has already been passed by many of the states, making holdings beyond a modest one impossible. This silent revolution in India and elsewhere in Asia is one of the most important events of contemporary history.

The question of "rising nationalism," however, is a more complex one. Most of the Asian countries have been one way or another colonies of Europe, and the nationalism which was born of the struggle against the white man has in most cases succeeded; where, as in Indochina, it has not yet been completely successful, the time for the solution of the problem is very near indeed. Europe cannot hold Asia in the old way and wheresoever Europe has left Asia with grace, as in India, the relationship between the former colonial power and the free country is of the very best. With the end of the second World War, the white man's burden has been completely wiped

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out. The poor white man often cannot bear his own burdens, and how would he be able to bear the burden of many more millions in the far-off hemispheres of the globe?

Of course, there is America. But then America is not so white and yet not so not-white. America sprawls between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and having been the first colony to be free, has no imperialist complexes. But then America has one misfortune. Though some among the more aware know that America was not only an Atlantic nation but a Pacific one as well, even they had their eyes so solely turned to China that China meant Asia for them. But China is not Asia. China is China. And often in Asia the Chinese is considered an intruder, a trader, an alien, a yellow man. It would be an awkward question to ask Pandit Nehru whether he would feel more at home in London or in Peking. The answer of course must be undiplomatic. America is not all-white white, but Russia is quite another story. Russia is a "white primitive country" that challenged the whites, destroyed their traditions, and has built up a "poor man's paradise." Russia made the world believe that all the world will be a poor man's paradise which the humble and the meek shall inherit. From whom, you may ask? Why, from the white man, of course. And who is the whitest of the white today? Well, though not so white, otherwise and historically the answer must reasonably be America.

The non-Asian world today is half

white and half a "poor man's paradise."

And there is India. Racially and linguistically, India is a part of Europe rather than of Asia. But having fed the Asiatic people with her culture, she was called the mother of Asia, and so became, in the nineteenth century, Asiatic. But Indian geography would have none of it. India is the country of the Bharatas, from the Himalayas to the seven seas of the south, and is a sacred continent with her own mountains and her rivers and places of holy pilgrimage. She has a very ancient and unbroken tradition, and for her people, Rama and Krishna, the ancient hero-saints, are not of the past and of the golden legend, but of the present and of immediate experience. Freed from the white man's empire and coming to her own, but placed between the poor man's paradise and the white man's republics and kingdoms, and that farther country, the United States of America, the Indian naturally squirms in his noble indignity. If Rama and Sita still walk our footpaths, as Mahatma Gandhi has so often told us, if Krishna who spoke the Gita to Arjuna be guiding our civilized but unprosperous lives even today, we feel like the elder of the family who has become but a poor relation. And in the community of the Indian tradition, the elder is more worthy of regard than his mate-

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rial station would normally justify. In fact, material station has no importance whatsoever. For he, indeed, the elder, knows the immixture of the various threads of family linkages—it is he in whose name we still send our marriage invitations and our presents to the lying-in or the novice to be initiated to sacred love. Our villages still have village elders, and though they be not always rich, their mounts caparisoned, we still stand before them, for one may not sit before the elder. And sometimes too in the far south, we still put our hand to the mouth and speak lest the spittle fall before the beloved one.

The problem to face, if Europe and America will face it, is this: would the one who was so totally ruled by you and is now treated, on all ceremonial occasions at least, with the polite inquiry, "How is your daughter now?" or "Has your son returned from the village yet?"—could you now rediscover that the Elder once sat in the communal house and you all stood making bowings unto him? Is not the problem of Europe with America the same? Does not America with all her wealth and achievements still remember she was created out of the poor immigrants of that once rich and splendid Europe, with her courts, chronicles, and saints? When I was leaving for America two years ago, a Parisian lady of much culture exclaimed: "Oh, to think you are going to America!" "And why not, Madame?" "Mais, mon ami, they are such young people!" "Then, Madame, what may we think of you?

When Europeans wore leaves round their loins, we had that great and glorious poet Kalidasa, etc., etc." I was very rude.

Every Indian inherits from the sages of the Vedas the very language he speaks, and the wisdom he has put even into the folksongs to sound his child to sleep. And in India unto this day the sage speaks wisdom as old as the tradition, and sometimes older. The people who, alas, if they could be remembranced of their "leaf round the loin" days, may yet know and honor an India that sat an Elder at the Councils of Man. The day this revolution in outlook has taken place in the white man's lands and in that land across the Atlantic which is not quite so white and yet withal not not-white, then we need no Point Four aid or the United States Information Services to fight communism, for the Elder is the repository of the law. The need, therefore, is for more humility and intellectual honesty, ultimately spiritual values. The day Europe and America achieve this perspective or even the beginning of it, communism will start withering in India—and, indeed, in all Asia.

But as for the Elder, if no one will heed him, tradition still hath the kindest care of him. And thus our enforced "neutralism."

But for those of us who love our ancient culture, live in our traditions, and follow them, our task is indeed a more spiritual demand on ourselves, a wiser argument of behavior, a profounder harmony between perspicac-

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ity and preparation. However, the horoscopes have their own stellar adjustments, and one wonders whether such noble patience and humility on our side and such an earnest understanding in Europe and America are realizations we shall see within our lifetime. For Mars has a red mask and has no regard for regulation, but wise Jupiter is concerned altogether with more internal wars, the more

terrible and gruesome ones, the ultimate war for the holding of the Holy Grail.

And whether the tearing of the mask of Mars may not be also the Crusade for the Holy Grail is a question that History shall answer, not we.

## *Heaven*

CHAIRIL ANWAR

Like mother and my grandmother  
and seven generations before them,  
I too ask to reach heaven—  
which Moslem Party and Mohammedan Union  
say has rivers of milk  
and is strewn with houris by thousands.

But there is a voice inside me that tends  
to skepticism: Can one  
ever get dry of the blue sea's wetness?  
What of the temptations of every port?  
And furthermore who can say for sure  
that there really are houris there  
with voices as deep and husky as Nina's  
or flirting glances like the ones Jati has?

# "PIYA BINA NAHIN AWAT CHAIN"

I OWE to my friend Kalekar what little I know about our classical music. As soon, however, as he had begun to explain the rudiments of Indian music, I knew that however much I might love to listen to it, I could never learn to sing even a line. The intellectual effort needed to count the beats of the *tabla*,<sup>1</sup> to invent new variations of notes, and at the same time to keep in mind the rigid rules pertaining to each *raga*<sup>2</sup>—for instance, in certain *ragas* certain notes of the scale are never sounded or sung—was far beyond me.

But I had heard as much as I could and always found interest in going behind the scenes at concerts, just to observe how the great *ustads*<sup>3</sup> comported themselves, what were their temperaments, their hobbies, and habits. So, when Kalekar told me that the great *Aftab-i-Maushiqi*,<sup>4</sup> *Ustad* Khan Sahib Akber Selim Khan, had arrived in Bombay to give his last concert and offered to take me for a private visit to the Khan Sahib's *pied-à-terre* in Bombay on the previous evening, I agreed with alacrity.

Kalekar had been given an address at Grant Bridge. This is what can be called a mixed locality. It includes two reputable high schools for

boys and girls, the headquarters of the Bombay State Congress Party, as well as some well-known, though quietly conducted, brothels.

Kalekar told me how he was acquainted with the singer. Mr. Kalekar, Sr., had taken music lessons with the singer's father in the former's youth, and *Ustad* Akber Selim Khan had been a classmate. Also, in the train compartment taking Kalekar to Calcutta on his way to the U.K. for postgraduate studies, the *ustad* had been a fellow traveler and had reminded him of his old friendship with Mr. Kalekar, Sr.

After some wanderings and misdirections into rooms and flats containing a variety of young girls making up for the night's entertainment, we arrived at a flat on the top floor of an old building. There was a large square room covered almost entirely with a carpet. In one corner was a heap of rolled-up mattresses sketchily hidden by a small carpet flung over them. In another corner stood three or four tin trunks one on top of the other. Along one wall ran a long bolster, and here we were invited to sit.

The *ustad* was short-legged and brown-skinned; white curls hung behind his small ears. He had a long straggly gray mustache, and as he lay on his side, with his head supported by a hand, the elbow of which

<sup>1</sup> *Tabla*—an Indian drum.

<sup>2</sup> *Raga*—a musical composition.

<sup>3</sup> *Ustad*—maestro.

<sup>4</sup> *Aftab-i-Maushiqi*—sun of music.

by Narie Oliaji

rested on a cushion, his huge belly sagged on the carpet. He was dressed in a long shirt of fine muslin and what are known in this country as white *churidar* pyjamas, trousers very wide and pleated at the waist and loins, but narrowing down till their legs were tight at the ankles.

As we entered the room he sat up and greeted us with "*Ad-aab-arze*," the greeting of Urdu-speaking northern India. We sat down.

He smiled benignly at Kalekar and inquired after his father's health. Then he turned to an old woman smoking a *hookah* in a corner and explained to her who Kalekar was.

"Bibiji, do you know, this young man carried his *tabla* and *sitar* with him all the way to *vilayat*??"<sup>5</sup>

Then he looked inquiringly at me and asked Kalekar, "And your friend is a scion of which noble family?"

Kalekar told him my name, which the old man found difficulty in pronouncing.

"And are your parents living?" he asked.

"Yes, Khan Sahib."

"Good, good. May they live to a ripe old age to protect you."

"Indeed, Khan Sahib."

"You love and respect your mother and father, don't you?"

"Yes, Khan Sahib."

"Good, good." Then he turned

<sup>5</sup> *Vilayat*—an expression indicating foreign lands.

his head slightly, so as to include Kalekar in the speech that followed.

"Parents are the most precious things a man has. Parents to a good child are the vice-regents of God on this earth. When you see someone suffering, be sure that he is being punished by God for offending his parents."

We talked throughout in Hindi. Khan Sahib's views on everything were old-fashioned, without being intolerant.

The talk turned to music. We said that we were looking forward to the next night's concert. I said, "Khan Sahib, I heard you five years ago in Bombay and my soul was ravished by your *gana*."<sup>6</sup> In this country of song such grandiloquent terms are still commonly used, and are used sincerely. Besides, offhand I could not remember what other words to employ in order to express my enjoyment of the Khan Sahib's singing.

Khan Sahib gave a deprecatory smile and acknowledged the tribute in the old Moslem manner, bending his arm at the elbow and several times almost touching his chin with his hand, the fingers held close together.

"Khan Sahib, you will sing many *Thumris* tomorrow, won't you?" I pleaded.

"You like *Thumris*, han!"

A *raga* can be sung either as a *Thumri* or as a *Khayal*. The *Thumri*

<sup>6</sup> *Gana*—singing.

## "PIYA BINA NAHIN AWAT CHAIN"

is perhaps the more popular of the two styles, although some *Khayal* lovers say that the *Thumri* is not strictly classical in form. It may be that because of its popularity the *Thumri* is erroneously considered as light classical music. Also, whereas each *Khayal* has a particular period of the day or night allotted to it, *Thumris* can be sung at any hour. They had been an unending source of delight to me and my ears had been first opened to the charms of Indian music on hearing a *Thumri*.

Therefore, I was glad to hear Khan Sahib say, in reply to Kalekar telling him how his own music teacher had severely reprimanded him for singing one, "My friend, a thousand pardons—" He waited and looked at Kalekar for leave to speak further. Kalekar hastened to beg him to speak his mind freely.

"Well, then! A *Thumri*, and a thousand pardons for contradicting your revered teacher, is no piece of *ji behelana*,<sup>7</sup> it is the *nichor*<sup>8</sup> of all *ragas*." When he said *nichor*, Khan Sahib made an expressive gesture with his fingers, as if squeezing out a lemon into his cup of tea.

"Khan Sahib," I said, "please sing your *dilchasp*<sup>9</sup> *Thumri*, *Piya Bina Nahin Awat Chain*, tomorrow."

At my innocent words, a slight cloud came over his face. He looked away from me into a corner of the room. I wondered if I had said something wrong.

<sup>7</sup> *Ji behelana*—mere pastime.

<sup>8</sup> *Nichor*—quintessence.

<sup>9</sup> *Dilchasp*—literally, soul stealing.

Then he said, "*Han! Woh bhi gaengay*"—"Yes! I will sing that too."

The *han* was almost a *hai*, a sigh denoting pity, sadness, or fear. When an Indian wants to express all three feelings simultaneously, he sighs, *hai*.

Khan Sahib remained as courteous as ever but somehow I was embarrassed, as at committing a *faux pas*, and we soon took our leave.

We next went to Kalekar's place. When we recounted the incident to Kalekar's father, he at once exclaimed, "*Aray*, what have you done!"

After a moment, he admitted that I had acted in innocence. Now I felt sure there was a story in this somewhere, and Kalekar and I begged him to tell us. The old man was reluctant at first, but relented.

"It was almost fifty years ago," he began, "when I was learning to sing at the feet of the great *ustad* Allaudin Khan. Khan Sahib and I are of the same age, and in those days, mere striplings, we used to go to his house in Balapur. As you know, the *ustad* Allaudin Khan was court musician to the Maharajah of that state.

"*Ustad Sahib* had a daughter. Chand Bibi was her name. She was about seventeen then. She was very handsome and the *ustad* was very fond of her. He always called her Chandni and hoped that one day she would be another Gangu Bai. Already she could sing beautifully, better than any of us.

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"I soon noticed the state of affairs between the girl and Khan Sahib who, in those days was merely Akber Selim. One day he confided in me that he was in love with Chandni and believed that she returned his love. He begged me to speak to the old man about it and plead his court. With great trepidation I consented. One day I got the *ustad sahib* alone and with my knees shaking apprised him of the matter.

"He gave me a stupefying harangue in return. He was furious, but in control of his temper. He growled, 'It cannot be. Akber is a good boy but he is going to be the next great *ustad* after me, and this so-called business of love will be the enemy of his art. Love and art never go together. If he is a proper man, let him take a tumble now and then with one of the Maharajah's nautch girls. No, I am afraid that the young idiot is really in love with the maid. What business has he with these tender things? No! Tell him, he is to be a great singer. He will take my place. Does he realize what that means?'

"Then he became quieter, almost cheerful. 'Come,' he said, patting me on the shoulder, 'don't be downcast, I shall remove Chandni forthwith, and your friend shall be a great singer. Else, he may hang himself.'

"That night I went to Khan Sahib and told him what the *ustad* had said. I say as a Brahmin that this Moslem took the blow with fortitude. The next morning Chand Bibi was missing from her place in the music

room. When the *ustad* entered, Khan Sahib greeted him with the same respect as usual. The *ustad* looked closely and severely at Khan Sahib for a moment and then passed on to his seat as if nothing had happened, and the music lessons began.

"Nothing was heard of Chand Bibi from that day. No one saw her alive since then, but we heard a vague and distant rumor that she had been married off to someone in a village in the far north.

"You have seen Khan Sahib. A man of great strength of character, which strength he derives only from his firm belief that Allah is all powerful and that whatever he does is for the good. I am a Hindu, yet whatever religion teaches a man to be brave in the face of sorrow is a good religion. When I was at college we had an Englishman as professor of history. He once told us that the ancient Romans had a tag: 'A brave man struggling against adversity is a spectacle for the Gods.'

"One expression of sorrow Khan Sahib permitted himself. Soon after Chand Bibi's disappearance, he too disappeared for a week. We heard that he was living in a yogi's *math* about twenty miles into the forests surrounding Balapur city. He was reported to have taken his musical instruments with him. Then one day he was in his usual place. The *ustad* asked him where he had been. Khan Sahib said that he had been compos-

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ing a piece and asked for permission to sing it to the *ustad*.

"That night we heard his new song. You have heard it. As you know, it is a *Thumri Khamaj*. You know what it means, '*Piya Bina Nahin Awat Chain*,' don't you?"

Yes, I knew what it meant. It was a simple sentence, expressing a very commonplace feeling, a sentence which might be spoken by a man in any walk of life. It means, "I miss the beloved," or literally, "In the absence of the beloved comes not peace."

Mr. Kalekar went on: "The *ustad* listened with great attention. As the end of the song approached, I saw his head jerking from side to side, his hands beat the air in time with the *tabla*, and tears stood in his eyes. With a look of gentle reproach, the singer fixed his eyes steadfastly on him. When the song was finished, the *ustad* rose from his seat and went up to Khan Sahib, whom he lifted to his feet and embraced. Khan Sahib gently released himself and kneeling on the ground put his head on the *ustad's* feet."

The next evening we went to Chowpatty beach, where on the yellow sands a lac of people had gathered from early afternoon. At eight o'clock two old motorcars brought the Khan Sahib and his party.

Khan Sahib began his last concert with a *Kalyan raga*. This he sang for an hour or so, and when he stopped the audience sat quietly after a small burst of applause. Khan

Sahib drank a cup of tea and then the accompanists settled down again.

Then, for the next two hours Khan Sahib gave us the *Jaijiwanti*, the king of *ragas*. A slow, low-sung *alap*,<sup>10</sup> then the first thrilling beats on the *tabla*, as Khan Sahib turned into the secondary stage, the *vilambit*. Then, every head rocking to its rhythm, he moved into the *drut*. At every stroke of the *sam*<sup>11</sup> there were cries of "hai!" and "wah!" and "e-he-he."

At last, just when the tension was at fever pitch, Khan Sahib seemed to slow down, and made a wave of the hand to the *tabalchi*.<sup>12</sup> The massed crowd began slowly to expel its breath in a pent-up sigh. But the breath caught in their throats, and again involuntarily cries went up as Khan Sahib broke into the last movement, the *tarana*—"Ta-na-na-na-na-dhim! Ta-na-na-na-na-dhim!"

I doubt if any words in a European language can describe the beauty of that moment. Perhaps you have seen a horseman putting his steed successively through the trot, the canter, and finally the gallop. You know the exhilarating feeling one has as one movement of the horse changes into the next faster one. This can but give you the dimmest idea of an Indian's feeling when he listens to an *ustad* shifting from the *vilambit* to the *drut* to the *tarana*.

<sup>10</sup> *Alap*—introduction sung without the *tabla*.

<sup>11</sup> *Sam*—a heavy beat on the *tabla*, repeated at strictly marked intervals.

<sup>12</sup> *Tabalchi*—*tabla* player.

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The *tarana* at its fastest is nothing less than the vibration of the gullet and the uvula. Too much of it is not favored by the best of singers, since it sacrifices charm to mere dexterity. But just as Paganini used to stun his audience with a sustained staccato, so a good *ustad* can for a time stun an Indian audience. As Khan Sahib finished in a burst of notes, the concourse sat for a few seconds as if turned to stone. Then a furious roar of applause rang out. People rushed to the dais to lay their heads at his feet, to touch them with their hands. Several other *ustads*, who had been given places of honor on the dais, embraced Khan Sahib.

Then Khan Sahib bent back on his cushions, mopped his face and mustache, and called for tea. The audience uncrossed their legs, stretched their muscles, and took out the cricks from their backs and necks. After ten minutes or so, Khan Sahib began to sing, for the first and last time in public, "Piya Bina Nahin Awat Chain."

I should mention here, that though this *Thumri* was composed by Khan Sahib all the great singers of the country had sung it hundreds of times. Most of us knew the four lines of the song by heart. It was among the most popular *Thumris* and Khan Sahib had often been requested to sing it in public but had always refused, though Mr. Kalekar, Sr., told us that sometimes he used to sing it before the *ustad* or to please very intimate friends.

Very often a singer will end his

concert with a *Thumri*. The crowd, therefore, was not surprised when one was announced as the final item. But as Khan Sahib sang "Piya-a-a-a-a," an electric hush fell. The people waited for the next word, because there are numerous *Thumris* which begin with the same word, such as "Piya Kay Milan Ki Aas," "Piya Nahin Aye," "Piya Gayay Pardesh," all of which express more or less the same sentiment, sorrow in the absence of the loved one. Then, as Khan Sahib sang on "... Nahin Awat Chain," and the first *sam* beat fell on the *Chain*, frantic whispers broke out among the listeners which swelled into a thunderous ovation. Khan Sahib stopped singing and smiled and acknowledged the applause in his usual mode, bending the arm at the elbow and touching his chin with his hand. The accompanists played on, repeating the first bar several times until at last silence fell, and Khan Sahib began to sing.

How can I describe it? It was a lament of all the lovers of the world who had loved and lost. It was a cry of unbearable agony, and yet there were undertones of a stoical, all-accepting strength in it. It was a dirge of love, withal a paean of love. It was a voice crying with happiness that it was unhappy with love unfulfilled.

At last the music ended. I shall not describe the tumultuous plaudits

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that followed nor the heaps of garlands and bouquets that collected on the dais. It took Khan Sahib half an hour to walk the fifty yards to his motorcar through the milling crowds.

The next morning I happened to go to Kalekar's place and could not resist remarking that it was cruel of *ustad* Allaudin Khan to send away the girl. I said that at least one would have supposed that after a length of time he might have recalled her and joined the lovers together, when he had assured himself that Khan Sahib's feelings

were steadfast. Kalekar agreed with me.

"You young men are fools," said Mr. Kalekar, Sr., irascibly. "We old, orthodox fogies know better than you what love is. Khan Sahib's love lasted forever because it could not be fulfilled."

I write this many years after the events happened. At the time I heard the above remark I thought it a piece of senile romancing. But ever since, as I have grown older, I have wondered more and more if after all old Mr. Kalekar had not been wiser than I thought him.

## THE AUTHORS

(Continued from page 291)

partment at the University of Southern California, is at present on the East Coast at work on a study of the life and writings of Thomas Hooker. Of the quotations from Hooker in this essay he comments, "I've modernized Hooker's spelling. I haven't remarked on this in a footnote, figuring it would be understood by the reader."

**HENRY MYERS** ("Literature, Science, and Democracy"), visiting professor at Stanford University during 1953-54, is professor of English at Cornell University and chairman of the committee on American studies. He has written widely both in the field of literature and in that of philosophy.

**AURANIA ROUVEROL** ("The Five Senses") is by profession a playwright. With a series of successful plays to her credit, she turns here to another form, using the sonnet as her medium to glorify in turn each of the five senses. Mrs. Rouverol is resident in Palo Alto, California. This is her first appearance in *The Pacific Spectator*.

**PAUL S. TAYLOR** ("Whose Dam Is Pine Flat?"), professor and chairman of economics department at the University of California, Berkeley, has served on a long list of state and national boards dealing with agriculture, is the author of many books and articles springing from his knowledge of labor and water conditions in California. An article, "Building the CVP," was published in *The Pacific Spectator* in 1951.

**ELMA DEAN** ("Bus Ride"), who lives in Oakland, California, has published verse in more magazines and been included in more anthologies than any biographical note could compass. A World War II poem, "Letter to Saint Peter," which is inscribed at the American Military Cemetery, Cambridge, England, has been, in the author's words, "widely reprinted and wildly misprinted" in several countries.

**PHILIP W. BUCK** ("Inspiration for Hire"), professor of political science at Stanford University, will be recalled by *Spectator* readers as the author of "Lifemanship, Salesmanship, and Livelihood" in an earlier issue.

**RAJA RAO** ("Jupiter and Mars") is the author of the novel *Kanthapura*, published by the Oxford Press, and of *A Cow at the Barricades*, a collection of short stories. Mr. Rao lives in Madras.

**CHAIRIL ANWAR** ("Heaven"), a leader among the younger writers of Indonesia after the Japanese Occupation, died of typhus in 1949. The poem appearing here is taken from "A Little Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry," sent in manuscript to *The Pacific Spectator*. The manuscript gave no information about the translator and we have no address by which either the translator or the family of Chairil Anwar could be reached.

**NARIE OLLAJI** ("Piya Bina Nahin Awat Chain"), well known as a writer interpreting India to the West, writes from Bombay.

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## BOLLINGEN SERIES

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